



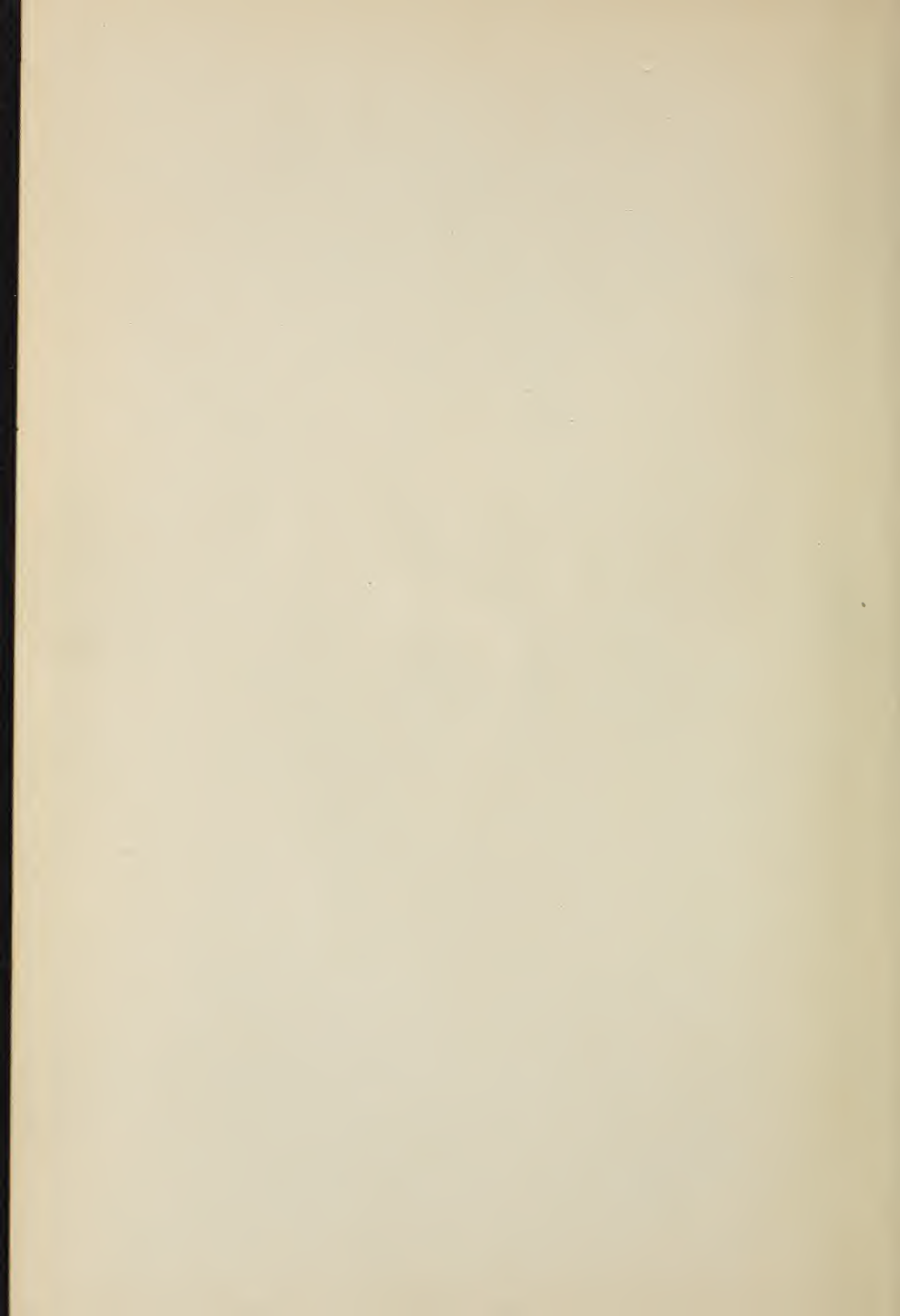


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Mrs. Lyman H. Tower.

with the sincere regards
of the author.

DAYS IN THE EAST ;
OR,
RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS
OF
GREECE, PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

BY
JOHN W. GREENWOOD,
RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, OSHKOSH.

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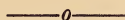
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TO MY FATHER,
These Simple Pages are Inscribed
as a Token
of Filial Esteem and Love.





PREFACE.



This little volume has been written during the intervals of professional work, mainly to satisfy the expectations of friends. The few leisure hours which could be employed upon it have obliged the author to forego all attempt at embellishment and to reduce the narrative to the simplest possible form. Should it become the source of interest and pleasure to others than those for whom it was especially prepared, he will feel all the better repaid for such labor as he has been able to bestow upon it.

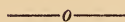


ERRATA.

- Page 21, line 15. for "was" read "were".
" 32. " 2, for "Elensis" read "Eleusis".
" 70, " 10, for "gravity which" read "gravity with
which".
" 162. " 24, for "nine" read "ninety".
" 250. " 10, for "ranges" read "range".
" 310, " 10, for "Mohammedan" read "Moham-
medans".
" 352, " 26, for "needs" read "need".



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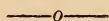
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DAYS IN THE EAST.



FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

ONE bright September morning in 1883, I took an early train at Rome and was soon speeding southward over the Campagna toward Naples. It was the beginning of an achievement to which I had long and anxiously looked forward, the fulfilment of a great hope. I had now before me a pilgrimage to the homes of Grecian sages, of patriarchs, prophets and apostles, of mighty Pharaohs who were already in their tombs ere Greece and Palestine were known. During the previous weeks my appetite had only been whetted by the cloud of uncertainty which the cholera in Egypt and quarantine in the Levantine ports, had cast over such an expedition. Communication in the East was disturbed. Dismal rumors were afloat. The disease apparently disappeared only to raise the traveler's hopes and then broke out afresh. There were few candidates for the regulation tourist parties, and private arrangements for Oriental travel could be made only in much doubt and difficulty. Under the circumstances I was very glad to fall in at Rome with the Rev. Mr. D—— of Massachusetts, who, like myself, was will-

ing to make the attempt at all hazards rather than give it up, perhaps, forever. He had therefore gone on to Naples to make inquiries, leaving me in the meanwhile to pursue my observations in Rome. My own present movement toward Naples was in response to the telegram I had received from him the night before. "All encouraging, come on!"

We sped swiftly along, close beside the *Via Appia*, the road whereon Paul came to Rome. For the first few minutes our way lay among the broken aqueducts and scattered ruins of the Campagna, and always in full view of the glorious Alban hills, which I had learned to love and reverence during my residence in Rome, as I sat on the steps of S. John Lateran, or loitered in front of the church, over the delightful walking ground of the Mediæval popes. A due regard to the scope and conditions of my tale alone prevents me from expatiating, as so many travelers have done, upon the charms of Italian scenery in the neighborhood of Rome, for every visitor certainly owes it his testimony. We passed Albano nestling mid vines and olives on its slopes of regal beauty, and high Agnagni famous for having been a favorite residence of the popes. Farther on sat Aquino on its mountain-stream, the birth-place of Juvenal, as well as of Thomas Aquinas—the "Angelic Doctor" of the Roman Church. Presently my heart smote me as we ran under the commanding height of Monte Casino and I caught a glimpse of Benedict's proud monastery on the top; for it was a gem which my inability to tarry compelled me to lose from my diadem of places. It is, however, some slight consolation to the traveler to recall, as he stops for a moment in full view of it at the little station, the allusion of Dante in the twenty-seventh canto of his *Paradise* to this famous retreat founded "with prayers and fasting." Then came

modern Capua, the last place of importance on the line and lying not far from the site of that ancient city around whose ruins twine the memories of Hannibal and Spartacus. Throughout the journey the scenery had been grand and softly picturesque by turns, the sublimity of the cloud-wreathed Apennines always however being within near range of vision. As we approached Naples the fields and vineyards assumed the milder softness of the South. Luscious fruits and vegetables of ample growth spoke of plenty and abundance. The clusters of grapes grew richer and richer. More decided symptoms of the *dolce far niente* spirit seemed to pervade the visible population. And it was not long before I had a full view from the window on my left of an old acquaintance, yet now seen in person for the first time. It was Vesuvius, its bosom heaving among the low-lying clouds and its sable plume of smoke rolling downward and backward from its lofty summit.

On arriving at Naples, I found on further inquiries that the tone of my companion's telegram had been somewhat too sanguine. The quarantine was still in force all along the Syrian coast. There was a mere chance of its being taken off in time to allow us to complete our proposed round, including Egypt. We must start in uncertainty, but that was better than not to start at all. We therefore laid out our plan of travel and took tickets accordingly. In Palestine our trip covered only the "short tour" to Jerusalem, Jordan and the Dead Sea, and was to end in Naples again sometime in December. To anticipate a little, we afterwards met an organized party at Beyrout with whom we found it possible to take the "long tour" through Palestine; while I myself was unexpectedly favored with the opportunity of seeing Philistia also. But long after the last of our original party had returned

to Europe by the way they came, I found myself still waiting at Jaffa, in the middle of February, for the steamers to resume communication with Port Said.

Our arrangements delayed us nearly two weeks in Naples, a soiled city set in a natural paradise. In spite of our impatience to be fairly *en route* to the East, we were not loth to linger amid such charms of nature as few other regions in Europe can boast. The bold dark form of Vesuvius stands a sentinel over the loveliest bay in the world, a mirror reflecting at even-tide the roseate hues of such sunsets as are paralleled nowhere else. Here, when the day is almost done, one learns the significance of an Italian sky. Crimson clouds mantle the bluest of waters. The softest haze veils the hills. The black breath of the volcano mingles dreamily with the cloud of vapor on its summit. And if you are on the grand drive, the palms in the park give a tropical air to the scene; while, in lively appreciation of it all, are the opulent owners—for Naples is a resort of fashion—of some of the finest horses and carriages of Europe. The beautiful green point of Posilipo where Pollio, the epicure once fed his fish with slaves; the picturesque tongue of land beyond Sorrento, clothed in verdure and villas, each winding around and pointing you to the dark and ever-fascinating outlines of Capri, were among the conspicuous points of beauty which greeted us every morning as we stepped out into the fresh air upon the balcony of our hotel and every evening as we strolled along the Molo.

But it is not a part of my story to linger over Naples, a place which has always had its fair share of writing. They told us that the city was not as dirty as it used to be. But, were such a thing possible in its inland sea, it would still need the double sweep of a tidal wave, rushing far up its background of hills and recoiling with ac-

cumulated vigor, to clear it of its filth and pollutions and make it tolerable to eye and nostril. Rare as its clean streets, are apparently the unspotted characters of its public servants. It has the reputation, I believe, of being the most dishonest city in Europe, Paris even not excepted, and certainly only a casual observation is needed to see how the unwary traveler is here fleeced at every corner. Except its admirable museum, none of its details especially interested me. Like Rome it has over three hundred churches, though none are famous save the cathedral and two or three others. In the former is the chapel of S. Januarius containing the phials of liquefying blood. If the story be true that in spite of the previous protests of the priests, the threatened bombardment of the city once produced a liquefaction to order, the fact has in nowise discouraged the faith of the Neapolitan public in the miracle. One morning, as I sat over my coffee, my eye fell upon an item in a local paper which recounted how, "after sixteen minutes of fervent prayer the day before, the blood of our glorious and principal patron, S. Gennaro had liquefied in the presence of a numerous and pious congregation."

But if one has little taste for the crowded, picturesque streets of the city with their slippery lava pavements and their people so careless and joyous and yet so squalid and ignorant, he can richly compensate himself by making some of the lovely excursions in the neighborhood. First he can ascend to the castle of S. Elmo, frowning from its lofty cliff and think over its associations with stories of love and daring. Purposing one afternoon to visit the interesting old church of San Martino perched beside the castle, we toiled up a long street with frequent flights of stairs, such a street as I saw nowhere else but at Naples. In its wretched little booths, fruits, whose names and

forms were alike strange to me, were exposed for sale. Groups of dirty children sat at the sides and in the middle of a roadway where donkeys alone could climb and carriages could not go. Companies of greasy men played with greasier cards in front of open doorways. Females with black fingers sat out on the pavement cracking walnuts while there, at the top of one of the flights, was posed a soiled maiden playing a tambourine. We pushed our way through more than one flock of ugly goats each with its bell tinkling monotonously as the animals were driven slowly down the street over the numerous steps and inclines, stopping every now and then as they went, to browse upon the heaps of refuse swept away into the corners. Such was the aspect of this street in Naples on a Sunday afternoon. At last after a long and weary climb we reached the top of the ascent. Here to our dismay we found the church closed and were unable to effect an entrance, but we soon forgot our disappointment in the indescribable beauty of the view we thence obtained of mountain, city, isle and sea. Of the scenery of the bay of Naples the half has not been told us. The eye alone can realize what the pen can hardly hope ever to portray.

And more than once we strolled through the dark grotto of Posilipo—a strange sort of tunnel pushed through the mountain for half a mile in length and from twenty-five to sixty-nine feet high. It is said to date from the time of Nero. At its nearer end a monk of the Franciscan order has a cave whence he issues to beg an alms of passers by; while, about half way through, is a rude chapel hewn in one side, the fitful glimmer of whose altar tapers breaks the gloom and startles the traveler as his carriage rolls past over the hard blocks of lava. On the height just above the eastern entrance is the so-called

tomb of Virgil to which one day, after some perseverance and a hard climb, I at last gained admission. It is an old chamber about fifteen feet square, with two small windows. The top, access to which is had by an old flight of stone steps, is covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds. There were eight or ten niches in the sides for cinerary vessels and in one of them an urn which, on undertaking to lift it, I found of considerable weight. Virgil had a villa here in which he wrote the Eclogues and the Georgics. Though dying at Brindisi, B. C. 19, he was buried at Naples in compliance with his dying wish, and the balance of evidence goes to show that this tomb once contained the ashes of the poet. This, then, was where stood the second milestone on the Puteolan way. At any rate, since Petrarch had had faith enough to come here and plant a laurel, I yielded myself to unqualified belief in the tradition and bore away a sprig of flowers in tender memory of the classic bard. Here, too, I would have tarried and thought at leisure of him with whom Mantua blessed the world, but the traveler who thinks to indulge at will the pleasures of reflection as he goes, reckons without his *cicerone*. Sentiment, alas, soon flies before the annoyances which beset the path of the modern tourist, annoyances which will down only by cramming the wolf's mouth with gold until he has no breath to spare. One almost despises himself for noticing these insignificant flies which drop hour by hour into the precious ointment of his satisfaction; but it is in truth no pleasant road to walk about the world upon the outstretched palms of beggars. Here, besides paying double the guide book tariff for *il padrone*, I had invitations to fee three other persons, contrary to the printed notice, who insisted on furthering in their respective degrees my simple undertaking.



PUTEOLI AND BAIÆ.

AT the father end of the grotto of Posilipo we took the steam tram to Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli of S. Paul's sojourn on his way to Rome. The road is laid for the most part beside the sea, of which it commands many a picturesque view. We visited the cathedral in the ancient little city whose steep streets look as if they had not been swept since they echoed to the tread of the apostle's feet. Not so the interior of the church, however, which was neat and clean. It stands on the site and is in part built of the remains of a temple of Augustus, the tops of whose broken columns and capitals are easily seen along the outside walls. As we stood within—a bridal party—the bride rather carelessly attired in white shawl and dress of lavender stuff, entered the cathedral; but, followed by a troop of staring, dirty children, they soon went out again and into another door in the court which was closed upon the rabble. In these sleepy old towns, with their simple and crowded populations, a wedding or a funeral seems to be a matter of quite as common interest as it is in the country villages of America.

Here in Pozzuoli we saw among other ruins the remains of that amphitheatre in whose arena Nero indulged his propensity to bring his crown into contempt on every possible occasion and fought as a common gladiator. There

also the wild beasts are said to have refused as victims S. Januarius and his friends thrown to them by command of Diocletian. At every step in this delightful region one sets his foot on classic soil. A short walk brought us to the extinct volcano of the Solfatara, fabled in olden time as the forum of Vulcan. The ground everywhere around us seemed to be hollow. Our guide three times lifted a heavy stone high above his head and flung it with all his force upon the trembling shell of turf. The sound was deep and fearful as if we were standing upon the thin and resonant crust of some fathomless cavern. We walked across the crater, which is now merely an oval plain surrounded by broken hills, to where an opening at the other side was still belching forth its cloud of dense sulphurous steam. Far in was the sound of sissing, as of boiling water, and a small piece of lighted paper held at the mouth of the cave produced an immense mass of smoke. The hot breath filled my eyes, mouth and nostrils and half-suffocated me, but I was fain to be comforted with the assurance that it was "good for the health." All around us the ground echoed to the tread of our feet and seemed warm and hollow in every direction. As we returned, we picked up some loose earth which we found too hot to handle; but in the immediate neighborhood some fine sprigs of myrtle were growing, several of which we bore away as trophies. There are baths established here and at them, before departing, we drank a small glass of the mineral water of Solfatara—the best I ever tasted—clear, pungent and delightful.

Finding our way back to the shores of the bay of Baiae, we began to pick out some of the historic features in the lovely view before us. There, stretching out toward the opposite side of ancient Baiae, was the immense

mole, or *pont*, constructed by Caligula to facilitate communication with this great resort of Roman nobles in the days of imperial splendor, owing to its beauty of situation, fair scenery and mineral springs. A little to the right along the road were the reputed remains of Cicero's villa and beyond it, hidden among the hills, lay the famous lake Avernus. On the occasion of our second visit to Pozzuoli we made our way to this lake and found it a fine, but rather sombre sheet of water about one hundred sixty feet deep. But although "Avernus" signified that no bird dare approach the lake, this dark and solitary sheet of water is, in these latter days, the haunt of wild duck and other aquatic fowls. Hither it is said Hannibal came to sacrifice to Pluto. We walked along the margin toward the Sibyl's grotto which we found closed by two old wooden doors at the bottom of some stone steps. Forewarned of the inconvenience of exploration we did not, spite of the importunities of our *cicerone*, enter this appropriate avenue by which Aeneas found his way to the infernal regions; especially as the prosy criticism of modern times has decided that it is probably nothing but one of the tunnels of Agrippa to connect the lake with Cumae and Baiae. We therefore now pursued our journey to the latter place in order to return thence to Pozzuoli over the beautiful waters of the bay so justly celebrated by Horace. But before entering the little town, we ascended through a vineyard to the top of a neighbouring hill, where, to a luncheon of warm brown bread, fried eggs and very fair wine, all from an Italian peasant's house, we united the enjoyment of one of the loveliest views I ever beheld. Its leading features were, on one side, mountain, crater, ruined temples and ancient sites; on the other, the beautiful sapphire of the broad Mediterranean with a part of ill-fated Ischia

rising from its sparkling bosom. To the west once lay the ancient Cumae whose ruins now cover the tombs of three races, one Roman, one Greek and one so old as to be unknown, and near which the great Scipio Africanus breathed his last. Below us toward the sea, were spread the Elysian Fields of the ancients and there, to the south, lay Misenum on whose cape the trumpeter of Aeneas found a tomb and in whose port Cæsar Augustus, Mark Antony and Pompey met to divide the empire of Rome. Beneath and in front was Baiae, once so licentious and dissolute, the home of Cæsar, Pompey, Marius and others whose names figure illustriously in classic story. This was the place which Horace is said to have preferred to all other places in the world, but which the austere and noble Seneca warned every prudent and moderate man to avoid. Thither says Martial, Roman matrons went with the reputation of Penelope, and left it with that of Helen. Nor was it less notorious for its crimes than its immoralities. Within the immediate neighborhood the monster Nero plotted the destruction of his mother and put it into execution; and here also the emperor Hadrian starved himself to death. We glanced for a few moments over these outspread pages of Roman history and were sorry to find that, notwithstanding our keen interest, the afternoon was fast advancing and we could not tarry longer. Going down, we were rowed across to Pozzuoli where, before taking the train homeward, we lingered for a while in a neat church, curiously examining some votive arms and legs which appeared to be made of light, thin wax—the offerings of a simple and childlike people. They had been hung up by red and blue ribbons at sundry side chapels, evidently as testimonials to the Saints of certain miraculous cures due to their intercession.



IN AND AROUND THE BAY.

THE excursions in and around the bay of Naples are universally conceded to be among the finest in the world. The whole region is a paradise of loveliness. The only defacements upon nature's work are those made by the squalor and inefficiency of man. Now and then, however, nature herself seems to frown upon her own smiling domain and even hides her beneficence behind the terrible power of the volcano and the earthquake. The long intervals of sweet repose are forever darkened by the shadow of some coming catastrophe and multitudes of thoughtless creatures eat, drink and sleep over their own graves.

We took the steamer at nine one pleasant morning for the Island of Ischia, several light-hearted Italians making music for us as we sped along. Vesuvius, Capri and the beautiful bay all wore their gayest and most smiling air and made one shudder all the more to think of the insidiousness of this "Eden of Italy" with its lurking possibilities. For although a solemn shadow of warning seems forever hanging over the landscape the whole region is indeed the most beautiful by far of any that I have ever seen.

Ischia itself, with its towering peak of *Monte Epomeo*, is one of the grandest features of the scene; although the island is not visible from the city of Naples. As we

neared the landing-place at Casamicciola, we could easily distinguish the ruins on the shore. And embracing as they did the whole of a large town, they fairly surpassed any description that words can convey. The little city will soon, however, be rebuilt. An occasional earthquake is here a matter-of-course and it was only two or three years ago that Casamicciola had an experience almost as melancholy as that of July in 1883. On landing and ascending into the town we beheld before us a strange scene of desolation. On each side of street after street were confused heaps of broken walls, tottering stone fences, piles of rocks, mortar and plaster, all miscellaneously tumbled together. Doors were half battered out by the crushing mass of rubbish which had fallen against them from within. Iron railings lay around broken and twisted into every conceivable shape. Inside and outside of these ruined compartments, thus laid open on all sides to the wind and weather, lay remnants of damaged furniture and many other tokens of thoroughly desolated homes. In one house, high up in the second story chambers, quite inaccessible from the rubbish and with one side torn completely away, we saw pictures hanging on the walls and lace curtains fluttering at the windows—the same as when in use months before. In another place I stepped in to see where a mass of falling stone and plaster from the loose, crazy roof—just the kind for an earthquake to sport with—had broken a great circular hole through each of the two floors beneath. A conspicuous ruin was that of the loftily-situated *Grand Hotel des Etrangers* of whose badly shattered remains an artist was, at the time of our visit, making a study in oil. Here and there refuge had been taken by the homeless people under an old piece of black canvas, in a board cabin, or sometimes simply under the shelter of the trees. There

were plenty of beggars, old and young, men, women and children, wandering about. One little fellow, pointing me to a mass of damaged wall and arches open to the sky, cried piteously: "*La mia Casa! La mia Casa!*" But the most sadly suggestive sights of all were the great number of rude wooden crosses set up amid the *debris* at every turn, and sometimes four or five in a single group, to mark the places where the dead had lain. In an apartment of which the front wall had been shaken down one of these crosses stood in the mass of rubbish which partially covered an iron bedstead on which the sleeper had evidently met his death. And all this ruin and desolation in the midst of a smiling and apparently peaceful region of palm-vines, fig-trees and pomegranates, a place where ripening and luscious fruits hung all around over the garden walls upon whose face the lizard now ran unnoticed and undisturbed!

We went down into the *bagni* or baths, with their shattered and broken columns. The hot springs which are the leading attractions of the place were still active, and I could hardly bear with my naked hand the severe heat of the water. The mineral springs of Ischia were famous of old and it has been stoutly maintained that these baths can cure all curable disorders. The old Romans who had villas in and around Naples, are said to have held the bathing establishments of Casamicciola in as high favor as that in which they are held at the present day; but how many earthquakes came up against them to mar their satisfaction is one of the secrets of history.

Another day we went by water to Capri, calling at Sorrento amid its delightful environs of mountain, sea and orange-grove. We sped again through the beautiful blue water in the softest of atmospheres. How magnificent the hills, the plains of Herculaneum and Pompeii,

the indescribable azure overhead, Ischia, Procida, receding Naples and its shores! To try to describe so fair a region and such lovely prospects inevitably means exhaustion to all the adjectives. In sharp contrast with the white-caps and whistling wind of the thunder-storm which I witnessed early on the following day, peace and stillness reigned over the bay on the morning of our excursion and enhanced its wonted glories.

Sorrento is cool and lovely, as a summer retreat, with gardens crowning its cliffs and stairs descending to the water's edge. This was the birthplace of Tasso, beneath whose oak in the monastery garden of *San Onofrio* at Rome, I had, like most travelers, contrived to sit for a few moments in meditation. How insignificant after all are the charms of these foreign parts, aside from their historical and literary associations! To be sure, the scenery of nature is much. But an American need not go so far for that. He can find grand landscapes at home. What he cannot find at home are places and things which at once impart to history, biography and fiction a new and fascinating reality. This is the real charm of foreign travel. It is a genuine pleasure to be able to sit down to your morning cup of coffee at the old *Café Greco* in Rome and remember, over your smoking draught, that it was one of the very haunts of old "Beefsteak" in Story's "*Roba di Roma*." The moonlit waters of Trevi and the ancient Hilda's tower, upon whose top the lamp still burns where every one may see it, in the *Via Portoghese*, acquire a tenfold interest if you are able to recall the scenes of "*The Marble Faun*." Like these there are a thousand delights for the reader of fiction only; while for him who is up in the history of persons and places, the name of such associations is legion. Even now the memories of Mrs. Stowe's "*Agnes*" came to mind from pages long

since read and till now forgotten, especially when some priests, one of whom was venerable and kindly, came aboard here on our return voyage.

Crossing the strait we anchored for a few moments off Capri where the water was so very still as to banish all unpleasant recollections of those sudden gusts of wind which make the region dangerous, and then steamed for the blue grotto. About high noon we entered it stooping, four or five in a boat. At first it seemed quite dark and small, but as the eye grew accustomed to the light we could better realize the proportions of the cavern. It is one hundred fifty feet long, by one hundred broad and forty feet high. As for the water, it is a supremely beautiful and dazzling blue, turning the immersed oar-blades to its own sumptuous color. A boatman stripped and plunged in and while his grizzly beard, matted hair and face were turned to a negro color, his body and limbs were transformed into a figure of shining silver.

Gorgeous is the blue, and surpassing the beauty of the grotto. We left it reluctantly and went back to the anchoring-ground, but my companion and I remained on board while the rest went ashore for luncheon, so that our own feet did not touch Capri. Having partaken of such refreshment as the vessel itself afforded, I sat quietly on deck scanning the shores with my perspective glass; now listening to the singing which came floating over from the beach, or the less melodious strains of some half-naked boys in the boats beneath the steamer; now reviewing the history of the picturesque island before me. On it once stood the famous palaces and villas of Augustus and Tiberias, the remnants of the castle of the latter being yet visible on the most commanding peak of the whole island. This was one of the principal places of resort of that wicked prince and the senate did him small

injustice after his death in ordering his edifices destroyed. As we started back to Naples, the bold, bare headlands below Sorrento came grandly into view with a white sail or two glistening against them in the blue water. High upon an hillside we spied a long reddish convent placed, as such buildings usually are, to command some of the loveliest prospects of the earth. No doubt it is as much of a pleasure to the inmates to have them so, as it is a credit to their good sense, and it is surely a compensation which we cannot begrudge them. The whole scene was an inspiration to the pencil, and my own heart went out longingly toward one of the old square stone towers which, here and there, crowned rocky points jutting out into the sea.





POMPEII AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

As a matter of course we went both to Pompeii and to the top of Vesuvius. Every traveler does so and many a traveler has recounted his experience, a consideration which will serve at this point to lighten my own labors. We started early one morning for Pompeii, taking a third class carriage, "just for the experience," and were annoyed nearly all the way by traveling performers, first with the screeching accordeon and next with indifferent displays of sleight-of-hand, each exhibition being followed by an ingathering of gratuities. At last, in company with an American resident in the Himalayas and his family, we disembarked at Pompeii and were assigned a guide who spoke English very tolerably for one of his profession. We entered the "city of the dead" through what was anciently the *Porta Marina*. How oppressive in their silence are the empty gates, streets and houses of this city disintegrated—a sight so strange that one searches the world in vain for its parallel! Here was a punishment like that of Sodom, sent upon a people from whose homes modesty and virtue long had fled. No foot-fall, save that of the stranger, is now heard in those hard and narrow streets; but there were the deep ruts worn eighteen centuries ago by the wretched slaves who drew the chariots over the lava pavements. There, still, the stepping-stones at the crossings and the drinking trough at the corner. There

the bake-houses and wine-houses, the baths and temples ; but all now desolate and without occupant. The dwellings, each with its own perfect and complete apartments, sometimes with beautifully decorated wall and ceilings, still stand there in awful silence.

Pompeii, partly ruined by an earthquake in 63 A. D., was abandoned and then reoccupied, only to be finally destroyed by the eruption in 99. At that time Pliny the elder lost his life in *Stabiae* and Pliny the younger describes the terrible scene he had witnessed. All traces, however, both of Herculaneum and Pompeii were lost for more than sixteen hundred years and were accidentally discovered only in the last century. As only a small number of skeletons were found, it is concluded that many of the inhabitants were enabled to escape the entombing flight of ashes. In the "Street of Tombs" is the villa of Diomede where were discovered the remains of seventeen persons, among them those of the owner and his attendant with the keys of the villa and a purse of gold and silver coins in their hands. The house of the Faun which, if I remember rightly, was brought to light in the presence of Goethe's son, furnished the Naples Museum with the splendid mosaic of the battle of Issus. On the threshold of this house also, once lay the well-known Mosaic dog with the motto "*Cave canem.*" I shall not even attempt to describe the multitude of interesting sights to which we were thus introduced, some of them bearing indisputable testimony to the public depravity as well as civilization of the day. Before going through the city, we had visited a museum near the gate, in which were lava encrusted bodies of men and women, a boy, recently discovered, and a dog writhing in his last agony, their yellow bones gleaming in places through their dark stiff shrouds. There were also, among numerous other curiosities, a

shawl of which we could see the woof and fringe, black loaves of bread, fragments of iron window gratings and locks, and various vessels. There could hardly be a better lesson in Roman domestic life at the beginning of the Christian era than a careful visit to this curious resurrection with its priceless treasures.

From Pompeii we took a guide and horses and started out over a hot, dusty road to ascend Vesuvius. Nearly all the way we could see, in front of us, the dense cloud of thick white and yellow smoke issuing against the blue sky. Our road lay through vineyards bearing luscious clusters of black and white, the grapes being the largest I had seen anywhere in Italy. At an inn where we paused for rest a bottle of very sweet amber wine was brought me under the name of *Lachryma Christi*; but, spite of the guide's indignation at my skepticism, I did not swallow the assurance with the wine. Of D's teetotalism he said with a *melange* of English and Italian, "*wine good. Acqua fa mal!*" All the way to the base we were assaulted, at intervals, by beggars, big and little, one of the latter being stark naked. Arrived at the more toilsome portion of the ascent, we found ourselves struggling through the thick layer of ashes which were strewn all around. We were now getting up considerably from the base which is fertile and studded with houses and villages having a numerous population and yielding three crops a year. Yet here, as in Ischia and other portions of this treacherous region, its people are, as it were, living over graves.

The last vegetation which we passed was some stunted trees. At this point the rascally guide would have ended our climb by persuading us that he had finished his contract which was, nevertheless, to take us to the top. But we insisting, he soon started on again while a set of

men—who hoped for a job when we should dismount and begin the ascent of the crater on foot—followed us closely, helping themselves up by the horses' tails. Still on, over ashes and *scoriae*, the poor beasts toiled, till at last we left them tied, and set off on foot to climb to the crater. I was assisted by a strap passed over the shoulder of a man in front; but it was a fearful climb. Up we struggled, in ashes half way to the knee at every step, and yet farther on, over mighty fields of black and flowing lava only two weeks since exuded from the bosom of the volcano and still smoking. My heart jumped. The perspiration rolled from every pore. My knees trembled under me. I was obliged to rest frequently. It was an experience for a life time, never to be repeated. At last we reached the crater around which was strewn thick incrustations of sulphur. How shall I describe it? There was unusual activity in the volcano. Every now and then there would be a sound as of thunder. The mountain trembled under us and a shower of red-hot stones flew up into the air. We advanced until they fell behind us, as near the edge as it was possible to go. We peered through the thickly rising vapors into the awful, yawning cavern. Infernal shades, what a sight! I drew back, but the guide held me by the arm. Surely there could be nothing like it save the mouth of another volcano like itself. There was a stiff breeze, luckily blowing away from us, and the smoke rolled off grandly toward the sea. As we retired, our guide imbedded a *soldo* in a fragment of lava just thrown out and it was soon almost red-hot. After cooling, it was carried off as a souvenir by my companion. The views which we had, going down, were like so many others around Naples, indescribably grand and sublime. We descended to *Torre Annunziata*, and took the train again for Naples. The

sunset hues were gilding land and water as we rolled homeward along the edge of the bay. Capri and Ischia stood grandly forth. The shore lay in all the picturesque of tower and belvidere and fishermen's nets stretching out into the water. The pomegranates were pendent over the garden walls. Fruits and vegetables, hung out to dry, adorned the outside of many a door and window; while the coming crop was being irrigated, both by women and mules, under whose manipulation the well-sweeps were doing active duty. That night, after dark, it was a double satisfaction to see as we did the lurid fires of Vesuvius flaming forth at short intervals across the bay. What a majestic and yet what a terrible and dangerous neighbor for Naples is the great volcano!

At last the time came for us to leave the city of Parthenope, so beautiful for situation. One day we bade adieu to the park and the children with their goat carts, as well as to the old monk in rather unsavory garments, who, as we sat and read, would come up to us and beg a *soldo* for the love of S. Francesco. At dusk we drove to the railway station and were soon snugly ensconced in one of the carriages of the night express for Brindisi. We traveled all that night and all the next day beside the sapphire plain of the Adriatic, and through many a town which has a name in history. We passed Barletta with its memories of king Manfred and Chevalier Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*" who once fought here in tournament. And Bari, where Pope Urban would have healed with his council the ever-widening breach between the Greek and Roman Churches. In the grey dawn, we saw peasants, trooping thus early to their toil, across an apparently barren plain. At noon, we were in a region of fruitful vines, prone beneath their purple clusters, and oleanders flaming with their brilliant

buds. Then came groves of almond and olive, whose gnarled and twisted trunks were a visible foretaste of the lands of Scripture, and at night-fall, we reached Brindisi, the ancient termination of the Appian way whither Horace once made a journey in company with Macaenas. After a comfortable dinner at the *Hotel Oriental* we bade a temporary farewell to Italian soil and went on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Corfu. Here I was rejoiced to find that I was to share my stateroom, not with a foreigner, but with one of my own countrymen, Mr. Walter B., who was on his way to Athens for the purposes of study at the American college. My former companion, in accordance with his preferences, had taken up his quarters in the second cabin. For a long time we sat on deck and talked of the new world opening before us. The air, however, was quite cool and the steamer was not to sail until midnight. Before that hour we had turned in, blissfully anticipating the morrow's dawn which should reveal to us, in all their beauty and reality,

"The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung!"





ON THE WAY TO ATHENS.

THE next morning we found our vessel and ourselves in the teeth of a strong wind. The inevitable consequences ensued. I was able, however, to dress and go on deck whither my friend soon followed me. But there was neither dignity nor safety, except in a sitting posture, which we immediately assumed. The white caps were hissing around us and the breeze came whistling fiercely along a rugged, rock-bound shore. Sure enough, there, at last, were the actual hills of classic Greece! There was a boldness and sternness in their aspect such as I had seen nowhere else in Europe, an air decidedly Grecian, and suggestive of Grecian strength and independence. It was a sight for which we had a keen relish, in spite of the malice of Neptune, and we enjoyed its variations until the middle of the afternoon when we came to anchor in the harbor of Corfu. This is the largest of the Ionian isles, the ancient Corcyra, whereon stood the palace of Alcinous, where Nausicaa and Ulysses met and where the ship of the latter became a rock. By dint of patience we at last effected our transfer, which is done everywhere in the Levant by means of small boats, from the steamer to the wharf. Escaping the clutches of the rude and motley crowd which infests the quay and which we learned to expect and dread in every subsequent port of the East, we soon found our

way to the *Hotel S. George*, the best in the place, but with its own full share of *inn-firmities*. After putting ourselves in order, we began to explore the narrow streets of this queer little city, where everything is so utterly new and strange to Western eyes. Here was the Grecian costume, so suggestive of activity and daring, the red fez, short and full white skirt, the pointed shoes, the belt which was not without its weapons. Here were Greek priests—more wholesome looking than the Italians—with their high, round hats of black, with flowing beards and hair so luxuriant that in one or two cases it was coiled up at the back of the head like a woman's. Almost blockading the streets, were great heaps of fruit, piles of mammoth chestnuts, raw and roasted, prickly pears, yellow, juicy melons, grapes which moistened the tongue, with the very sight of their lovely colors, purple, red, white and black. We found our way out at last to the esplanade which skirts the shores of a little bay and affords sublime and striking views of classic hills and crystal waters. Opposite, lay the bare, brown and forbidding coast of Albania and we spent some moments standing in mute appreciation of the majesty and loveliness which nature still here puts on, as if to shame the modern and degenerate scions of a noble stock.

The next day was Sunday and early in the morning I was awakened by the sharp and clattering peals of alternate church bells. The noisiest seemed to be those of the little cathedral of S. Spiridion, to which we resolved to go at eleven o'clock and witness our first Greek mass. We found the interior of the church to be like many a one which we saw afterwards at Athens, Smyrna, and Jerusalem and differing from the Latin churches in having neither crucifix nor images. There were, however, numerous pictures in *relievo*, richly framed and hung upon

the chancel screen. These, which were chiefly figures of the Lord and His Mother, the people kissed and revered immediately on entering the church, their crossings and bowings being alike profound, frequent and impressive. Soon the altar curtain was withdrawn and an aged priest, vested in a chasuble of red and gold and with his long snow-white hair falling over his shoulders, began the service. No note of organ was heard, the solemn chant being grandly sung by a choir of long haired brethren who stood within the chancel rail. Then, amid the glare of lighted tapers and the smoke of incense, the holy books were brought out and kissed in the reverential presence of the congregation who diligently crossed themselves with the triple sign. In like manner were brought forth for reverence, the Host and chalice, veiled with purple and brightly beaded stuff. It was very curious and interesting to see the children lifted up to press their little lips against the pictures and crossing themselves as did their elders. To one infant in its parent's arms I saw the priest administer the Eucharist in a golden spoon; a practice of which I had read, but never before witnessed. Another little babe, at some stage of the service, was laid in its cushion upon the altar steps, as if for the purpose of dedication. After the benediction, all the faithful, both young and old, flocked around the priest who still stood near the altar and distributed small squares of the consecrated bread, each of the recipients kissing the back of the hand that ministered.

At Corfu we first began to hear the modernized tongue of Homer used in common conversation and to read, under certain limitations, the public news in classic type. The pronunciation of the Greeks of to-day is, as I particularly noticed, a totally different thing from that to which I was accustomed in the college class-room.

On Monday afternoon we were again on board the steamer, *en route* to Athens. The boat belonged to a Greek line and had evidently been piously placed under Divine protection. For, at the end of the saloon below, hung one of those sacred pictures which in time become so familiar to the eastern tourist—a Triune Deity on golden ground, and in front of this, swung night and day an ever-burning lamp. It was a lovely evening as we proceeded southward into the Ionian sea. The purple shadows hovered over the ancient hills half veiling their rugged scars and seams. Here and there, upon the shore of its calm and lovely bay, lay some small white village, beautiful to the eye, although one soon learns how throughout all eastern regions “’tis distance lends enchantment to the view.” Many a white sail danced upon the waters. And when at last the shades had fallen upon the balmy air, I took my seat on deck after dinner and watched the lights flashing faintly from the island shores, or the shadow of a passing sail falling like a spectre in the moonbeam’s track. It was an evening for poetry and recollection and my thoughts flew backward over five thousand miles of sea and land to the little group gathered around an American fireside. During the night we passed the birthplace of Sappho, “the tenth muse” and “rocky Ithaca,” Ulysses’ home. In the morning, as fair and paradisal as the eve had promised, we were just entering the gulf of Corinth, with the shores of Acarnania and Etolia on one hand and those of old Achaia on the other. Over the hills of the latter the sun was just ascending, throwing his red rays far and wide and enhancing the inspiration of the scene. Behind in the distance we could yet descry Zante, Cephalonia and Ithaca. As I stood absorbed in thought—a Greek gentleman who had also become the master of a little French approached

me and pointed out a small town lying low along the opposite shore. It was Missolonghi, immortalized by the deeds of Grecian heroes and sacred to the memory of Lord Byron who here succumbed to the ravages of the fever. What grand histories and recollections stood out all around in that rising morning mist! The air was thick with story, and I was not sorry to have a chance to digest the first courses of my precious feast within the rocky harbor of Patras where we soon cast an hour's anchor. This ancient city also has its fame. It was the only friend of Athens in the war with the Peloponnesus and, in more modern times, was the first to rise for Grecian independence. The castle still frowns from its lofty seat and in its harbor I notice several English vessels riding at anchor.

Our somewhat sinuous course now lay between the verdant shores of the Corinthian gulf. Hence, everything, however insignificant, was full of interest, for were we not in Greece? The low forts that stood guard over the broad roadstead, the birds that skimmed close upon the curling wave, the thin blue smoke ascending slowly from the glen whose sides were lined with dark green cypresses—all these things had a character of their own. Among the towns that here and there climbed half way up the rocky steep, we saw at one point the ancient Aegium, one of the chief cities of the Achaian League. Now we were sailing past the shores of Phocis, within whose borders the oracle at Delphi once directed the actions and fate of men. Toward evening we arrived at the isthmus where, in modern Corinth, we found but a meagre successor of that great city, now nearly obliterated, where Periander ruled and the great Apostle of the Gentiles wrought in Christian love for nearly two whole years. Disembarking, we took our places in a

regular New York hack, the only thing of the kind I have ever ridden in, save on American soil. In this vehicle, of uncertain age, we rattled across the Isthmus over a dry and dusty road to Kalamaki where was awaiting us the steamer for the Piræus. The scenery on the way was decidedly monotonous—being made up almost wholly of sterile mountain sides and stunted fir-trees. It lasted but an hour, however, for the distance is only four miles. We were aboard the new steamer by five o'clock. It was much later when we started, and as the clouds were dark and threatening, nothing could be seen, not even the shores of Salamis. So I was fain to pass the evening partly in conversation with the chief engineer, an affable Scotchman who was glad to receive an English speaking guest into his little cabin; partly at dinner and partly in a nap upon the sofa in the saloon. It was nearly midnight ere we dropped anchor at the Piræus, the port for Athens. It was some time past that hour ere we could be rowed ashore and bury our weary selves in restful slumber at the hotel.





THE "EYE OF GREECE."

THE next morning we rose early, in spite of our fatigue, eager as we were to see Athens. A railway ride of seven miles separates it from its seaport. During this journey we caught glimpses across the plain of Lycabettus, Hy-mettus and especially the Acropolis still proudly sustaining the aged wrecks of some of man's noblest works. On arriving in the city our first business was to seek an hotel, which done, we started out to pay our first visit to the Acropolis. We climbed slowly to the summit of the rocky eminence, passing first under an old archway and then being admitted by the guide through a second gate into the ruins. As we entered there rose, straight before us, the Propylaea steps and above and to the right of us stood the wingless temple raised to Victory ere Pericles was born. Huge blocks of marble plentifully sprinkled the entire enclosure, still surrounded by the broken and crumbling walls of Cyron and Themistocles. We did not stop until we had reached the crowning feature, the matchless and historic Parthenon. Once its beautiful Doric columns glistened in their snow-whiteness and could be seen shining from afar, either on land or sea. Every Greek, as he looked upon it, must have recognized with pride the fitness of this sumptuous shrine of Minerva. For it was here that stood the monster statue of the goddess, chiseled by Phidias after the battle of Marathon.

But now those once virgin columns are sere and brown with hoary age and sadly battered by the cannon-balls of the shameless Turk, whose shot-marks have left numerous traces in the broken flutings. On one of the steps of the *cella* I noticed, still lying, an old shell, one of those grim agencies of destroying man. The raven's croak is heard high overhead and the pillars faintly gleam through the mossy network which has overspread their fluted sides. The sole remnants of the fine marble frieze which once adorned the *cella* are one or two isolated and battered fragments in the western pediment. The rest has disappeared under the ruthless hand of the Venetian destroyer and the vandalism of Lord Elgin. No gold and ivory goddess now remains to rule her temple as she did of old and be the Ægis of Athenian hearts. All is desolate and yet grand, even in its desolation. During my short week's stay in Athens I often climbed thither to read and write and think, sometimes sitting in an old worn and defaced marble chair, brought hither from "Mars hill" and which now stands in the area where the tall grass sprouts from between the joints of the marble pavement; or again reclining upon some random block within the *cella* on the seaward side, giving me in a single *coup d'oeil* the Peloponnesus, Salamis and the Isle of Ægina, once proud Athens' bitter foe. The modern city, so insignificant in such a scene, lies far below and mostly out of sight. Up here, you are again in ancient times. Around you is still the same cloudless sky and warm bright air. Here is the place whence, with undistracted vision, to look out with memory's eye over all Greece, with her famous histories and cities and men. Here you are within what was once her very heart, a fortress, treasury, shrine and home of Art. Where yonder long black train of ants winds its way among the shattered fragments, once trod the mighty

men of old. Look around. Over yonder rises the white dust on the road leading to old Elensis. Over there is where Xerxes' golden throne was raised that the over-confident king might witness at his ease the battle of Salamis. Not far away are the shores where Demosthenes matched his voice against the swelling floods that he might cope successfully with that other tumult springing from the hearts he had stirred up. Turn a little and you have in full view Hymettus of the honey and Pentelicus with its ancient quarries, the mountain from whose bosom was taken the ancient city. But I have entered on an endless catalogue and must stop at its beginning. We are in a land whose every stream and river flows through epic song and classic story.

Not far from the Parthenon stands the *Erectheium* with its fine Ionic columns and the grand figures of the female Caryatides on its southern portico, whose reproduction the visitor to London will recollect in connection with the church of S. Pancras in that city. On this spot Minerva divided her worship with Neptune and here grew her sacred olive-tree which the Persians burned but which grew again with the revival of Athenian arms. This is said to be also the tomb of Cecrops, the founder of Athens; and from here the visitor may easily pass over to the old deep well from whose bucket I ventured to take a drink for the sake of its associations and into whose depths a pebble fell with solemn sound.

But it is time to go down from the Acropolis and step over to Mars hill, or the Areopagus which lies a short distance below. On it you may stand in the very footsteps of the Apostle Paul, who here, beneath the hoary rock then crowned with its temple, addressed the fickle Athenians among whom were Dionysius and Damaris, on the text which he had taken from one of their own altars

somewhere near, "To the unknown God." Rudely cut steps conduct you to the top of this irregular mass of hard, marble-like rock. Around its base lay the ancient *agora*. Here, too, sat by night the court of ancient Athens, and, according to tradition, once judged Mars for the murder of Alirothius. Here, too, Socrates was tried and in the face of yonder low cliff are the doors of the cavern prison in which he is said to have been confined before his execution and where he drank the fatal hemlock. This hill became another favorite resort, especially toward the evening hour, when we amused ourselves in breaking crystal from the rocks, or making friends with the urchins whose sheep and goats were browsing below and who brought us yellow flowers from the rocky cliffs; or anon engaged in alternate reverie and watching the distant lightning playing among the Attic hills. It was a sight to see the sunset hues flung over the citadel and gilding the clouds that so darkly shrouded these noble hills. But we usually had to retire early, as it was not long before the cool evening wind began to whistle around us on our lofty perch.

Then there were our moonlight rambles, due to the fortunate occurrence of our visit. More than once we directed our steps to those proud columns which now alone remain of the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, one of the most splendid fanes ever erected to the "father of gods and men." There we would procure a couple of chairs belonging to some neighboring *café* and sit perhaps between two high columns from top to top of which ran the architrave over our heads. In this delightful retreat we sat sipping our cups of black Turkish coffee and indulging in classic dreams. At some distance from the rest stood two columns and near them lay a third prostrate on the ground. Some of these pillars, as I found by

actual measurement, were twenty feet in diameter. The temple to which they belonged was the work of the Pisistratidae. It held the great gold and ivory statue of Jove, the masterpiece of Phidias, which was destroyed afterward at Byzantium. A few steps away still runs the noisy Illissus and close by, is the fountain of Callirrhœ. Near at hand stands also the arch of Hadrian made of Pentelic marble and dividing what was once the imperial city from the city of Theseus. Going under this arch one night, we reached a small village from an upper room in which a sound as of the singing of hymns was heard. We ascended and found ourselves in a sort of prayer-meeting, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Kalopathakes, an English-speaking missionary. At the house of this courteous pastor we were the recipients of much kindness and had the pleasure of meeting there Prof. Packard of the college and several other English and American residents in Athens. Here also we met the Rev. Mr. Greenlee, a young Presbyterian missionary then on his way to his field of labor in Syria and who afterwards accompanied us to Beyrout.

Among the other ruins which we had the deep joy of seeing in Athens was the temple of Theseus which is well preserved, considering its great age, for it is said to have been the work of Cymon the son of Miltiades. Its weather-beaten columns are held to stand on the grave of the hero Theseus. Another was the Tower of the Winds close by the foot of the Acropolis where Andronicus placed his water-clock. Its eight aged sides still face the breezes of eight Athenian winds. Still another was the old round building with its six fluted columns to which has been given various names, among them that of the Lantern of Demosthenes. It is probably the monument of Lysicrates. Occasionally we would come upon

fragments not mentioned in the guide-book. Nor did we forget to cross over sometimes from the Acropolis to the Museum hill, where in the niches of a broken monument still sit above the loose, toppling blocks several headless human statues with their weather-beaten trunks. Hence we could overlook the *Pnyx* and its *bema* whence the ancient harangues were made to the people. Here are hewn from out the solid rock a pulpit, platform and some ancient steps; and from them once rang out the voice of Demosthenes. But all are now silent and unused, and where the ground was once trodden hard by the assembled crowds, now lies the plough's rough furrow.





ON CLASSIC HEIGHTS.

ONE morning we went to the edge of the modern city and began our ascent of Mt. Lycabettus. The way was steep and rocky and we were frequently obliged to pause and rest upon some convenient boulder while several Greek priests, borne steadily along on their careful asses passed us and never stopped. Here and there, modest flowers had gained a scanty hold upon the rocks and of these we bore away a few as trophies, as well as some of the sparkling crystals which lay thickly strewn on each side of our pathway. At last we reached the top where stands, on the highest part, the little modest white church of S. George. A diminutive bell swings in the belfry, and, hewn in the solid rock in front of the church, is a pedestal supporting a low staff surmounted by a cross. The terrace on which the little temple stands is enclosed in a garden walled about with a fence of stone slabs. It would seem that at night a lamp is always burning on this elevation for I often noticed it high up in the air as we took our evening strolls in the city streets below. The church was closed, but we sat down in the low doorway and looked out over the magnificent panorama beneath us. Nearly all of Athens was in front of us—the hills on this side and on that, the sea—afar upon whose bosom we saw a large steamer plowing her way through the curling foam. The harbor itself with its

many masts was plainly in sight and beyond it, Salamis ; while on the other side of the bay loomed the hazy shores of the Morea—bringing up recollections of the old Dorian conquest. Ever and anon, martial sounds stirred from the plain below where the somewhat degenerate successors of the ancient hardy warriors of Greece were engaged in the exercises of the drill. Even a faint hum was heard from afar proceeding from the narrow and yet busy streets. I thought again, as I could not help doing on all such occasions, of the past glory of this chief-centre of Attica and the world. This was the city whose origin is too dim to be seen and whose last King, Codrus, courted his own death in the Spartan camp because the oracle of Delphi had made the safety of Athens depend on the sacrifice of her chief man. This was the city whose walls Lysander tore down to the sound of music. Here was where Draco wrote his bloody code. This was the home of Solon, chief of “the seven wise men” of Greece ; of Pisistratus, an usurper, but the best one of history ; of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon whose glory afterwards lost its lustre by an indifferent career ; of clever Themistocles, the hero of Salamis ; of Aristides, the man of virtue incorruptible ; of the brilliant Pericles ; of the sculptor Phidias ; of Alcibiades, “the lion’s whelp ;” and greatest of all, the eloquent Demosthenes and Socrates, the “wisest of mankind.” What an array of names are these, a few only from the superb catalogue, throwing an unfading lustre over this, surely not the least in the world’s great trio of cities !

We made the ascent also of two other mountains in the vicinity of Athens, Hymettus and Pentelicus. The former is some two or three miles from Athens, but the road being lonely and impassable for carriages and the mountain bleak, it is very seldom visited by tourists.

We determined, however, for the sake of its place in song and story not to slight it, even though we had to accomplish the entire and arduous excursion on foot. So off we set one morning past the barracks and out upon the solitary road across the intervening plain. We had just reached the entrance of the desolate gorges which run toward the base of the mountain when the rain came on and we were obliged to seek shelter beneath an overhanging rock. Above us, on the hillside, stood some ruined and broken walls but not a living thing, not a human habitation could be seen. All was grey hills and bare solid rock. From afar, however, we could hear, every now and then, the piping of some lonely unseen bird. A better place for brigands there could not be and it is not long since all this region was infested with these marauders. The shower abating, we pursued our course up a ravine through which ran the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Presently we saw at some distance, across a broadening valley, the curling smoke of some lone monastery ascending dreamily through a grove of cypress and olive-trees. It lay beyond our reach but its presence there was like that of a man on the desert or the sight of a sail to the ocean waif. And now began the hard and steep ascent, a task which it is not easy to describe to him who has never actually tried his legs on the trackless side of a Grecian mountain. There being no tourists, there was of course no path available, at least in the quarter toward which we had struck. Up we scrambled over the rough untrodden rocks, dropping down every now and then out of breath. But even as we paused we were solaced and repaid by the sound of a humming in the still air. There, sure enough, was a bee, the bee of Hymettus, famous for its honey and now gilding a little mountain flower with its yellow coat. Higher up we

struggled, starting the wild partridge from its cover, and attracting the notice of several horses which by some feat of dexterity had gained their lofty elevation and were now grazing over the scanty verdure. We thought once we were approaching the top, but in a few moments we found we had only reached a projecting ridge. Another slope which looked as if it must certainly lead to the brow was climbed, at the expense of beating hearts and aching limbs, and then again, away before us rolled another hollow on the mountain top, dividing us from the topmost ridge over a mile distant and quite invisible from the point whence we had commenced our ascent. It was too much. The rain was coming on again. Thick clouds of mist swept into our faces. We could not go a step further. At the risk of a thorough soaking we stopped long enough to seize another view, when it could be had, of the glorious sweep of mountain, plain and sea. And then down we slid among the rocks and bushes at a breakneck pace, taking the shortest cut and getting many a fall and bruise. As we at last gained a temporary refuge beneath the shelter of an old olive, I vowed I would never, even for the sake of classical sentiment, try that kind of climbing again. By the time we had dragged our weary forms back to Athens, it was pain even to lie down.

The weather threw a shadow likewise over our excursion to Pentelicus. We started one morning in a rickety old stage for Cephissia over a dangerous and broken road. The night before there had been heavy rains which in some places now flooded the road with broad and rapid torrents. Through all we dashed, however, with reckless bravery, although the fear of upsetting kept us more or less in constant alarm. After stopping a long time for our driver and his friends to refresh themselves in the market-place of a little town on the road, we at last reach-

ed Cephissia and set out on foot along the road by which the snowy produce of the mountain is still taken away. Just outside the town we passed a large deep spring well filled with clear limpid water, close beside a little chapel, and on its curb we sat down to watch the women washing their clothes upon the smooth flat stones at the water's edge, an operation which, in their part of the world, is always a public proceeding. As we went on, with far more ease than the hardworked horses whose incessant toil was evidenced by the deep ruts cut in the solid rock, we often found an elegant if not luxurious resting place on some long white block of shining marble by the roadside. Here we were always in full view of the scarred but snowy bosom of the mountain glaring in the sun, while higher up clouds that were hardly whiter, were bathing the top with dew. The sky grew more threatening as we pursued our journey and when we had arrived at a point high up the hill and commanding a magnificent picture we found that there would be little satisfaction in ascending higher through the gathering mist. Our chief reason for wishing to reach the top was, in order thence to obtain a view of the famous plain of Marathon. My companion, light, wiry and of superior physical strength, declared he would take the chances and bade me wait for him. In fifteen minutes he called from the top of a distant ridge that he could see nothing. For an instant I saw his form outlined against the sky and then he disappeared again. When he rejoined me he had an experience to relate of a fearful climb among wet bushes where he had lost his way in the mist. But he insisted, nevertheless, that among the cloud rifts he had surely gotten a glimpse of Marathon, an achievement concerning which, after so much hard work, it would have been ungenerous to be sceptical.



ADIEU TO ATHENS.

THE time was now coming round for the sailing of the steamer to Smyrna. So we purchased our *souvenirs* and prepared for our last walk through the streets of the modern city, about which I have said little because there is so little to say. The streets in the newer portions of the town are pleasant and agreeable but in the quarter immediately beneath the Acropolis they are foul and narrow. Our hotel lay close beside the royal palace and in our walk to and from the principal ruins we were often conducted through bazars of a somewhat Oriental cast where we were obliged to squeeze our way past patient donkeys who stood half-asleep under their heavy loads of luscious fruit, and where dishes of food and sweetmeats inconceivable were offered for sale. In these purlieus which crowd the base of the ancient citadel, we often found the pathways full of mire and nastiness, the houses being little better than mere hovels. Everywhere may be seen the typical Greek in his short white skirt, tasseled *fez*, and broadsword at his thigh, while now and then, in front of a *café*, you come upon a group of idlers sitting in a circle upon their low stools and solemnly puffing away at their *narghilehs*, or drinking Turkish coffee from tiny cups. Fountains seemed to be plentiful and ran at every corner, as often as the Greek maidens drew near to fill their earthen water-pots. The churches are plentifully sprinkled about, some being new, others those very little

brown structures in the Byzantine style with which the first walk in Athens will serve to familiarize one. At the hour of service the plaintive chant of singing men may lure you within. And if so, you will see nothing but the usual dull interior of an Orthodox Greek church, with flat Byzantine ornaments upon the walls. With their hours of Sunday service I could not become acquainted during my short stay. But an attempt to discover a service in any one of them at the usual time on Sunday morning, was entirely futile. The churches were generally closed, but the shops and stores in the neighborhood were always wide open. There seems to be an opinion prevalent in certain ecclesiastical circles at home which contrasts the Greek Church with the Church of Rome, quite unfavorably to the latter. Without taking up the cudgel of defence, or even hazarding any opinion beyond that founded on personal observation, I may here state that, judging from what I have seen of the modern Orthodox Eastern Church in Greece and Syria, it is far more lifeless and unaggressive than its powerful rival, while it certainly has no advantage over Rome in point either of ecclesiastical courtesy, or Christian virtue.

While on the subject of churches, the reader will perhaps pardon an allusion to the pretty English chapel at Athens. It is an unspeakable comfort to have the privilege of hearing one's own language in a church on foreign soil, especially in regions so far from English and American homes. Nowhere did I appreciate it more than on our Sunday evening at Athens. I had been spending a rather lonely afternoon with the little birds about the Parthenon, watching the rays of the autumn sun shooting through the gloomy clouds and tinting the blue sea with its own shade. With the thought of the home so far away, I descended at dusk and went into the dimly lighted

chapel where the evening service was being read. It was already so dark that the officiating clergyman was obliged to stoop in order to see the words of the lessons, but the hour was full of peace and gratitude for the dear old words which called up the memories of another land.

But we must be off to "fresh fields" and "new" pastures and so I shall leave Athens to be more tenderly dealt with by some future traveler and hasten away to the deck of the steamer about to sail from the Piraeus to Smyrna. Here we found a pleasant party which kept all together as far as Beyrout, and three of whom were our companions even to Jerusalem. First was the Rev. Mr. Greenlee whom we had met at the house of Mr. Kalopathakes. Next came the Rev. *Youhannah El-Karey* with his wife and sister-in-law, on his way to his missionary station at *Nablous*. Then there was also Mr. Thien, a good-natured, courteous German artist from Cincinnati. These, with D. and myself, made a company of seven persons every one of whom I think felt the better for his acquaintance with the others. Especially were we glad to fall in with Mr. *El-Karey* whose long residence in Palestine enabled him to tell us much of the country which we were soon to enter and of which we knew as yet comparatively nothing. For a while we sat contentedly on deck, alternately talking and watching the measured strokes of the rowers who plied their tiny crafts between the shore and the men-of-war lying in the harbor. Several of the finest, as was usually the case in Oriental ports, flew the flag of Britain. In the course of the late afternoon we started and were almost immediately afterwards called to dinner. The only things I remember distinctly for the rest of that day were certain dim and dusky island outlines rising above the blue waters which danced and shimmered in the silvery moonlight.



THE SHORES OF THE LEVANT.

THE morn was sunny, but the sea was rough. Personally, however, I had nothing to complain of, my own constitution being partially, though not wholly, proof against most of Neptune's pranks. The sea-gull was reeling along over the gilded white-caps, and the sharp fin of a shark rose now and then above the clear blue wave. Soon we saw before us the outlines of the lovely isle of Chios, the "paradise of the Levant," but foully devastated alike by Turk and earthquake. Indeed, the latter foe had, as we learned, been busy just before our arrival. We anchored a short way off the quaint little city which lies along the shore, showing here and there fragments of its old Venetian walls. Its half Moslem and half Christian character was evidenced by the presence, in close conjunction, of church and mosque, of tower and minaret. A short distance behind us a lone rock stood in the sea, its silent summit crowned by a light-house. The usual fleet of small boats was soon beneath the sides of the vessel, some of the boatmen in Oriental dress, wearing red sashes into which were thrust murderous looking knives. *Mastic* venders leaped aboard and with noisy and vociferous shouts began to hawk about the vessel their odorous wares. Now we began, with our new relay of passengers, to see more of those

two great features of Turkish out-door life, of which we never lost sight until we had said farewell to Alexandria, the tiny cup of black coffee and the indolent, luxurious "hubble-bubble"—or *narghileh*. All the way to Smyrna we had opportunities of watching the use of these, as well as other curious customs of the East. For we were getting farther and farther into Moslemdom and we soon had a goodly number of the followers of the prophet on board. Among them was a strong, well-built Mohammedan wearing a conspicuous turban of green around his red fez and thus pronounced to be in the direct line of descent from Mahomet himself. With him talked an old sharp-featured man of sinister aspect and clad in a long gown of green who was pointed out to me by Mr. El-Karey as a dancing dervish, residing probably at Smyrna. At the hour of prayer this man devoutly spread his rug upon the deck and kneeling, in temporary oblivion of all around him and with his face always towards Mecca, went mechanically through his devotions. These Moslem prayers, of which I saw so many afterwards, in the city, by the side of the mountain stream, in the house and, from a safe distance, in the mosque itself, consist of a variety of postures and exclamations. These the child of the prophet always carries out, regardless of circumstances; for the faithful Mohammedan always prays when the time comes, in spite of hindrances, on land, or sea, on the hill-top, or in the public park. "*Allahu-akbar*," "God is great," together with the repetition of passages from the Koran, is the burden of his praises and prayers. Now he stands and now he kneels; again, he is pressing his forehead to the earth. At one stage of his devotions he carefully looks from side to side to see if the "angel" is near. All is done in apparent abstraction yet I have seen yawns, gapings,

stretches and even questions answered during the devotional process.

At last, towards the close of the afternoon, we caught sight afar upon the low shore line of a village of white Turkish tents. On the sea in front appeared a fleet of fishing boats each with its Oriental looking lateen sail. And then to the right we could descry the ancient city, sloping partly up the rising ground behind it, one eminence of which was crowned by the castle, while loftier mountains filled in the distant background. The sunset flung its low retiring hues over hills and city, empurpling the mountains in its waning light and gilding the tall and graceful minarets. We safely passed the inspection of the quarantine authorities, in that part of the world and at that time always on the *qui vive*. We even passed, by means of the "Silver Key," what was much worse than the health-inspection, and full of the noise and confusion of bedlam itself, an Eastern custom-house; but it was long after dark ere we were able to sit down to dinner at the hotel.

The next morning after breakfast, Mr. El-Karey, who acted as a sort of *generalissimo* of our party, made it his first business to secure our passports which had been taken from us the night before, mainly for the purpose of extorting an additional *backsheesh*. This accomplished, we set out in our self-chosen ways to explore the city. Here the Western tourist comes into a new world. The sprinkling of Europeans is not large. Nearly everything is Oriental. In Smyrna we first saw camels used in the streets as beasts of burden and Moslem women walking about, closely veiled and covered completely with their white sheets. And the city has its history too, as well as its curiosities. It is one of those seven cities that claim to be Homer's birthplace. It was the habitation

of one of "the seven churches," addressed by the Apostle John in the Book of Revelation. And it is likewise the city of which Polycarp was bishop and in which he suffered martyrdom for holy faith.

We strolled at leisure through the narrow, labyrinthine streets, where the balconies over head seemed so close as almost to touch their rails together. We saw porters with straps brought over their foreheads, bowing low beneath their heavy loads, and swarthy Nubians threading their own way through the busy maze. We scented, too, the odors of the great trays of little fish which were being borne along upon the heads of public carriers. In the bazars the merchant sat cross-legged among his wares which were piled up high at his sides and back. Heaps of the figs for which Smyrna is famous were to be seen on every hand. Every possible hue and color was displayed in the striped costumes and flowered veils of the more dressy frequenters of the streets, male and female, the belts of the former almost never weaponless. Every now and then a caravan of camels, tinkling its warning bells, would come treading softly, but with long swift strides along the crowded way.

One of our excursions was made to the ruins of the old crusader's castle which stands on its rocky perch above the city. It is a fatiguing climb on foot, but while D. preferred this method, T. and myself more easily accomplished the feat on the backs of two small, but wiry little donkeys decked in showy Eastern trappings. At one point beside the road as we went up, we saw the fissure rent by an earthquake and in another elevated spot a plentiful sprinkling of oyster shells which somewhat puzzled our brains to know how they had got there. Again we passed a Turkish graveyard with its short rude stones shooting

abruptly up from mother earth. Far below we could see the cypress groves against whose dark green foliage the masses of bare brown walls stood out in sharp relief. The sun was hot and great drops of sweat stood forth upon the forehead of our muleteer as he plodded along in his ample Grecian costume. At last we reached the top and dismounting, found ourselves among the remains of massive walls and mighty cisterns belonging to the old fortress. But we soon lost our interest in these things in the magnificent view over which swept our wondering vision. It was a grand panorama of sea and city and everlasting hills, one of those views the bare allusion to which cannot fail to call up delightful memories in the mind of the reader who has looked upon it, but which is in itself fairly indescribable. Afar across the valleys we descried the remains of the aqueduct built by Alexander the Great, the ruins of the stadium and the spot where stood the ancient city; and just below the hill could be partially traced the uncertain outlines of the amphitheatre. Over yonder too, among the hills lay somewhere the ancient city of Ephesus which, though so near, we were not to see, the exigencies of time and dismal reports of brigands in the neighborhood preventing. As we descended we passed the reputed tomb of S. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr, at each end of whose grave stand two green cypresses one large and one small. Over the roots of the greater were sundry dark stains of blood, memorials of the lamb annually slain here on the Saint's birthday, as we were told by our guide. But what he meant was probably the "birthday of his death," his entrance, that is, into eternal life. It was only a meeting, out of books, with an old and beautiful idea. Into the trunk of the tree a small commemorative nail is also driven annually. As for the tomb itself it is one of those rough

plastered oblong structures, ugly and uncouth, such as one always finds in Mohammedan cemeteries. The Turk has, of course, appropriated it and his inscription is on the sepulchre. Upon the trees and bushes around it, hang parti-colored shreds of cloth left there as testimonials to the virtue of the tomb in working cures. Among these minimized garments of the superstitious, hung, when we were there, an entire green turban.





FROM SMYRNA TO BEYROUT.

WE had heard that at Smyrna we should have a chance to see the dancing dervishes, of which everybody has read, and the opportunity was not to be missed. So we went one Friday afternoon about three o'clock to the plain little mosque where their performance is usually witnessed. Arriving, we found a good position at the open window which we preferred to taking off our shoes and going inside among the crowd. The service had begun, though the ring of dervishes was not yet full. The rest came in gradually, one by one, and took their places in the squatting circle on the floor, the latter being covered with the skins of deer and leopard. The preliminary movements were a swaying of the head and shoulders backward and forwards, accompanied with a deep guttural invocation of "*Allah!—Allah!*" A leader sat at the back of the circle opposite the door and accelerated gradually both the cries and gestures of his companions. It was a strange scene to behold—these full-grown men grunting and swaying their bodies faster and faster as if they must soon have a rush of blood to the head and roll over in a helpless swoon upon the floor. But when the movement became too frantic, the measure was changed and another variation began, slowly and gradually increasing as before. After a while, several flutes, cymbals, tambourines and other instruments of music were brought into the centre, the players took

their positions, the circle of dervishes rose, joined hands and began swinging round the room at first with a slow, fantastic step. Within the ring the leader was now whirling rapidly upon his toes as on a pivot, his eyes shut, arms both outstretched and loose garments assuming the inflated form incident to such gyrations. In the circle of dancers I noticed one or two Turkish officers and one small boy of hardly more than ten who seemed to have mastered the movements perfectly. The noise waxed louder. "*Ya Allah!*" was fairly screamed from the hoarse throats of the dancers, who were now also stamping loudly on the floor. Just when the noise was loudest the whole thing ceased abruptly, all putting on their shoes and hurrying away. We ourselves departed with a vivid picture in our minds of the strangest religious service we had ever heard of or conceived.

Of course, we wandered into the churches of which, however, I retain no very vivid recollections. The Greek cathedral is old and quaint with curious carvings and fine marbles. Around it ran the latticed gallery, common in all Greek churches, and occupied by the women. The church stands among a lot of ancient graves. The cheerful interior of the Armenian cathedral is full of lightness and whiteness. Here our attention was arrested by the cushions placed in a semi-circle on the floor in front of the high altar and on which we were told that the priests sit during divine service. The high altar was striking, though hardly impressive, with its seven gradines rising one above another and each ledge filled with great altar-lights of yellow wax. Nor did we forget to look in upon the American missionaries who are here engaged in an active work. The philanthropic efforts of Mr. Constantine and the educational work of Rev. Mr. Bowen and his efficient wife came especially under our

notice. In the Mission school of the latter we were much interested by the recitations and songs which we heard from the lips of clever and bright-eyed little Eastern girls, Greeks, Armenians and Moslems all together. The tall sycamores here keep watch and ward over a busy hive in this missionary's home. Of his pretty stone church he has good reason to be proud. In it we saw one handsome marble pillar which, as Mr. Bowen informed us, had been brought thither from Athens.

On the next day, which was Saturday, we boarded the steamer for Beyrout. The boat had come down from Constantinople crowded with a multitude of unsavory Arabs on their way to Palestine and Egypt. They were accompanied by their numerous wives and crying children who were largely huddled together on a part of the deck belonging to the cabin passengers, of whose own comfort the authorities of the "*Oreste*," an Austrian-Lloyd vessel, seemed to manifest, whether with, or without excuse, an utter disregard. The vessel was shamefully overcrowded, as it would not have been allowed to be in English or American waters, and in event of an accident the calamity would have been fearful. To aggravate the rest, there were several heads of diseased cattle on board which were finally butchered early one morning in an inhuman manner and thrown into the sea. Of this operation however I was not myself a witness, my information coming through one of the party who was an earlier riser. On this steamer we first became acquainted with several gentlemen who afterwards became our fellow pilgrims through Palestine—the Rev. Dr. McKenzie and son, of Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. McGarry of Pennsylvania and Mr. Mill of London. These were already organized for the "long tour" through Palestine under the care of Mr. Alexander Howard the well known

Oriental contractor. Here was an unexpected chance for us to extend our own plans. After much consultation, D., Thien and I decided to abandon the steamer at Beyrout, instead of going on to Jaffa—and unite our fortunes in Palestine to those of our new friends. This proposed arrangement we afterwards effected satisfactorily at Beyrout, and my narrative henceforth as far as Jerusalem, becomes the narrative of six—able-bodied, earnest and enthusiastic.

The following Sunday morning was ushered in by a clear sun which rose majestically over the dark hills. The sea was of a brilliant sapphire. The sky was filled with blue and purple haze. We passed Samos, the reputed birthplace of Juno and Pythagoras, as well as the isle where the great “father of History,” Herodotus, lived and wrote a large portion of his works. But we were on the lookout for an island even more famous than Samos and anxious lest we should not see it. The fear of disappointment kept us all on the *qui vive*; and the joy can scarcely be imagined with which about the middle of the forenoon the captain pointed out to us a long low island, rising from the sea, as Patmos, the place whither Domitian sent S. John into exile and where the book of Revelation was given to the infant church. In the middle ages it was called *Palmosa*, or “palm-bearing,” although there is said to be, at present, but one palm-tree in the whole island. We thought we could even see the famous monastery on its mountain top and overlooking the cave in which the Apostle is said to have received his revelation. We looked long and reverently at the blue sky above this sacred island and in it we found our sermon and meditation for that lovely Sunday morning.

That same day we passed within sight of Halicarnassus around which were the usual rugged-rocks rearing

their bare, reddish sea-walls out of the blue wave ; and when evening came we gathered the little company of English speaking people in the saloon and had a short informal service. Dr. McKenzie added a few helpful words, much to the satisfaction of our little company in which were some new faces of missionaries and deaconesses on their way to Syria. Late in the evening we dropped anchor off Rhodes, whose harbor, once bestridden by the great Colossus, now flashed its light towards us over the dusky waters. We were too far away to discern much on the shore amid the darkness, and our stay was to be too short for a landing, even if the hour had been more opportune. So we were fain to content ourselves with mentally reviewing its history and watching the motley horde of boatmen who swarmed pell-mell over the deck, the meanwhile quarelling with each other and vociferating like fiends. It was enough to wrench out all the poetry and romance from any recollections we might have of this "Isle of Roses" and Crusader's home. Tired out with the din and confusion, I was soon glad to descend the deck and dismiss the memories of Apelles, the Apostle of Art and Hippocrates, the Apostle of Medicine, both of whom were born here, as well as of the bold knights of S. John and the sanguinary siege by the great Solyman, in indifferent sleep.

The next day we were on the open sea, out of sight of land for the first time since leaving Brindisi, on our way to Cyprus. This was the longest portion of the passage. Our resources by day were now only conversation and note-taking, by night lounging on deck and watching the meteors streaking through the azure. Now and then, we had a song, our good friend from Cincinnati delighting our ear with the *Lorelei* in his native tongue. On Tuesday morning we again had something to look at, being

now abreast of the long rugged back of Cyprus. This is an island said to be now, as of old, rich in female beauty and vile in climate. As we skirted its shores, memories of Paul and Barnabas, of Sergius Paulus and the blinded blasphemer, Elymas rose to our minds. We made our first stop at Limasol and then proceeded to Larnaca, the length of our stay at each place being so uncertain that it was deemed unwise to go ashore. Larnaca, from the deck of the steamer, formed a very pretty Oriental picture with the waves fretting its sandy margin and the cypress, palm and lofty minaret rising together just beyond. It is probably little like the city, however, in which Zeno was born, or in the siege of which died Cymon, the son of Miltiades and the flower of the Athenian soldiery. It was nearly dark when we departed and we went to bed that night with high hopes and beating hearts. To-morrow morning we should get our first glimpse of "goodly Lebanon," and the lands of the Bible!





FIRST GLIMPSES OF SYRIA.

It was very early on the morning of Wednesday, October 24, that I went on deck and saw, rising some distance in front of us the grand range of the mountains of Lebanon. This, my first glimpse of the lands of Scripture was afforded me under the most favorable auspices. The sun had ascended the hills and thrown out his rays to meet us over a smooth and beautiful sea. Notwithstanding an over-crowded steamer, we had had a comfortable passage from Smyrna, and a feeling of thankful satisfaction prevailed on board as we approached the spruce looking city of Beyrout. It is one of the finest and healthiest towns in the East and the beauty of its situation is a glad surprise to the traveler who sees it, as we did, on a pleasant autumn morning, with its masses of verdure and houses of white and brown lying in relief against the red sand hills which rise to the west and southwest of the city. Best of all, the surrounding mountain slopes dotted with their picturesque villages, put the climax of loveliness to the scene. As we dropped anchor in the bay we were already beset with a lively fleet of small boats, their gayly colored flags floating in the morning breeze and their noisy owners impatient for permission to rush aboard and secure engagements. When at last the word was given, the deck of the steamer was speedily turned into a pandemonium.

For ourselves, however, we escaped all but the vociferations of the Orientals, for we were speedily taken in charge by Mr. Alexander Howard, with whom our arrangements were soon concluded for the "long tour" through the Holy Land. Having run the gauntlet of the usual crowd of tide-waiters and beggars, who are a trifle more annoying in their importunities in the East than elsewhere, and also passed the stupidly conducted and mercenary Turkish custom-house, we were safely lodged in the comfortable *Hotel d'Orient*, where one may enjoy moderately good dinners and a magnificent view of the sea.

Our first afternoon was spent in looking about the town, which, though not possessed of very many "sights," is yet exceedingly interesting on account of its history. It is a Phœnician city of great antiquity. It was once celebrated for its Greek culture and for the baths, theatres and other beautiful buildings with which it was adorned by Agrippa, the elder grandson of Herod the Great. Here it was that Titus put the captive Jews into the lists to fight with wild beasts and with one another. Afterwards it became famous for its Roman law schools under Alexander Severus. Here Appian and Gregory thought and wrought, and here St. George is said to have slain the dragon. Its more modern history is a chequered one. It has been destroyed by earthquakes, captured by the Crusaders, re-taken by the Turks, and bombarded by the English. It has been said that there are no wheeled vehicles in Beyrout, a statement which is no longer true, inasmuch as our afternoon excursion, save in the centre of the city where the streets are very narrow and crooked, was accomplished wholly in two-horse carriages. After paying a visit to our American consul, we drove out to the Syrian Protestant mission, where, under the

kind guidance of the President, the Rev. Dr. Bliss, we inspected the buildings and appointments of that admirable institution. Its site on the sea-shore is one of the loveliest in all Syria, and the breeze which blew over us as we strolled through the grounds, was delightfully refreshing. As we returned through the town we could not but admire the tracery of the windows in the better class of houses, and the cheerful-looking geraniums and other flowers with which their flat roofs are sometimes adorned. The same can hardly be said of sundry other features of the streets. The numerous fountains are either insufficient, or not applied to cleanse their foulness, and in some places the ways are so straitened that when a camel kneels down in the middle to receive or deliver his burden, you are obliged closely to hug the wall in passing. In such quarters, too, you are jostled by beggars and dervishes in masses of rags, or by Moslem women in their unbecoming summer costume of an ugly veil for the face and a white sheet for the body; which two articles of apparel completely envelope the whole person. And then, too, until you have learned to ejaculate "*ma fish!*" "*there is nothing,*" with sufficient severity of tone and look, you are beset at every turn with the endless cry from men, women and children of "*back-sheesh!*" "*backsheesh!*"

The next morning I was up at sunrise while the air was fresh and the birds were singing, because I would fain enjoy the peculiar beauty of this lovely neighborhood at the early morning hour. At breakfast I was somewhat surprised to see the landlord himself in his loose jacket and flowing trousers, waiting upon his guests; but this, I was assured, was to be considered a mark of respect. After the meal was over, I strolled out to the English post-office, passing on the way numerous dogs of

similar breeds, standing, or running, or asleep in the streets and enjoying a curious immunity from molestation. Neither men nor horses will tread on them ; but the sleeping dog snores on in the middle of the pathway while other animals step over, or go around him. These dogs are a peculiar feature of Oriental streets, especially at Damascus and Jerusalem. I could not help but notice also some exceedingly primitive methods of work among the mechanics who, in some cases, pursued their occupations, not in-doors, but filed and sawed and cobbled at the shady side of the street and always in a sitting posture. Returning to the hotel, our horses were taken for a preliminary trip to Dog River. Following the advice of my friend, El Karey, I mounted a handsome little Bedouin steed which, true to his origin, turned out to be the most unruly animal throughout the entire trip. We had gone but a few paces when his spirits became too much for him, and in my efforts to curb him he reared and fell over with me backward, when I narrowly escaped a broken limb. On exchanging horses with the dragoman, however, and learning the very novel way in which an Arab manages his bridle, I had no further difficulty.

Leaving the city at last, our little cavalcade rode out along the sea-shore, our handsome and intelligent dragoman, Ibrahim Mordecai, in his turban of maroon and white and gold, at the head. The shimmering sea was lovely as usual. Every now and then, we passed patient little donkeys, their huge heads and ears protruding from the overwhelming masses of greens and brush with which they were laden. Here was a beautiful green plain and there, great, rough rock-masses lifted their grey brows against the blue sky. After riding for several hours, partly in the sand, partly in the surf of the sea-shore, we arrived at a steep, rocky causeway, up which we

climbed, clinging to our horses' manes, and where one would hardly have thought of riding a horse at home. These Syrian horses, however, as we afterwards found, are very sure-footed, even on slippery and dangerous passes, and we sometimes rode them over places where previously we should not have cared to walk ourselves. In the face of the rock, from which wild flowers spring here and there along the causeway, there are some ancient carvings of interest to the traveler, but the origin of which is more or less doubtful. The highest point commands a wide and sweeping view of the sea. Here, guarding this narrow road whose stones have echoed to the tread of the armies of a world, once stood, according to the legend, a monster dog of stone, whose bark gave notice of the enemy's approach. But its wailings in the time of storms so excited the fears of the neighboring people that they finally mustered courage and hurled the creature into the sea. We dismounted and led our horses down the steep road to the river and there had a drink of some of the pure water with which Beyrout is hence supplied. The sun was hot and we did not linger long by the river, but, after our cooling draught, speedily retraced our steps to the shady lunching-place where we found T—, who, less enthusiastic than his companions, had tarried behind and was calmly smoking his *nargileh*.

A wash in the cool water of the large circular fountain prepared us for our refreshment, which we enjoyed within sound of a purling brook crossed by a narrow stone bridge a few yards away. Over this bridge strode every now and then a heavily-laden camel, craning his long neck in front of him and tinkling the bells which were suspended from it. On the slopes at one side of us the bananas hung ripening on the trees, while in the gardens below were patches of the large-leaved Eastern potato.

Beyond the fields of white-tipped sugar-cane lay the blue sea with a glistening sail dotting it here and there. As we took our *siestas*, we became loth to exchange our noonday quiet for the uneasiness of our restive saddles, but we were several hours distant from Beyrout and were therefore soon again on the road.

In going back we met several of the natives who gave us their usual courteous salutation—a profound *salaam*, at the same time touching with their fingers the brow, (“honor”), the lips, (“truth”), and the breast (“affection”). These Arab salutations and partings, insincere as they often are, are things of much interest, and the latter are sometimes very beautiful. The departing one says: “*Kahrtrak*,” “I am going by your leave.” The reply is: “*Mar Salaam!*” “May the peace of God go with you,” while the traveler, as he rides off, rejoins: “*Salaam Aleik!*” “May the peace of God remain with you!” These salutes and leave-takings, being often so complicated and consuming much valuable time, may, as Dr. Thompson suggests, throw some light on the command of our Saviour to His Apostles to “salute no man by the way.”

There were, to us, many novel figures on the landscape as we rode along. In one place on the shore men were unloading a vessel which had come into as shallow water as possible, the porters, with nothing but their upper garments on, wading out and bringing the cargo ashore on their backs. A little further on we saw a fisherman who, gathering his net in his hand, threw it out in such a manner that it whirled around and spreading, fell in a large flat circle upon the water, reminding us at once of some of the parables of our Lord and of His fisher-Apostles. Presently, along came a Greek priest, seated on his ass and reading his book of pray-

ers, as he journeyed, under the shadow of his umbrella. These and other Oriental scenes relieved the tedium of our return journey, the latter end of which T—and I took so slowly as to fall behind the rest of the party and thus got astray in the streets of Beyrout. However, by dint of a few inquiries, we at last found our way to the hotel, well-wearied with the day's jaunt.

I sat late that evening, on the hotel balcony, listening to the musical plash of the waves on the rocks below; and the next morning long before the sun could be seen, I was enjoying with two companions a most delightful bath—quite out of the way of the sharks—among some old half-submerged ruins on the sea-shore. The crescent moon still hung in the heavens, and the sun was just climbing over Lebanon as we returned to the hotel for breakfast. Immediately after this was over, our horses were brought again to the door and we prepared for the grand start.





THE SHADOWS OF LEBANON.

THE number of our party was six, three of them belonging to "the cloth." Our traveling equipage consisted of five tents and over a score of horses and mules under the care of some eight or ten camp-servants and muleteers. The tents had been sent on before us the preceding day and were awaiting us at the place of our first night's encampment. We rode out of town under the guidance of Mr. Howard, who was to sleep with us during our first night under canvas, and see that everything was in good order for the journey. Our road lay for a while between hedges of prickly pear and past odorous groves of pine and mulberry until at last it began to wind along the fertile slopes of Lebanon. As we rose higher and higher toward the topmost ridge we often looked backward upon the charming scene behind. The City now lay far below, wrapped in its green mantle, a pleasant spot upon that long line of historic coast, bordered as it was with the broad belt of azure sky and sea. Yonder once lay mighty Tyre and still nearer, the no less famous city of Sidon. The brown hills around us were covered with the memories of Paynim and Crusader, and where flocks and herds now sought the shade of the fig and olive, the sound of battle had been often heard. The road over which we were riding was the work of French engineers, being the great diligence-

route from Beyrout to Damascus. As a matter of course, it is a well-traveled high-way and presents many an incident and feature novel to Western eyes. The caravans were constantly going to, or coming from Damascus; the tall gaunt camels pausing now and then to take a bite out of the hedge of cactus by the wayside and half verifying the insinuation that they would probably relish a meal from a tombstone, or a keg of nails. A youth in Oriental dress came down the road, and, as he passed us, gave us a courteous "good-morning" in our English tongue. After him we met a Moslem grey-beard whose green turban told all the world that he was either a descendant of the prophet, or had accomplished the pilgrimage to Mecca. At one turn in the road, a few tents as black as those of Kedar, picturesquely dotted the greensward and bespoke by their nomad appearance their Bedouin ownership and occupancy. At noon we stopped to lunch in the courtyard of a little khan, high up among the mountains, and while we were lying around at our meal, the great heavy diligence from Damascus came lumbering by. Dense clouds now began to darken the hills and as we descended, late in the afternoon into the valley of Coele-syria, we heard the distant thunder rumbling over Anti-Lebanon and saw the rainbow spanning the fertile plain of the *Buk'ah* at our feet. The snowy head of Hermon was wrapped in mist and we could not then discern it, although within easy range of vision when the air was clear. Luckily, however, the shower did not cross our own path, nor dampen our pleasure. Although on a modern road, the day had been full of interest; for we had not failed to observe here things which would hardly have excited a passing glance elsewhere. And even the croak of the raven overhead and the twitter of the sparrows around us were not suffered to go unnoticed, be-

cause they were voices heard even among the pages of Scripture.

As we descended into the plain we passed a group of lazy Arabs by the roadside engaged in digging a trench. One held the handle of a long shovel, near the blade of which was attached a double rope whose two ends were held on opposite sides by a couple of his brethren, making three men to one shovel. Standing face to face some seven or eight feet apart, the man at the handle pushed and the men at the ropes pulled. The shovel entered the loose soil and slowly raised its small burden of earth to the surface. We reined up laughing at this specimen of Eastern inertness, but the whole proceeding excited the profound contempt of our lively and good-natured McG—— who sprang from his horse, scattered the astonished natives right and left, and seizing the shovel, planted his foot upon the blade, American fashion, and heaved out the earth with an energy most impressive to his grinning spectators. "There," said he, leaving Ibrahim to act as interpreter, "that's the way to do it." And we rode off, while our stubborn friends coolly resumed the good, old, easy way of digging that had probably been in use in the time of the patriarchs and prophets.

A further ride of an hour along the foot of the hills brought us to our beautiful little houses of pilgrimage. Our camp and its arrangements really deserve a passing tribute. Everything was more sumptuous even than we had dared to hope. There were, as I have said, five tents in all; three for sleeping purposes, one for a kitchen and one for dining. They were ornamented with bright-colored linings and contained all the conveniences of a well-furnished camp. On entering our apartments, T—D—and I, who were to occupy a tent together, found three neat iron bedsteads, clothed in clean white linen

and warm coverlets, disposed on three sides of the tent ; while against the centre-pole stood our wash-stand with its various appurtenances. In fair weather we found the tent fully equal to a room in a hotel, and sweeter sleep than came to us therein we could not wish for. But when the rain descended and the winds blew, we sighed for the luxury of a tight board roof above our heads. For bad weather and bad horses are the chief foes to happiness on a tour through Palestine. Thieves and illness you may have the good fortune to avoid ; but who ever made the trip overland from Beyrout to Jerusalem and came out without a single soaking, or seeing, if not himself, some one else in his party, unhorsed ?

When we sat down to dinner we found it worthy of its surroundings. There were five courses and the food was splendidly cooked. If there was any difference between it and subsequent meals, it certainly was not to the disadvantage of the former. But on the whole, the cuisine was well kept up throughout the entire trip. One thing was certain, we had the best accommodations that the country could furnish. No better horses, tents, dragoon and servants could be found in Syria. And I record it as the opinion of experience that, so far as human foresight can arrange for his comfort the robust male tourist through the Holy Land, is likely to find even his most sanguine expectations realized. There is one little fiction of the agencies which I cannot honestly endorse, to the effect that the trip is one which "can be made without risk or discomfort even by ladies and invalids. This, though many such have made the journey, has I am afraid been found to be only a *possibility*, nothing more.

As this was Friday evening, our attention as we sat at table was called by Mr. Howard to the fact that there were three Sundays represented in the camp though we

should keep but one. Friday was the holy day of the Moslem servants and muleteers, Saturday that of our good Ibrahim who was a Jew, and Sunday the day of rest for us who were Christians and controlled the camp. All through the night we felt the novelty of our situation ; for while sleeping soundly we yet had intervals of waking and were lulled again to slumber by the barking dogs and tinkling bells of passing caravans. In the cool fresh air of early dawn we stepped to our tent door and lifted our eyes upon snowy old Hermon and his attendant hills all of whose crests were just being illumined by the rising though yet invisible sun. It was the "dew of Hermon" that lay sparkling at last on our own canvas. What a luxury of hope and promise and delight there was in that first morning hour of our trip ! For once the intense interest and novelty of the scene came between us and our appetites and we were glad to spring into our saddles and be off. Already the native farmers were husking their golden corn in the fields and the Syrian shepherd leading, not driving his fat-tailed sheep in green pastures and beside clear, if not still waters. The caudal appendages of these animals weigh from ten to fifteen pounds each and almost sweep the ground. Stories are even told of their dragging their tails behind them on little wheeled carts rigged up for the purpose, a contrivance which I myself however do not remember to have seen. The shepherd goes with his swarthy limbs bare below his thighs while his faithful dogs scatter to and fro across the plain. Great droves of camels mixed with lowing herds while dusky long-haired goats with huge udders cropped the grass upon the hill-sides. Here we saw a farmer threshing his grain as he wielded his flail in the open field, the corn lying thickly around him in its yellow piles. There again sat a group of Arabs by the wayside eating their morning meal and

dipping their wafer bread into one common dish. At one large fountain by the roadside women were washing their clothes while their sisters like Rachel and Rebecca of old were poising upon their heads such water-jars as that which the prophet Jeremiah broke symbolically within the dark confines of Hinnom. These Eastern women were not uncomely, but the chief glory of their countenances was, or would have been, their large, lustrous eyes, had those organs been freer than they were from disease and dirt. How primitive and scriptural all around us seemed! The vineyards adjacent to the road had each its booths or tabernacles for the shelter of those who gathered the grapes. The stones which marked the boundaries and divisions of the field were simple things and easily moved, but it might have been death to tamper with them for, as of old, "cursed," still "is he who removeth his neighbor's landmark." In the grass-covered houses and *khans* made of mud and straw or of bricks of dark red clay, men and cattle herded beneath one common roof as they did on the eve of the Nativity. Along the meagre roads, the *fellah* still rides *a la Balaam* on his wretched little donkey, that beast to which no man is merciful and which has been hard at work with little thanks ever since it carried up out of Egypt the corn of Jacob's sons. The sturdy, solemn-looking camel went by, planting his cushioned foot upon sand and rock, and turning to the right hand or the left for no one, save his master, whose supple body swayed backward and forward in its lofty seat. Even the peasant on the hillside attracted our notice, attired as he was in a sheepskin jacket with the wool turned inside, a garment made like the first ones of skin.

The ploughs with which the *fellahin* around us were so lightly scratching the soil were not the sharp, heavy and

efficient implements of our Western fields, but only crooked sticks with narrow iron blades, each having but one handle to which, as our Lord says, the farmer puts his hand, while, with the other he pricks the ox in front with his long iron-pointed goad. Against this formidable weapon, with which Shamgar, son of Anath, did such deadly execution among the Philistines, the restive ox kicks in vain ; his master standing far behind the plough, and therefore out of reach. Every now and then, too, in this land for the most part without fence or hedge, we saw lying in close conjunction the four kinds of ground necessary to realize again the imagery of the parable of the Sower. Let us not extend the catalogue ; but these things and others like them are not pictures of the imagination, but precious experiences, such as may be had by any one who will travel leisurely and observingly over this sacred ground. All throughout Syria and Palestine you have before you the treasure of fossilized ages. The dress, the implements, the food the people eat, their customs, actions, prayers, are much as they have ever been.

At a point several miles along the diligence road, which we now abandoned, Mr. Howard regaled us with a bottle of Lebanon wine, and bidding us good bye with the promise to meet us again in Jerusalem, turned his horse's head back toward Beyrout. A short time after parting with him, we entered the pretty mountain village of Zahleh, recalling, as we passed through, how lately, beneath the Druse's hand, these quiet vales and hillsides had run with Christian blood. Riding a little farther along the verdant slopes, we came into the adjoining village which has a world-wide curiosity of its own—the tomb of Noah ! We dismounted and ascended into a long, low chamber, where we found an extensive course of stonework of triangular shape, having a spear or two lying upon it, and

otherwise covered with votive veils and colored kerchiefs, several of which we were permitted, by virtue of *backsheesh*, to carry off as mementoes. The ceiling was of rough beams, and on the walls hung sundry sentences drawn from the Koran. But the crowning wonder of the place is the length of the tomb itself. This measures no less than one hundred and thirty feet; and even then the tall patriarch's body is bent at the knees, his lower limbs thence running perpendicularly into the ground. I tell the tale with all the gravity which it was told to us.

Leaving this old piece of aqueduct, or whatever it may be, to the inspection of more facile imaginations, we rode onward past the chalk-hills, and, as on the day before, paused for our nooning at a little roadside khan. After leaving here, we had the distant columns of Baalbec full in view, but at such a distance that they appeared very small, rising amid their grove of verdure. Crossing the Litany, or ancient Leontes, which flows from the fountain at Baalbec, we shortly beheld on one of the slopes at our left the reputed ruins of that house of Solomon which, we are told, was reared here in the forest of Lebanon. And now the pillars of the mighty fane at Baalbec grew more and more distinct; but it was quite late in the afternoon ere we passed the little ruined temple outside the town, and turned, for a few moments, into the old quarry whence the gigantic blocks were hewn. Here, still lying on its native rock, though all ready to be detached and moved away, is the largest block of building-stone in the world. There it has lain for ages, until men have forgotten when, or by whom it was hewn. One thing alone is certain. It and the three like it in the temple wall half a mile away, were the products of an age of no mean abilities in engineering. This piece of Cyclopæan masonry measures some seventy feet in length, and prob-

ably weighs between twelve and fifteen hundred tons ! I leaped upon it and scaled it in three dozen paces, from one end to the other. It is tilted upward and down its surface, if crusted with ice the sleds of a dozen urchins might ride abreast. Men have often wondered how such blocks as this were transported so far, and lifted so high to their places in the neighboring walls. There can be but one solution to the problem—the united strength of multitudes of men, and the inclined plane.

But we were tired with our long day's ride and eager to reach our encampment, so we soon resumed our saddles, and in a few minutes were entering the miserable little town. A grave old Moslem in fur-trimmed *'aba*, stood at the roadside to scan our cavalcade, while children ran hither and thither, yelling "*backsheesh* !" the one cry which, with them, begins in the cradle and ends in the grave. One little black-eyed girl, however, after timidly joining in the general shout, fell back abashed and blushing as she caught my eye, thereby displaying a modesty which deserves honorable mention ; inasmuch as, among some hundreds of juvenile beggars, I saw nothing like it afterwards, throughout the length and breadth of the land.





THE CAMP AT BAALBEC.

OUR tents had been pitched within the ruins, the grandest camping-ground that enthusiastic traveler could wish for, the quietest place that one could have for keeping the sacred day which was to follow, for it was now Saturday afternoon. We entered the temple area through a long, dark passage way, in which we left our horses to take care of their feet, while we took care of our heads. Our camp was pitched under the north wall of the main court, giving us a beautiful prospect from our tent doors of the magnificent columns, and walls, and arches of the mighty and impressive ruin. In spite of our fatigue, we hastily made our ablutions, and then set out on a short, exploring tour to end with the hour for dinner. As carefully as we had time to do, we studied these huge remains both inside and out, but I shall be wise enough to refer the reader to Wood or to Robinson, rather than presume myself upon the time and skill necessary to describe these vast details. The interior was anciently divided into a handsome portico on the east, two magnificent courts, whose united length was four hundred seventy-five feet, and two large temples of unequal size, the greater one being that erected to the god of day. Of this last there still remain standing six fine Corinthian columns, the giant watchers over these treasures of the ages. The three great stones in the west foundation were the

objects of wonder and interest to us all. Every one of them is over sixty feet long and twelve feet thick, and all have a position in the wall at a height of twenty feet from the ground. On the south side a large pillar of the portico of the smaller temple has toppled over, but making a mural indentation which serves as a stay, it remains thus held in its leaning position, an object of beauty and strength, forever nodding to its own fall, and arresting the admiration of the stranger. In many places the Saracenic inscription, as usual, defaces the walls, while the venerable stones are scattered not only throughout the enclosure itself, but through the narrow alleys of the neighboring town. Over the elegant carvings and the sculptured frieze, the rootlets now rustle in the breezes of Lebanon; and that evening, as we sat out door after dinner in the starlight, the influence of the spot stole softly over us, and filled us with an awe which could be again experienced only under the like conditions, domiciled as we were for the night beneath the very walls of a vast and silent ruin.

The Sunday morning sun rose brilliantly and made the polished remnants of its ancient fane glow, as they had done for ages, in its ruddy rays. After breakfast several of us went into town in search of a religious service, and, in the course of the forenoon, visited several of the village churches. Among them was the little Greek cathedral, at whose altar stood a priest in robes of violet hue. It was a rude but not unattractive temple. Along one side of it, beneath the rough, wooden ceiling, ran two latticed galleries for women, behind which a multitude of snow-white veils hung each like a protecting "power" on the head of its modest wearer. The walls and columns were whitewashed, and through a broken window in the clerestory the little birds came freely flit-

ting, reminding the thoughtful observer how even the sparrow had found her a nest within the temple courts. After watching the worshippers for a few moments, in the excess of their devotion, bending their lips and foreheads to the floor, we adjourned to the church of the Maronites, the enemies of the Druse, a house of worship yet more plain. The steps which led to the little altar were of rough-hewn stone. A lattice work here also bisected the auditorium, and behind it knelt in prayer a Maronite nun, surrounded by a company of the women of the village.

It being now nearly eleven, we went to the English mission-house, where we thought we might have the privilege of hearing a service in our native tongue. But although we enjoyed a conversation in English with several members of the mission family, the service which soon followed was in the Arabic language. The congregation was very small, comprising some girls belonging to the school, ourselves and one or two natives from the village. One old Arab gave his closest attention to the preacher, the meanwhile bestowing frequent nods and grunts of approbation. The sermonizer, on his own part, bestowed upon his interested auditor the bulk of his discourse, and afforded what was certainly the most striking example I have ever witnessed, of what is called "direct" preaching.

The day was too hot to admit of our moving about much; but in the cool of the evening we strolled past the temple of Venus and the ruined mosque,—among whose broken pillars, once pilfered from the great temple, goats and cattle now browse undisturbed,—until we reached the banks of a clear and purling stream. Along a broad and shady avenue we traced it to its source, the lucid fountain of Baalbec, on whose grassy margin a

group of picturesque, native girls were making their evening meal. We were half-inclined to apologize for disturbing them, but their good-natured smiles and courtesy soon set us at our ease. The water from this bountiful spring flows close beside the ruins amid which our tents were pitched, and its sweet murmur adds much to the fascination of the place, especially when the shades of night are falling. Perched upon a high fragment of wall, I watched, that Sunday night in Baalbec, the panorama of a glowing sunset. Far across the valley the snow sparkled high on Lebanon, near where the famous cedars grow, and where Sunnin lifts his bold outline against the sky. At such an hour one wonders whether the eye of Joshua ever indeed looked out over this same scene, and whether Baalbec be really, as some affirm, the *Baal-gad* of the Bible.





FROM BAALBEC TO DAMASCUS.

AT early dawn, on Monday, we were rapidly making our way out of Baalbec, and, passing the Moslem cemetery on the outskirts, directed our course towards the ascent of the Anti-Lebanon. Red sand, endless rocks, caverns and tombs, grazing camels, and here and there a forlorn looking village,—made up the leading features of a desolate and almost deserted region. At one period of our march, Ibrahim pointed out to us at a distance the tomb of Seth; but we were not so filled with regret as we might have been, in the lack of opportunity for closer inspection; the tomb of this son of Adam being full thirty feet shorter than that of Noah, which we had seen. Soon after we crossed an old Roman bridge,—where, in our wanderings, did we not see some traces of this world-wide power? and at noon threw ourselves down to rest beside the clear and cooling spring of *Ain Hawar*. After luncheon I stood under the shade of a tree, making some notes with a pencil, when a Moslem father with a child in his arms, came and earnestly looked over my shoulder, scanning the chirography with the deepest wonder. No doubt our habits and ways of doing things are as strange to them as theirs are to us. And certainly they cannot understand, as they plainly say, why people should begin to read or write from the left hand of the

page, when it is so much easier and more natural to begin at the right.

Again in the saddle, we rode past the edge of the little town where the lounging inhabitants sat upon their low housetops and gazed idly at us as we passed. At frequent intervals, presses for molasses—like those of old for wine and oil, appeared, hewn in the rock; and occasionally a red-legged partridge would start up and go skimming over the tops of the neighboring ridges. But more serious matters began to engage our attention. All day long the clouds had been lowering and now the first drops of the coming storm began to beat upon our heads. We unstrapped our *mackintoshes* and prepared as well as we could to withstand the rain which now came down in torrents. But it was to little purpose. In Syria it seldom rains but it pours, and in a few minutes we were pretty completely drenched. To add to the discomfort of our situation, we soon reached the brow of a declivity so steep that it was imprudent to try to ride the horses down the descent and so, dismounting, we slid down on our feet as best we could, dragging our dispirited steeds after us through the mud and stones. We now crossed one of the foaming branches of the little river *Barada*, the *Abana* of Scripture, and paced silently along the deserted and shelterless road toward *Zebedani*, near which we were to encamp. At one stage of the journey we passed a Mohammedan mother, trudging along bare-foot under the soaking shower and carrying on her shoulder a little child which, in spite of the deluge, appeared to be sleeping soundly. My feet, which were completely wet through, had grown so cold that I was obliged to descend and walk; but luckily it was now not far to the camping-ground. When we reached the spot, however, the tents were not yet up. The ground and much of the

equipment itself were completely soaked. We sat down on boxes and bundles where we could and drawing off boots and socks, began chafing our numbed feet until such time as the luggage could be made accessible and some dry clothing obtained. We were all wet and chilled beyond even the power of cognac and quinine to relieve. But in course of time, the tents were set up, a fire kindled, a few shots fired to apprise the thieving villagers of our means of defence, and a dinner cooked which gave us great comfort and satisfaction and under the trying circumstances, reflected credit on all concerned in its preparation.

We went to bed that night on soaked carpets and slept between damp sheets. How thankful we were that there were no ladies nor invalids in our party! After a long night of shivering and discomfort, we rose early and going to our tent-doors were greeted with a more cheerful picture of a clear sky and thick mist rising rapidly from ground white with frost. The camp-servants—poor fellows—and the horses and mules as well, presented a sorry sight, as bedraggled and woe-begone in their appearance as one would care to see. Mahmood, who usually saddled my horse in the morning, bade me feel his clothes in which he had slept all that night out of doors, and I could easily have wrung the water from the sleeves of his *'aba*. But by the time we were leaving the fruitful gardens of Zebedani, things began to wear a more cheerful aspect. The sun shone stronger and both men and beasts began to brighten up. Our journey still lay through scenery similar to that of yesterday. We traversed the valley of the Barada through a rugged and romantic gorge whose waterfalls were tumbling and dashing from the rocks. In the course of the forenoon we passed beneath one hill on the top of which, high over-

head, our dragoman informed us that Abel was buried. Amid these desolate hills some have thought that the Garden of Eden lay, but it needs the widest possible stretch of the imagination to adjust the one to the other. In this neighborhood also we passed above the little Arab town of *Suk*, lying picturesquely in its valley below. In older times it was Abila, head city of that district of Abilene of which Lysanias was tetrarch in the Gospel era. All through the gorge we noticed innumerable caves and retreats, hewn like the dwellings of the Edomites, in the very "face of the rock," and reminding us of the romantic history of a bygone race. After an hour's farther march over the toilsome road we arrived at the beautiful fountain of El Fijeh, whose sparkling waters, leaping forth from the base of a ruined Roman temple, add their volume to that of the Barada a few yards away. There, in a shady grove just where the two lucid currents unite their streams, we sat down to lunch. The repast being over M. and D. stripped and plunged into the rapid waters, but were fain to cut short a rather icy bath. We abridged our hour of rest for the purpose of visiting the hill of Kasiun on our way into Damascus and we were soon threading our way again among the rocky defiles, and now and then traversing the chief alley of a squalid Moslem village. Presently, we came upon a little glade by the river side and were interested in a scene which, at that early stage of our journey, still wore the charm of novelty. Two Arabs had spread their mats upon the soft turf and having made their ablutions in the river, were now, with faces set toward Mecca, going through with all the various postures and petitions of their complicated prayers. The dark clouds now began again to flit across the sky and mindful of our experience the day before, we at once quickened our horses'

steps. Riding through Dumar, with its lazy men and industrious women, we turned and ascended the hills. After scaling slope after slope and finding no Damascus visible at the top, we at last caught sight of the "dome of the camel-driver," our objective point, on a hill-top which we reached in fifteen minutes across the intervening valley. As we reined up beside the old ruin, what a view burst on our sight! In sharp contrast to the rocky wilderness through which we had been picking our way, there stretched out almost from our feet a magnificent oasis of emerald verdure set within a circle of brown and arid sand. Interlacing its leafy groves and flowery gardens, ran hither and thither like silver threads, the clear, cool waters of the Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. And in the midst of this mass of foliage lay, like a pearl in a group of emeralds, the queen city of the desert itself, its white domes and minarets glowing in the last rays of an Oriental sun. Afar off against the eastern sky rose the hills around Palmyra, while in front of us rolled away the great plain over which went and came the caravans of Bagdad, thirty days' journey into the interior. On the spot where we stood Abram is said, by the Mohammedans, to have had revealed to him the great doctrine of the Unity of God. And on this spot Mohammed, while yet a camel-driver, stood and gazing upon Damascus for a moment, turned away and refused to enter the city saying, "Man can have but one Paradise, and mine is fixed above!"

We were more courageous than the prophet, nevertheless, and with calm resolution descended slowly into the city. But the prophet was wiser than we, if he wished to preserve his first impressions. Passing through an old gateway, we splashed along the narrow filthy streets, full of unsavory mixtures, crowded with bleary-eyed men,

frowsy women and dirt-encrusted children, until at one point in the unwholesome labyrinth, we stumbled upon the comfortable *Hotel Dimitri* which every traveler, whether he hails from Beyrout or Jerusalem, is glad to see. "A glad good-bye to our tents and horses for a day or two," we said to one another in mutual congratulation, as we stood beside the fountain under the orange trees in the open court. The little wicket, set in the great heavy door which told its own tale of defence against possible insurrections, had admitted us into what seemed a little Paradise. And after dinner, we lay down to sweet repose while the rustling leaves of orange and oleander, and murmuring waters sang our lullaby.





THE "PEARL OF THE EAST."

DAMASCUS, the "pearl of the East," as it has been deservedly styled, is thought to be the oldest city in the world. It is claimed, indeed, that from its plain was taken the red earth from which Adam was created; and here it is implied, in I King Henry, VI. 1. 3., that Cain slew Abel. Built by Uz, the grandson of Noah, it is mentioned in the first book of the Bible as the native place of Eliezer—Abram's steward. It has many Biblical associations to which, however, we can barely allude. It was conquered by David and assailed by Ahab and Jeroboam. It figures in the histories of Elijah and Elisha. It was denounced by Jeremiah and scathed in the burning words of Amos. It was the place of durance vile to many a Jewish captive. And more interesting than all, it has a name which is forever bound up with the story of St. Paul's wonderful conversion somewhere on its plain. As "old as history, as fresh as spring," what an aged story it has yet the power to unfold! There has always been a Damascus, ever since human chronicles began. The queen of the Orient has never, like Jerusalem, been dethroned. Within the memory of man she has always stood there, amid her orchards and gardens and fountains and flowers, even as she does now.

All through the waking intervals of our first night in this strange, solemn city we could hear the shrill whistle of the lonely watchman, as, out of the dark and unlighted streets, he lifted his lantern and signalled to his mates. The gates of the city are shut at dark and woe be to you, if you, a stranger, are left without the walls, especially if you have not a light. For the customary cry of "Open, O watchman!" may then go all unheeded. Nothing is more oppressive than the solemn silence of an Oriental city after ten P. M. At least so it seemed to us, as, preceded by a cavass with a lantern, we returned from a native entertainment at the hour of midnight. The streets were as dark as a pocket and one could hardly see to avoid stepping upon the sleeping dogs which at every turn encumbered the pathway. The bazars—places teeming with human life six hours before—were now as still and ghostly as a graveyard, their gates shut and closely guarded. In the East people go to bed at dark and get up at dawn; at least, until a change comes with the intrusion of Western manners.

Our first excursion in this quaint old city was made among the bazars—in the immediate vicinity of which stood our hotel. As you leave the wicket and turn to the right, you soon enter the horse-market wherein at certain times you may see for sale Bedouin steeds with fiery nostrils and eyes that shine like those of a wild gazelle before the wind. Along the slippery streets leading thence—avenues in which we could sometimes with difficulty keep our feet—we found our way to that gigantic plane-tree which is said to have sprung from a stick thrust into the ground by a prophet's hand. The girth of the enormous trunk is full sixteen yards and before it hangs a lamp, devoting it to the faithful as a shrine. Near it is the saddle-bazar, which we next visited, full of gaudy

colored equipments of Eastern horses and through whose narrow streets long processions of gaunt, thoughtful-looking camels were continually passing in single file. Each of these unwieldy animals, like those of the Midianites, carried its bell and a string of beads and shells as ornaments upon its neck. In an adjoining street came a grand array of Bedouin swords and spears and armour for sale ; but we searched in vain for a genuine Damascus blade that, like those of old, could be bent double.

But what daily scenes did these various bazars of saddlers and armourers and silversmiths and silk-sellers and the rest present to our wondering eyes ! What motley throngs of Persians, Nubians, Bedouins, Greeks and Jews, uttering “confusion worse confounded” with their tongues, hurried to and fro amid those little cage-like shops ! What articles of every shape and hue and design lay temptingly displayed around their merchant owners—themselves, the meanwhile, squatting each in his own booth upon his parti-colored rug. There were snow-white cottons and showy silks, red and yellow *keffiyehs* and black and white *abaiyehs*, rich oil of roses and green *henna*, silver filagree and glittering work in polished brass, bright-colored sweets and hard honey cut into cakes and all sorts of dishes and of stuffs which an Arab could desire either to eat, or wear.

There is one thing very noticeable about the bazars and merchants of Damascus. At Smyrna and Beyrout we had been earnestly importuned by the native merchants to purchase their wares. Not so here. We might do as we pleased ; for no one of these scowling Arabs seemed to care much whether he handled an unbeliever’s gold. So they sat and kept on reading the Koran as we passed, or smoking their *chibouques*, or chatting with their neighbors, waiting no doubt for *Allah* to send them

a patron in the person of some true child of the prophet. Damascus bears no good will toward the Christians. A wholesome fear of the arms of France and England has alone induced her to keep the peace. In 1860, she arose and massacred some hundreds of her Christian inhabitants in cold blood; and it is an achievement which she is not unanxious to repeat. We saw the ill-starred minaret, not far from the grim old citadel, from which the signal for that fatal carnage rang out and the spot upon which the leading perpetrators were made, by foreign interference, to expiate their crime. The city boasts that since the Moslem occupation no Christian banner ever floated over its walls, and it is exceedingly jealous of its reputation. It was the home of the "wild beast," Tamerlane; and he seems to have left behind him his own bloodthirsty spirit to haunt its atmosphere.

The streets of Damascus, both in and out of the bazars, are so replete with features and incidents of interest that they almost deserve a chapter by themselves. For the most part, they are narrow, crooked and crowded with all sorts of the world's characters. It is a motley picture which they present and hard to describe, save as one would write off a catalogue. Fierce dark Bedouins—with their little uncomely wives—the latter plentifully tattooed, and with faces free from the veils worn by their more civilized sisters of the city—the maidens of Damascus in rich attire, wearing silver nose-rings and with their dreamy eyes just distinguishable beneath the *yashmak's* folds—importunate beggars of both sexes whose everlasting cry is always somewhere in the air—troops of children shouting—laughing—crying—their grimy cheeks furrowed o'er by tear drops—and the flies settling undisturbed in a dense black rim around the edges of each one of their diseased eyes—the man who in some obscure

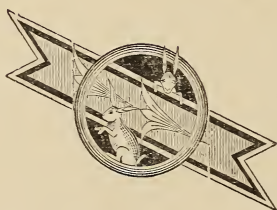
angle of the wall parches corn on a little stove and sells it for a few *paras* an ear, the donkey-driver yelling sharply behind you, "*dahrak*"! "*dahrak*"! "you back"! "you back"! and barely giving you time to get out of the way of his scurrying animals—the street dervish bare to his waist and from that upward a single mass of filth and matted hair—the baker's boy crying in Arabic: "*Allah doth nourish; buy thou my bread!*"—the water seller screaming: "*Refresh thine heart!*" the group of idlers playing at back-gammon under the wall in the narrow street—these were some of the characters with whom we came daily into contact as often as we took our walks abroad. Hither and thither we dodged—among the mangy, scurvy dogs which lay all around under foot—among stalking camels some of them laden with long beams of wood dangerous to hats and even brains, into this khan and that school, here a Turkish bath and there an Arab smithy—beneath latticed balconies that from opposite sides of the street almost touched each other overhead, and ever discovering something new and interesting in all places, in and out of the way. We visited, among others, two or three of the houses of wealthy Damascenes. One of these, which belonged to a Jew of position, was like a little palace on the inside. Its furniture and ornamentation was of the richest kind, chairs and couches of inlaid pearl, fine marble floors, profuse gildings, intricate carvings—mirrors of costly execution and grand proportions. In connection with it was a little family synagogue over whose outer wall climbed the fragrant jessamine and within whose interior we found the necessary appurtenances of a Rabbi at his prayers and an ample library. And yet I can easily imagine that such an abode, without means of heating, pleasant as it was in the warm sunshine of that autumn morning, must

be cheerless and dismal enough under the cold rains of early spring.

Of course we visited the street "*called*" straight, as a well-known facetious traveler suggests, but which in reality is straight, only because it lies among the mazy windings of an Oriental city. It has its distinction simply by contrast. In one of its recesses we found the house of Judas and not only that, but the very fountain in which St. Paul is said to have been christened. Outside the wall we saw also one of the reputed places of his conversion and the window from which he was let down safely in a basket; but I cannot say that our faith in all these things was unwavering. Entering again the old Roman gate, we came to the place where once stood the house of Ananias. It is now a dozen feet or more underground. After waiting some time for abortive efforts to find the key which was missing, we summoned our Arab retainers together in the court-yard, rigged up a ladder, lowered it through a window on the subterranean staircase and thereon descended into the room below. This is now fitted up as a little chapel and lighted by one or two hanging lamps. There was nothing worthy of note, however, and we soon hurried back into daylight. The last thing on the list of those places connected with Scripture to which we paid a visit was the reputed house of Naaman, outside the walls; a building now appropriately turned into a hospital for lepers.

While on this round, our way led us into the neighborhood of several cemeteries, both Mahomedan and Christian. In one of them lies Buckle—a master mind whose lamp went out here in his distant place of exile. His was a sad fate, but he lies not alone in this far corner of the world. The fever which lurks in the miasmatic air has done its work on others who entered Syria in youth

and health and now sleep beneath the cypress shade. But, more deadly even than the fever, the dripping scimitar of the Moslem has filled many a Christian grave in the same neighborhood. All around the tomb of the good St. George—he who aided Paul in his escape—they lie, those oblong sepulchres, void even of the symbol of the cross and all broken and defaced by Mohammedan fanaticism.





MORE OF DAMASCUS.

PASSING along the ancient walls in whose shade knelt the camels of Bagdad just freed from their burdens of rich carpets and *tumbak*, we found in another graveyard the tombs of Mahomet's wives and daughters beneath a plain and ugly dome of brown plaster. Not far from these stands the mausoleum of one of the prophet's mortal enemies, literally covered with a mass of small stones heaped upon it by the scorn of the faithful. Here I first noticed the custom of reading the Koran over the grave of the newly-deceased. Under a rude awning stretched upon poles, sat a group of white veiled women, the most of them probably the wives and sisters of him around whose tomb they were engaged in praying, and reading, and weeping. This going to the grave to weep there, seems to be a prevalent custom among the Arabs for a certain length of time after the death occurs.

The last systematic excursion which we made in Damascus under the guidance of our local *cicerone*, was that to the great mosque. This, like most other great temples of Islam was once a Christian church built by the Empress Helena. It may be that on its site once rose the house of Rimmon in which Naaman begged for pardon when he bowed down beside his master. And here, too, perhaps, King Ahaz saw the altar of which he wished

to have a copy for Jerusalem. At the door of the outer court of the mosque we gave our boots in charge and put on each a pair of shabby yellow slippers. In these we made our way rather awkwardly across the rough stone floor which, in some places, however, was covered with rugs and carpets. The interior of the mosque is noble and impressive, but its solemnity is somewhat marred by features which do not harmonize easily with our own ideas of a place of worship. Great, green battle-flags drooped from either side of the Imaum's pulpit, and here and there upon the matted floor weary devotees lay sound asleep and snoring. Overhead among the arches and capitals and in and out through the high, open windows, numerous pigeons were flying about and roosting anywhere their caprice suggested. After inspecting to our satisfaction the colored windows and mosaic walls, we took a modest sip from the large well in the nave called that of St. John Baptist. Then, merely glancing at the neighboring tomb which is said to contain the head—there are two others, one in Amiens cathedral and one in some Italian church—of the great Forerunner—we passed out into the large court followed by a curious troop of Arab children. On one of the great brazen doors which still swing here on their hinges, I was somewhat surprised to see engraven what appeared to be a Christian emblem—the chalice of the Holy Eucharist. It was the unnoticed relic of the days of another Faith. It is also said that somewhere upon the stones of this mosque there remains, singularly enough, an old Christian inscription which reminds him who reads of a truth which no false prophet can annul: “Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom!”

Followed by our juvenile friends who, to our annoyance, still clattered over the stones behind us, we walked

beyond the plashing fountain in the centre of the area, and ascended the western minaret for a view of the mosque and city. From the top we beheld a panorama which stretched away for miles on every side. Immediately around us were the dull, mud-colored, flat-roofed houses, closely huddled together amid their verdant bowers and sparkling streams; while, on one side of the distant horizon, towered Lebanon and Hermon, and on the other glowed, beneath the broiling Eastern sun, a broad sea of sand. To this contrast between life and death—the barren and the fertile, my thoughts reverted when I afterwards stood upon the top of the great pyramid and looked out over the Arabian and Libyan deserts with the valley of the Nile between. One easily sees from such points of vision what water, and nothing else, can accomplish in making glad the solitary places and causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Before descending, we bestowed a careful glance upon the two other minarets of the mosque, than which there are none more beautiful in all the East. That of “the Bride” is tastefully adorned in the lighter colors, while the minaret of Jesus, hardly less graceful, loses its intrinsic interest in its ancient tradition that upon it Jesus will descend at the last day to help Mahomet judge the world.

In a city like Damascus the Moslem religion appears at its best. It is a faith and worship, indeed, which shows to little advantage in rural districts where the mosques are poor and infrequent and the hours of prayer irregularly observed. But in the large towns the call of the *muezzin* goes forth from the crescent-tipped minaret five times daily, from dawn till sunset. There is much that is impressive in the dignity and solemnity of their worship, in the zeal with which the Koran is memorized and the courage with which prayer is offered when the

time comes, regardless of persons and circumstances, and just where the worshiper happens to be. There is a question of taste, no doubt, concerning this obtrusion of private devotions in the face of men; but still there is in it an open and courageous avowal of principles to which, it must be confessed, many of a better faith are strangers. I do not purpose by comparisons either to exalt or defend a false religion, but when you have said all there is to be said about Pharasaism and insincerity, there are yet some lessons which the disciples of Christ may stoop to learn from those of Mahomet. In the course of carrying out the Apostle's maxim to "pray without ceasing" we may, perhaps, find help in copying the spirit of the Mohammedan who is not ashamed to pray anywhere and whom I, myself, remember to have seen more than once going through his devotions in the valley and on the hill-top; by the brook-side and on the steamer's deck; in the mosque and in his own house; in his shop and in the public park of a crowded city like Cairo. And though, to curse a Jew, or a Christian is a part of his religion, he does not forget his own poor and is no niggard in his alms when asked to give for the erection, or ornamentation of a mosque.

During the last hours of our short stay in Damascus we paid a shopping visit to the bazars and came away with considerably less money than we carried in. Nowhere else are the shops more tempting, if it is also true that nowhere else are the shop-keepers surlier. We met the Rev. Mr. Crawford, who seldom lets an American or Englishman go through Damascus without a cordial greeting; and at his suggestion visited several mission chapels and schools where we heard sweet singing in both Arabic and English and which, like all the best-directed missions of the East, are taking hold of the young. We

did not forget even to visit old "*Abu antika*," the "father of antiquities," another character of the city and give the gray old Arab some modern gold in exchange for certain of his curious odds and ends which we carried off as mementoes of our visit. And when all these things were accomplished, we went home to pack our luggage and get a good night's rest, preparatory to an early start on the following morning.





OVER THE SLOPES OF HERMON.

It was a Friday morning on which we left Damascus and bent our course southward toward the land of Israel. We rode quietly along beneath the old brown walls, now watching the Arab dyers spreading out their cloth upon the grass, now listening to the dripping noise of huge wooden water-wheels. For some time we were obliged closely to escort the luggage over the lonely road. But an occasional mounted Bedouin armed with gun and sword or a herd of grazing camels were, besides ourselves, almost the only living figures on the landscape. Before us snow-capped Hermon, at whose feet we expected that night to sleep, was once more lifting high his reverend head. About six miles from the city we felt sure that we had before us the more probable scene upon which the eyes of the great Apostle of the Gentiles rested during those minutes just before his wonderful conversion. And as we turned in our saddles to look back upon it, we saw, as St. Paul may have done, the proud city in its sea of verdure, shining in the noontide sun. At the hour of rest we heard as we lunched, the solemn call of the *muezzin* as, from the minaret of a neighboring village, it came floating toward us through the olives. But we were hardly in a mood to enjoy our surroundings, for one of the most valuable horses in the party, which had hardly gotten on since morning, now died, in spite of all our efforts to save him. Such an accident, as is generally

the case, subjected us to sore inconvenience because of the difficulty of replacing the animal at a distance from home. However, Ibrahim gave up his own horse to McG—— whose steed had fallen, and we jogged on. Bye and bye, Mount Hermon put on his dark storm-clouds and the rain began to descend in true Syrian style. Fortunately, however, the day's journey was short, and we soon reached our tents which had been pitched for us under the silver poplars of *Kefr Hawar*, and not far from the spot where, it is said, the hunter Nimrod lies interred.

After amusing ourselves with firing a few shots from our revolvers at a troop of jackals which went slinking off among the rocks across the valley, we set our native guard and retired to rest. But it was a wretched night. The rain came down in torrents and penetrated even the double roof of the canvas above our heads. D—— awoke in the night to find that a tent pin on his side of the tent had pulled out from the moistened turf and, through the drooping canvas, the water was dripping copiously upon his bed. A lusty shout brought help from the Arabs, who succeeded in replacing the pin, but not in restoring comfort to poor D——. The air, moreover, was very cold; and when, at daybreak, there was a temporary lull in the storm, we looked out upon Hermon covered, far above us, with a robe of bright and freshly-fallen snow. By the time we were in our damp saddles, the driving mist again thickened into rain and we rode in cheerless silence along the narrow rocky road which winds beside the Pharpar. In such weather we cared not for our usual noonday pause, but pushed on past the little town of *Beit Jenn*, lying deep in its vale beside the noisy stream, and turning to the left, began to climb, among rocks and stones of black basalt, one of the slopes of Mount Hermon. We were traversing the same way by which the

invading kings fled from the vengeful sword of Abram. Higher and higher we went, while the mist grew thicker and thicker. By and by we discovered signs of perplexity in front, and shortly after the guide was obliged to confess that he had lost his way. Here was a pretty situation! We were astray on the mountain, somewhere near the highest point of the pass, and yet not able to discover that particular one of several little, narrow, beaten tracks, which served as the main highway. The sweeping deluge smote us in the face. The horses wheeled and refused to advance before the elements. We should have grown imperious in our demands for shelter, no matter where, but shelter there was none. Not a tree, nor house, nor ledge of rock large enough to crawl under, could be discerned—nothing but the bleak, bare mountain side. After wandering about helplessly for an hour, the fog lifted enough to give Ibrahim his bearings once more; and we finally got as far down the pass as the Druse village of *Mejdel es Shems*, on the road to *Banias*, or Cæsarea Philippi, where we had intended to pitch our Sunday camp. We had already ridden through this village when the mist came down again upon the hills. Ibrahim now gave up in despair, saying that the road was dangerous and he could not be certain of the path and offering, if we were willing, to find us such quarters as he could in the village just behind. We were willing, enough, all wet and bedraggled as we were, to have taken shelter anywhere until the storm had ceased. Moreover the mules and luggage were, no one knew how far behind, and we should find no camp at *Banias*. So back we turned and purchased possession of the best house in the village until Monday morning. It was a small building of rough stone in which there was not a single pane of glass, no chimney, no furniture, save a few old

rugs and carpets, and rude utensils^s for cooking. We gathered around the charcoal brazier on the earthy floor and sat weeping in the smoke, which ascended slowly among the blackened saplings of the roof, until, as it was getting dark, our camp-equipage arrived. The baggage-train had also missed its way, and much of the canvas and bedding was damp. But we soon had our beds spread upon the floor, and Joseph, the steward, prepared us a very respectable meal from our own larder. After dinner we all lay down to sleep in the same room, the rain falling dismally outside. But over the horrors of that night a veil may well be drawn. We shall always associate it with all we have ever heard of "pre-occupied," chambers and "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Yet this is the only kind of shelter to be had on the long journey between Damascus and Jerusalem, save the traveler's own camp and an occasional convent. There is but one hotel, that at Tiberias, an inn which is, however, hardly less than a libel on the name.

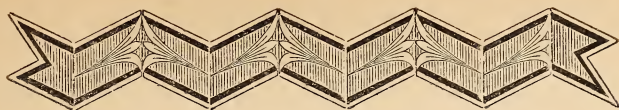
Incessant floods of rain shut us in nearly the whole of the next day, which was Sunday. But late in the afternoon, as we sat shivering at the unglazed window-seat, it began to clear. The servants now set up the tents for the purpose of drying them as much as possible before repacking for the morrow's journey; while several of ourselves, directed by the tinkling of a little bell, found our way to a small chapel hitherto unnoticed. Here a service was just beginning, the preacher and his handful of auditors being all natives of the place. This mission and others like it are the offshoots of that at Beyrout. It was a singular scene this Christian service in that secluded Druse village on the mountain, but it was refreshing to know that even there the name of Christ was dear to some who cared not for the name of Mahomet.

After another night of misery and unrest, we were glad to find ourselves descending the rough and rugged road which leads down to *Banias* and the lovely plain of the *Huleh* where Merom's waters sparkled in the sun. Before us stretched the hills of Napthali bounding in the near horizon, and soon we had in full view at our right, the huge grim castle of *Subeibeh* standing guard over the pass from *Huleh* to Damascus. We had to be content, however, without a nearer view of this fortress and rode rapidly down the slope till we reined up and dismounted in a grove of olives at its foot. We were now among the ruins of *Cæsarea Philippi*, and gazing upon the same scene whereon the Saviour's eyes had doubtless rested. This is the proper termination of the Holy Land on the north, and beyond it, it is probable, our Lord never went. Here it was that Peter made his bold confession and received the Saviour's special charge to feed his flock. Here, tradition says, Christ healed the woman who suffered with the bloody issue. And here also, on one of these rugged slopes of Hermon, rather than on Tabor, occurred the great scene of the Transfiguration, followed by the healing in the city of the demon-tortured boy. Close by is one of the chief sources of the Jordan, and to this we now made our way and quenched our thirst in its copious and lucid torrent. It was a place where we could have stayed to meditate beneath the oaks and olives and listen to the noisy impatience of the sacred stream, but the day's march had been lengthened by the mishaps of Saturday, and forbade delay. So we pushed on through the miserable modern village, in whose rude market square an occasional cow is slaughtered and then sold in fragments on the spot, and were glad once more to be in the untainted air. We crossed another branch of the Jordan springs by a rough stone bridge, and after riding some

distance farther, passed on our left the old oak marking the site of the city of Dan, where Jeroboam reared his idols. Leaving this *tell* of Dan behind us, we cautiously picked our way among the round and slippery stones which were almost as bad as an adder in the path for the unwary rider ; and at noon gained the shadow of a crumbling Roman bridge over the *Hasbany*, where we stopped to rest. While lying within the shadow of the arch, some *Bashbazouks* came galloping overhead, on their way southward, and were followed closely by our baggage-train which we always endeavored to have ahead of us in the afternoon, in order that the camp might be ready for us on our own arrival. During the afternoon, our way lay along the low and fertile plain of *Huleh*. The Bedouins, as usual, were there in force, their black tents and huge cattle dotting the plain. As we passed these nomad villages, we saw their women at the tent door grinding at the mill between the upper and the nether mill stone, while dogs barked, hens cackled, and troops of unwashed children ran after us and rent the air with yells for *backsheesh*.

All over the plain of *Huleh* these Bedouins find a desirable camping ground and their tents of sackcloth and straw matting form, in reality, more or less permanent villages. Among their rude dwellings, goats, hens and dogs run together, and children, with shaven heads and little curled top-knots, roll and tumble in the dirt. Scores of dusky cattle graze about, while near the tents, camels lie in groups, and corn in great golden piles. We were pleasantly greeted with courteous smiles which lighted up the dark features of the people as we rode along ; but we did not suffer ourselves to forget, while in their neighborhood, that they all belonged to a race by no means trustworthy. We passed within sight of *Maachah*, once laid waste by Syrians and Assyrians ; and *Beth-Rehob*,

on the top of a ridge which rose before us. Toward evening the rain began again to threaten us; the last, as it proved, of our unpleasant experiences with the weather on this present trip. We were glad, indeed, to be saying good-bye to Hermon, which we had now fairly left behind us, because it had seemed so prolific of storms. Our tents were set up in a heavy shower, but before bed-time came, the moon was shining brightly in a clear sky. The neighborhood was, however, damp and dangerous, for we slept that night by the side of the great marshes of Merom, half-hidden by the thickest of fogs. All through the night we heard the jackals' wail and obtained indifferent sleep, but on the bright sunny morn our spirits rose, especially when we remembered that on that day we were, for the first time in our lives, to set our eyes upon the sea of Galilee. We breakfasted by lamplight, and by dawn the camp had well nigh disappeared beneath the active hands of the Arabs. Leaving them to follow, we took our course southward toward the limpid spring of *Ain Mellaha*, watching the red glow of the sun over the *Hauran* and thinking of the time when Joshua led his victorious armies across the plain and bulls of Bashan came to drink and wallow in the lake. A *mazar* on the hill-top, with its dome of glistening white, was pointed out as the place where, according to Moslem tradition, the great successor of Moses lies buried. But we heeded not. We were now at a point from which we looked back for the last time upon the waters of Merom. A little way farther on, where the lentils grew profusely, we found another point of vantage whence we looked down upon the unruffled bosom of that holy lake whose name goes hand in hand with that of Jesus through the world—the lake of Gennesaret. But our journey along its sacred shores deserves to form a subject by itself.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How beautiful the little sheet of water lay, its gentle ripples sparkling in the sun and the dark red hills rising along its sacred shores! This then was the lake that Jesus loved so much and which still bears upon its bosom His hallowed memories. On those red scaurs His mild eyes often gazed when these shores, now so silent and desolate, were teeming with life. Here His words and works of mercy won eager and suffering multitudes to His side. Here the sick were healed, and those parables declared wherein the fisherman saw the image of his net; the townsman, the figure of a merchant; the farmer, the process of sowing seed. This whole neighborhood was at once the scene of Christ's most sympathetic teaching and His favorite retreat. Who could gaze upon it then and, however stolid by nature, remain insensible to the landscape's sacred charm!

We halted at noon at the head of the lake, beside a ruined khan with a small tree outshooting from the broken wall, and its roof thickly covered o'er with herbage. Near by, a number of Bedouin women were filling their water-skins from a deep cistern which the Mohammedans call "Joseph's well." On the neighboring hills they show the pit also, into which their own tradition says the noble Hebrew youth was cast. We climbed this hill when our repast was over, but not so much to see the pit, as

to look down from the elevated spot upon the lake. Presently, as we left our halting-place and wound our way down among the rocks towards the lake shore, we caught occasional glimpses of Mount Tabor, with its memories of Deborah and Barak, and of *Karn Hattin*, the Mount of Beatitudes and scene of the feeding of the five thousand. We were now traversing the great caravan route between Egypt and Damascus, which at one point gave us a view of the ruins of Bethsaida, lying below us on the water's edge. This was another of the spots frequented by Christ Who here healed the blind man, and the home of Peter, Andrew and Philip. And then, through groves of thick and tangled brush, formed of the *nabhk*, from which the crown of thorns is said to have been woven, we reached *Kahn Minyeh* and *Ain Tiny*, the "fountain of the fig." Here flows a large and tepid spring, above which there projects a fig-tree from the overhanging rock, and here some have thought it proper to locate the site of Capernaum. Between the merits of this place and of *Tell Hum*, nearer the head of the lake, we felt ourselves incompetent to decide. But if not here, it was just over yonder, that our Lord's "own city" lay; a spot calculated to touch the Christian heart most deeply. This was where the great Teacher discoursed in the synagogue, and spoke concerning the mysterious Presence of the Eucharist. Here He worked some of His most notable miracles, routing impure spirits, curing the feeble paralytic, raising the mother-in-law of Peter from her sick bed, and bidding the Apostle himself to catch the fish with the coin in its mouth. Now not a vestige hardly of its ancient splendor remains. Hence, our way lay across the fertile plain of Gennesaret, albeit among thorns and over purling streams in which scowling Arabs gave their horses drink, and then along the pebbly beach

of the lake itself, upon whose bosom we saw an occasional water-fowl. After passing a devout Mussulman who kneeled at prayer upon the shore, we arrived at the wretched little city of Magdala where Mary Magdalene lived, and through which we rode without stopping. We were now in the parts of Dalmanutha, and just opposite us across the silver lake, lived of old the filthy Gergesenes whose swine ran down one of yonder gently shelving slopes into the sea. On our right hand rose the low cliffs along which our bridle path ran at some distance above the water's edge, and on which the camels of a caravan crowded us closely in passing. By the side of this road we saw another of those sacred trees, such as we had seen at the tomb of Polycarp on the hill above Smyrna, covered with bits of colored rags hung on the branches by the superstitious Arabs as votive offerings to spirits. Then came the old gardens of Tiberias with their wild and profuse growth of cactus, and at last there broke upon our view the shattered walls and towers of the famous little city. It has been smitten by the earthquake, as well as by war. It is doubtful whether it was ever visited by Christ, although a Latin convent pretends to mark the vicinity of the miraculous draught of fishes. But the city was of old a famous seat of learning, and is associated in memory with the Talmud and some of its great Rabbis and compilers. Here lived and presided over the Sanhedrim, the celebrated Hakodesh, known by the *Mischna*, and Jochanan, the author of the *Masora*. Its palmy days, however, have long since gone by, and it is notorious now chiefly as the royal city of nocturnal pests. It is still ranked with Safed, Jerusalem and Hebron as among the four "holy" cities of Palestine, and there is, among its small population, a plentiful sprinkling of Polish Jews of the lankest, leanest and most un-

wholesome kind. The men, with their high round hats, and corkscrew curls depending in front of each ear, at once arrest the notice of the stranger. They all hold that when Messiah comes, He will emerge at Tiberias from the crystal waters of the lake, and ascend the hills to reign in Safed.

While the camp was being pitched within the castle walls we walked about the town, although we saw little in its filthy lanes which deserved special attention. There were, of course, the usual troops of dirty, screaming children and women who wore heavy brazen ornaments upon their long luxuriant braids. After a draught of the very mild Tiberias wine which the little German hostelry offered us, we returned to sit in our tent doors and gaze in peaceful content over the tranquil waters of the lake. Below us, the gray, flat-roofed houses lay beneath their straggling palms, but we thought more of the eight other cities which once fringed the deserted shores, but whose vestiges even have sunk into nothingness. Yonder, somewhere, lay Chorazin and the two Bethsaidas, their exact sites, like that of Capernaum, long since lost, or so uncertain as to baffle identification. Across the lake where the mountain gorges send down their blasts with funnel-like precision upon the bosom of the now placid water, once stood the strong city of Gamala, and there, again, Aphek whither Ben-hadad fled. But soon heathen history retired from view and o'er the scene one holy and absorbing Figure reigned. It was a solemn and a precious hour, a night whose sacred and far-reaching thoughts will go with us beyond the grave to recall our earthly vision of a region stamped with our Incarnate Master's footprints and where we read the Gospel written on nature's varied page. Christ, Peter, James, John, Saints and Apostles, had been there before

us, looking on the same hills and the little sea which things, at least, have never changed. Over these waters once came walking, in the darkest hour of the night, He Who cheered His fainting disciples with the sweet assurance: "It is I; be not afraid!" Into them did Peter plunge with his *abaiyeh* girt about him and descend deeper and deeper with his sinking faith. These were the billows that fell so suddenly when winds and waves fled before the gentle imperiousness of that same voice exclaiming: "Peace, be still!" But I must not arrogate space for mere reflections. It was long after the Bedouin camp-fires began to flare along the opposite shore, ere we sought repose.

That night the wind, shaking our tents in its restless grasp, came down for a wild frolic on the lake. This, though hardly more than six or eight miles wide, had assumed by morning the appearance of the open sea under a moderate breeze and we saw partly how sudden and severe a storm might possibly be, even on so small a sheet of water. It was a splendid sight! The billows, recoiling from the old round towers on the shore, sent the spray flying from fifteen to twenty feet into the air. We had intended to spend the day in an excursion by water to *Tell Hum*, but the undertaking was now out of the question. The boat was large enough to hold our entire party besides the rowers and had been partly paid for, but no one could be induced that day to venture out upon the lake. Baths and fishing likewise were denied us; but it had been settled that in any case we should spend the day beside the lake. Therefore, after breakfast we walked through the town and along the coast beyond, to the hot baths of which Josephus speaks and which Pliny also mentions. Here we laved and nearly burned our weary feet in the copious, scalding currents

charged with salt and sulphur. The heat of the water is said to increase just before an earthquake occurs, and thus becomes its premonitory herald. Near by, were the stone tanks to which people with all manner of diseases daily come, and into which we ourselves preferred not to venture. In the vicinity of the springs is the tomb of a celebrated Jewish Rabbi, in whose small courtyard rise two of those curious little pillars whereon the Jews offer occasional burnt sacrifices of books, jewels and precious stuffs; rashly destroying these costly gifts in honor of their deceased teachers.

The afternoon of that day we gave up to writing, conversation and quiet thought. In all there was the consciousness that it was the day of a life-time—a day that probably could never come again to any of our little group. But the remembrance and the image would remain—the precious inheritance of swiftly rolling years. When the day was done and darkness began to descend upon the lake we sat again, as we had done the evening before, just outside the tent doors, and watched the king-fisher, and the diver and the gull disporting in or over the troubled waters which, with the approach of evening, were now sinking into rest. We saw several men engaged in fishing and many women toiling beneath their black goat-skin sacks of water up the difficult hill—wearied workers, such as those upon whom Christ was doubtless looking when, somewhere in this very region, He graciously said: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!” But neither the elements of that peaceful scene, nor the feelings of its pilgrim spectators, can I properly describe. To attempt the one would be a forlorn hope; to speak too freely of the other would be sheer irreverence.



NAZARETH.

As we rode up the hill out of Tiberias at six o'clock the following morning the sky overhead was filled with the softest hues of azure-blue and pink. The sun, itself yet unseen, threw up from behind the Eastern hills a ruddy glow which suffused with blushes the whole horizon. The wavelets made the quiet air tuneful with the music of their low and gentle murmurs. The beauty of that morning hour we never can forget; the sweet serenity of the old gray town, the crested palms, the silent, steadfast hills, all bathed in the yellow light of dawn. As we climbed higher we descried at some distance to our left the tomb of Rabbi Akiba, Bar-Cochba's friend, and below us on the hillside, that of the great Maimonides. At the top of the ascent we paused and turned our horses' heads. It was our last glimpse of Galilee—next to our first view of Jerusalem from Olivet, the sweetest picture of our whole Palestine pilgrimage. Afar to the north Hermon shone in his brilliant helmet of snow; while near at hand *Karn Hattin*, the Valley of the Doves and the hill of Safed filled in the scene. As we resumed our march, we obtained nearer views of these localities, so interesting to the student of Scripture. Between the two peaks of *Karn Hattin* could be easily seen the "level place" where the people sat during the sermon on the mount, but we had no opportunity of ascending thither. From this elevation Safed could have been plainly descried

by the Saviour as He spoke ; if indeed, it be, as has been asserted, the "city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." And all around the neighborhood, birds and lilies, the winds of the hill-top, and the waves of the neighboring lake would furnish immediate and convenient illustrations for the great discourse. Here the twelve Apostles were chosen ; and centuries afterward, at the foot of this same *Karn Hattin*, Saladin defeated the crusaders and gave its death-blow to the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem.

From this point, after a short and pleasant jaunt, we reached *Kefr Kenna* which is generally considered to be Cana of Galilee ; the birthplace of Nathaniel and the place where Christ, Himself at Capernaum, healed the nobleman's son and where He turned the water into wine. The village has a somewhat modern look with its new stone houses clustered around the mission school ; but not so the old Greek church into whose basement chapel we went to see two of the identical stone waterpots which figured in the miracle. At one end stood the altar, while quaint pictures slightly relieved the barrenness of the low dingy walls and heaps of olives had been emptied out, as if in a storehouse, upon the floor. Too incredulous to remain longer than a moment, we paid our *backsheesh* to the expectant monk and resumed our saddles. The road now again became rough and stony. It led us presently past *El-Meshed*, once named *Gath-Hepher*, the birthplace of the prophet Jonah and then through a region notorious in days gone by for its robbers and fanatics who lay in wait to harrass and plunder such travelers as were venturesome enough to come that way. We did not stop to rest until we were at the foot of the hill on the other side of which lay Nazareth, the Saviour's childhood home. And when we came to climb it, we turned aside at the top, before descending into the little

city, and visited the well-known elevation to which Christ Himself must often have retired as a boy and whence many a traveler has enjoyed the magnificent panorama of Esdraelon, Carmel and the sea. A thick mist was, however, rapidly rising to obscure partially our own view, but enough of its glories were revealed to suggest those which were denied our eager vision. In the teeth of a strong wind we retraced our steps and finally descended by a winding road into the vale where the cheerful little city nestles against the hillside. At one end of the town our camp was pitched upon an ancient threshing floor. Here we could look around us at leisure upon all those favored hills clad with olive, fig and cactus, with which our blessed Lord was so familiar and where, no doubt, He meditated as He roamed.

Nazareth, a village of about four thousand, has mostly a native Christian population. There are several hundred Mohammedans—but it is said that the place contains not a single Jew. The introduction of Christian civilization has wrought an appearance of unusual thrift among the people and there we found even a mill, running by steam—a decidedly incongruous feature of the scene! Bye and bye, no doubt, it will have a hotel and a carriage-road to the sea-coast; but these things are at present only possibilities. All merchandise comes and goes upon the back of camel and mule. The streets are narrow and unclean; indeed, they are never anything else in the East—and yet one could easily distinguish the place by its general appearance from any of those settlements which are chiefly Mohammedan. The English Church has here a pretty house of prayer, together with a school and hospital, but the prevailing beliefs are those of the Greeks and Latins who here, as elsewhere, earnestly contend with one another for possession of the “holy places.”

It was yet early in the afternoon and so, while the camp was being set in order, we visited the Virgin's Fountain whither a reliable tradition tells us that S. Mary was wont to come to draw water, the Holy Child perhaps timidly clinging to her robe. The women of Nazareth were there in force at that very moment, even as they have been daily from time immemorial, bearing away their jars of water upon their shoulders and showing their pearly teeth as they laughed and chatted with one another. The beauty which so many travelers have ascribed to them is partly an illusion; but their appearance is far neater and more wholesome than that of any of their Syrian sisters, save perhaps the women of Bethlehem. Various ornaments of glass and metal hang gracefully upon their arms; while their lustrous eyes and teeth are enhanced in brightness by their picturesque head-dresses made of innumerable coins. Before departing, we drank in Eastern fashion, from the jar of one of these maidens who offered it to us, perhaps with the same modest grace with which Rebecca clothed herself in the presence of Abraham's servant. The water which supplies this fountain is said to have its source somewhere beneath the chancel floor of the Greek church, a spot which we afterwards visited and where we again partook of the water, drawing it, as the Greek pilgrims are wont to do, through an aperture in the floor, and bathing with it their eyes and foreheads.

The great feature of modern Nazareth is, however, the new Latin church of the Annunciation. It professes to cover the former site of the Virgin's house and therefore the spot whereon the angel Gabriel foretold Emmanuel's birth. We stepped in upon the smooth floor of polished marble and advancing toward the choir, descended a broad flight of stairs which led down to a subterranean chapel. Here stood a handsome altar, beneath which

perpetual lights were burning. It was beautifully sculptured in white marble and bore the significant legend : *HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST*. At the north side of this altar are two heavy round pillars of stone ; one, perfect and upright from floor to ceiling, marking the position of the angel. The other is but a fragment depending from the roof of stone and pointing out the place where Mary sat, humbly spinning the purple stuff of which tradition tells us. The lower part of this column has been taken off in ages past by Vandal Moslems, leaving the remainder, as it is said, to hang miraculously in the air ! This fable of the monkish guardians taken together with the painful precision of the pillars, visibly shook our faith and filled us with dismay. However, we passed farther on within another vaulted chapel where a second altar, set back to back with the first against the inside wall, carried the inscription : *Hic erat subditus illis*. This was the chapel of S. Joseph, a part of the actual dwelling at Nazareth wherein Christ became subject to His earthly parents. Thence we went still farther back, ascending a flight of steep and gloomy stairs, at an angle in which a little light was burning, and saw another apartment which is said to have served the Virgin as a kitchen, or store-room. But all these things are hardly worth transcribing, for no place is more confusing and less satisfactory to visit than the reputed place of the Saviour's birth. Of Nazareth and its hillsides we were sure ; but in the Virgin's house—the cavernous part of which is still here, while the rest is said to have been borne by the angels to Loreto—we who were disciples neither of Photius, nor Leo, could hardly be expected to repose belief. We retraced our steps into daylight and through the church among whose aisles and arches the vesper hymn was floating, and sought the site of the old syna-

gogue where Christ taught and aroused the envious hatred of His towns-people who would have thrown Him head-long from the neighboring cliff. Not far from this is another Latin chapel, built over a very large block of hard, white chalk, called the "*Mensa Christi*," or "table of Christ." On this, tradition tells us that the Master often ate with His disciples. It is carefully covered over with a cloth and is now an object of great veneration. Last of all, we visited the site of Joseph's work-shop, also covered by a chapel whose heavy door is kept locked and barred against all Jews and Moslems, the place where the carpenter's Son labored at His father's humble trade.

We were glad to have finished the round and to get quietly back to our tents. The solemnity of a brilliant Eastern night, whose full moon bathed hill and valley in its silver light, while the eternal stars, the same which hung over Nazareth eighteen hundred years ago and met the uplifted gaze of the Divine Child, sparkled like jewels in the clear sky, filled us with a calm and unspeakable delight. Our own silent reflections were worth infinitely more to us than the hollow excitements served up for us so readily by monk and dragoman. The Lily which once grew in these secluded vales, the innocent Child Who here picked the wild flower and perchance chased the butterfly, Who laved His boyish feet in the mountain stream, Who thought and prayed within these numerous caverns, drew very near and threw His soft influences around us. In the stillness of that hour, in the village home itself, we could not but feel, as we had never felt before, the reality of the Incarnation; the precious nearness of God to men through Him Who as child, youth and man was made "*in all things like as we are*, yet without sin."



ESDRAELON AND ITS CITIES.

THE lovely moon which had ridden all night through the heavens had disappeared, although the morning stars were still shining, when we rose to prepare for another day's journey. It was as hard to say so speedy a good-bye to Nazareth as it had been to leave the Sea of Galilee, but the itinerary was inexorable. The programme said that we must sleep that night at Jenin; and so, in the dim light of dawn, our little procession rode through the silent streets and began to creep slowly along the hazardous bridle-path which leads down into the emerald plain of Esdraelon. A strong east wind swept around us with its chill embraces as we passed the very doubtful "Hill of the Overthrow," on whose brow the city could certainly never have been built. In a few moments more we were fairly on the edge of the great battle-field of the nations, the Armageddon, it may be, of the book of Revelation. Over Esdraelon, the horse and the chariot of iron, the hosts of Israel, of Canaan, of Midian, of Amalek, of Philistia, of Syria, of modern Europe have swept tumultuously to the shock of battle, while Carmel and Tabor and Gilboa and Little Hermon have echoed the recoil. This was the great valley of Megiddo where Josiah received his death-wound in the affray with Necho, king of Egypt; and here Barak, descending from Mount Tabor, triumphed in Jehovah's strength over the enemies

of Israel. But we must take these associations as they come. We rode briskly over the plain, sometimes at a gallop, a favorable chance for which is only occasional on the trip through Palestine. For the most part the plain is uncultivated because of its insecurity. But here and there we came across a few *fellahin* who, thoroughly armed, were guiding the plough with one hand and wielding the goad with the other. There is no apparent reason why a certain number of Arab farmers might not live here in independence and content, were there only a government strong enough to bring to their senses the Bedouin free-booters across the Jordan. This chivalry of plunder, which scorns the name of *thief* and, as becomes high-spirited robbers, meets its victim face to face with the invitation to "draw and defend," sends its hordes periodically over Esdraelon and perpetuates the old story of Israel and Midian.

The *fellahin* themselves are an ignorant and superstitious people. One idea which is firmly rooted in their narrow minds is that every Frank is laden down with gold; and another is that even then the stranger must be a fool to leave his distant home and come across the seas to toil and wander through these desolate and barren regions. If the traveler turns aside to examine some old ruin, the inquisitive natives suspect him of searching for hid treasure—the chief excitement of their own lives and to which they are inclined to reduce all European efforts in behalf of science and research.

But now we turned our eyes from the white mosque which glistens on the highest ridge of Little Hermon, toward the spot where lay beneath its straggling palms a well-known village of the Gospel—the city of Nain. There is but little to see within its precincts and it being some distance aside from our more interesting route, we

were content to contemplate it from afar. We could easily command for ourselves the only permanent thing remaining, the same general landscape which again greeted the eyes of the revived son of the widow, awaking to recognize the pity and power of the Lord of Life. Behind a hill, not far away from Nain, lay En-dor where figured on that fatal night so long ago the singular trio of prophet, king and witch. The ridge of Carmel now rose grandly in front of us, covered with rich vegetation and manifesting all the beauty for which it is extolled in Holy Writ. On its fertile slopes Pythagoras once sought refuge; and yonder, somewhere, was the plateau on which Elijah raised against the priests of Baal, the broken altar of the Lord. The trial by fire must have been a strange scene to the excited multitudes who thronged the hillside and, in pursuit of Baal's priests, rushed down upon the plain where still flows the Kishon. Now all is wild and solemn and deserted. The trees and wild flowers flourish perennially for miles along the famous ridge, concealing and adorning the haunts where lurk unmolested the jackal, fox and panther. In the opposite direction now reappeared, much nearer to us than before, the green, truncated cone which we were quick to recognize as the rounded hill of Tabor. It was the chief thing of real beauty on the landscape, if we except "the excellency of Carmel," a hill well-fitted by its appearance, though disqualified by its location, for the great scene of the Transfiguration. In front of us lay Jezreel and the mountains of Gilboa, overlooking the plain adown which swept in olden time from Jordan to the sea the storms of hail and sleet and hurricane, while the stars in their courses, fighting from above, became the allies of the swollen waters of the Kishon.

Another Scripture city now lay before us and in a few

minutes we were riding through modern Shunem, thinking of Elisha and the Shunamite's son who was here resuscitated by the prophet. The whole picture came back to mind in vivid lines for here was Shunem and there the top of Carmel from which the anxious mother, urging her ass across the plain, fetched the sympathetic friend of her family. Many travelers have spoken of the beauty of Shunem, but the impression must have been received within the narrow limits of some shady lunching-spot in the vicinity. We ourselves rode directly through the town without pausing, and a viler, filthier collection of hovels I never saw, not even at Bethany, which, like Shunem, has an unmixed population of Mohammedans. The mangy curs, yelping at us from the house-tops, seemed themselves to be of a more ill-favored breed here than elsewhere. So far as Shunem is concerned, surrounded with its palms and hedges of prickly pear, it is distance alone which lends enchantment to the view.

Another smart ride of an hour or so brought us to the foot of the hill of Jezreel up which we slowly wound. At the top we found a typical Arab village in whose market-place some motley groups of *fellahin* were lounging and smoking. Near it our attention was called to some huge foundation stones, on which several modern buildings had been reared, as the remnants of that palace from whose window Jezebel was hurled to the dogs and met her tragic fate. But we turned away to look out across the plain and draw upon our own resources. Somewhere on the slope below us, lay Naboth's vineyard; and a little way from the foot of the hill, the fountain in which Ahab's chariot was washed, the dogs licking up the mingled water and the monarch's blood. Farther out stretched the historic plain which we had just crossed, over which Jehu, driving furiously, slew Jehoram

and whereon king Ahaziah met his death. To the right lay the spurs of Gilboa where Israel fell before Philistia and the despairing Saul sheathed his sword in his own bosom. And below Gilboa bubbled the beautiful fountain of Gideon, forming a large, lucid pool—the same at which the famous three hundred drank in such manner as to prove their right to go to war.

Thither we now made our way and when our repast was over, we stretched ourselves in the shadow of the rocks and talked of the landscape so rich in memories. Among other topics, came up the absorbing subject of the “Jordan canal,” the proposed rival of the complicated affair in Egypt controlled by the French and supported chiefly by English commerce. The plan is to connect the Mediterranean with the Jordan by a broad canal cut through the plain of Esdraelon, perhaps a mile or two in front of where we were then resting, and another uniting the Dead Sea with the gulf of Akaba, or north-eastern arm of the Red Sea. If this were done, the physical surface of Palestine would be completely metamorphosed in a manner that would seem almost sacrilegious. The future traveler, reclining as we were doing, might then lift up his eyes and see a fleet of merchantmen slowly making its way through the plain of Esdraelon. And as he proceeded southward, he would find the entire valley of the Dead Sea turned into a huge inland lake running northward to the uppermost shores of the sea of Galilee and practically wiping out forever the lake of Gennesaret and the river Jordan. Nay, he might even take ship at London, or Naples and never leave it until he disembarked within fifteen miles of Jerusalem. Will the canal ever be built? Much as it might materially benefit Palestine and the world, there are some to whom the prospect of its execution is not without alloy.

We mounted again and rode slowly over the slopes of Gilboa until we found ourselves traversing that portion of the plain which lay on the other side. The sun was broiling hot, although it was already the ninth day of November. For the remainder of the afternoon nothing occurred to break the monotony of our ride, save now and then the sight of a herd of grazing camels, in one drove of which we counted over fifty animals. Among other minor cities of the plain we passed within view of the ancient Taanach and at last reached Jenin, the Engannim of Scripture, situated on the edge of Esdraelon at the entrance among the hills. Here a clear and lovely watercourse flows musically beneath the palms. The situation of the town is picturesque and beautiful—the inhabitants, thieving and fanatical. The place has, however, but few Biblical associations and none at all with the life of Christ, unless we choose to credit the tradition which tells us that here the ten lepers were healed.





FROM JENIN TO NABLOUS.

IN the memory of many other travelers the encampment at Jenin is associated with recollections of robbery and thieves. A worse reputation attaches to hardly any other place in Syria. We procured our guard from the village, as usual, and were glad in the morning to find that the guard itself had not laid, as often happens, its own covetous fingers upon our luggage. But, instead of thieves, our own party will always have occasion to associate jackals with Jenin. Throughout the night their dismal wails floated on the midnight wind and sent their long-drawn echoes through the air. The jackal is a cowardly beast, ghoulish, but harmless to the living. And yet nothing is better calculated to curdle the blood at midnight than the sound of its piercing and unearthly scream; as if it were the last shriek of a murdered man, or the wail of a lost spirit doomed to suffer endlessly the extremities of a mediæval hell.

Not far from the camp we passed, in the gray dawn of the morning, a group of four men and two women who, even at that early hour, were assembled for prayer around the grave of some deceased relative. Thence the way led us past some shepherds' caves among the rocks in the vicinity of which we saw occasional hallowed bushes hung with the testimonial shreds of clothing of which I have already spoken. Then came a structure containing an

oil press—decked, Mohammedan fashion, in green and white. Then another village notorious for its thieves; and finally, as we wound around the mountain path, Ibrahim pointed out to us the locality of Dothan associated with the earlier history of the magnanimous Joseph and where Elisha astonished the young man with the vision of the fiery hosts. A short ride now brought us to the “drowning meadow,” a small, but fertile plain which is under water at a certain season of the year. Over it we rode past the strong fortress city of Sânur—prominent in internecine struggles of the Arabs. The birds sang sweetly around us—and the *fellahin* were both sowing and planting in the fields. The women, as usual, were also busy, carrying great heavy heaps of brush upon their heads, or gathering the first fruits of the olive harvest. But these georgic scenes were of short duration. The meadow soon lay behind us and after riding a while among the hills we climbed the sides of a large deep vale and, without turning in our saddles, had a magnificent view of the Mediterranean, twenty miles away. This in turn passed from view as we proceeded and the next notable scene in this interesting and ever-shifting panorama, was the celebrated hill of *Sebaste* or Samaria. Half hidden among the gardens with which its top is richly covered, lies the modern village among the ruins of the ancient city. It was of old a site replete with strength and beauty and fertility—a position which still highly commends the choice of Omri in selecting a place for his new palace. But the city soon became idolatry’s stronghold and rebellion’s nest. The wicked Ahab here reared his temple to Baal and drew away from their allegiance the people of Jehovah. Then came the punishment—the fierce and awful siege, wherein men and women starved on ass’s head and doves’ dung—while the four leprous

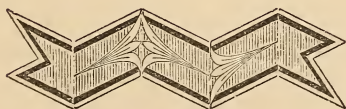
men resolved to trust themselves to the mercy of the besiegers rather than sit and die in the gate. Here it was that Elisha ordered Joash to shoot the arrows of deliverance from the window eastward, and here the bones of the dead prophet restored to life the man who had been cast into his sepulchre. Hither came Philip preaching Christ; followed by the Apostles Peter and John laying upon the new converts the hands of Confirmation. Here, too, the crime of *simony* was born in the profane aspirations of Simon Magus who would have purchased spiritual gifts with gold.

We rode up the hill and dismounting, threw our tired forms upon the ground under the olives. When we had sufficiently satisfied our own hunger and the curiosity of a deputation of village youths who squatted around us on the ground and eyed us diligently, we explored the neighborhood on foot. Rows of broken pillars, the remnants of Herod's architectural splendor, still stand, minus their capitals, around the hill, to the number of nearly one hundred. Many others lie recumbent amid the brush and bushes. The whole picture is one in which the irrepressible beauty of nature struggles vainly to conceal the desolation of art. The hand of God has smitten the beautiful hill and in the confused heaps and broken stones which strew the green terraces you may read what His finger has there so plainly written—the sixth verse of the first chapter of Micah.

In the ruined church of S. John, the Baptist, which by the way is said to be the parent of all other churches of the same name in Christendom, we were shown the traditional tombs of the great forerunner as well as those of Elisha and Obadiah. *Credat Judaeus Apella!* For our own part, we speedily dispensed with the services of our Samaritan guides and having scattered a

few *piastres* among the rabble, were soon descending the hill on the side toward the south. For several hours we rode through a succession of brown hills and desolate vales till, after passing the straggling arches of a ruined aqueduct, we caught sight of two of the great mountains of sacred history—Ebal and Gerizim. As we came nearer we saw that the rocky sides of Ebal were scarred with unsightly quarries, suggesting the unloveliness of its employment as the “hill of curses;” while on the extreme top of Gerizim—the “hill of blessing,” appeared a single spreading tree whose green branches on that barren height seemed to savour of a benediction. All around us in the valley stood groves of aged olives, their masses of silvery grey supported on hollow, half open trunks—knotted, gnarled and twisted—and filled, in several cases with huge flat stones piled on one another—from the root to the forks. Many of these trees are at least a thousand years old and are still fruitful. For the first ten or fifteen years, the young olive is good for little, its yield being insignificant. But after that period, an olive grove becomes a good and permanent investment, paying far better to the acre than the average wheat-field, and involving only the labor of gathering the fruit. The harvest was now in progress, the men beating the branches and starting the dove from her favorite haunt—while the women and girls collected the berries in baskets and bore them away on their heads and shoulders. The fruit of Palestine is smaller than that which appears upon our own tables and while some of the berries are of the usual green—other trees produce olives whose color is a deep black. As we left the groves and drew nearer the town, the sight of pleasant verdure and the sound of rushing waters greeted eye and ear. An Arab dignitary splendidly dressed and attended by his servant rode past us

carrying a falcon on his wrist. These fierce little birds are much used in hunting the red-legged partridge which frequents the hills of Syria. In a moment or two more we had reached our encampment which had been pitched on the edge of Nablous, within the shadow alike of Ebal and Gerizim. We had hardly performed our ablutions ere we were waited upon by our good-hearted friend, El-Karey, who for many years has served a mission in Shechem and who now came forward to renew our previous acquaintance and offer his services as our *cicerone* in the little city. As it was Saturday afternoon and our camp was to break up as usual at dawn on Monday morning, we were glad to improve the remaining hours of daylight in the town under the kind guidance of Mr. El-Karey. The incidents of our walk as well as the experiences of the following day will, however, be better reserved for account in the ensuing chapter.





BETWEEN EBAL AND GERIZIM.

NABLOUS, or the ancient Shechem, lies in a situation of great natural beauty. Mid gardens and orchards and a score of murmuring rills, it stretches along the deep vale between Ebal and Gerizim, whose solitudes are disturbed by the noise of a trade and industry with which it is a surprise to meet in Palestine. The neighborhood is fruitful in sacred associations. It was hither Abram came, while yet the nomadic Canaanites were wandering to and fro through the land, seeking food and pasturage at their will. Near by is the field which Jacob bought from the hand of Hamor; and one of the earliest episodes in the history of Shechem was the wilful slaughter of its people through the "fierce anger" and "cruel wrath" of Simeon and Levi. On Gerizim Joshua stood to read the blessings of the Law while the corresponding curses were launched forth from the sides of Ebal; and soon after this ceremony, the town was constituted one of the six cities of refuge. From the top of Gerizim Jotham delivered his famous parable of the trees; and in subsequent years, by the insolence of Jeroboam, the great schism was here entailed upon the ten tribes of Israel who made Jeroboam King. But the most enduring association of the city is that which connects it with the worship of the Samaritans, whose temple once crowned the summit of Gerizim and the smoke of

whose paschal sacrifice still, after the lapse of thirty centuries, yearly ascends the skies.

One of the first visits which we made in the company of Mr. El-Karey, who had so kindly placed his services at our disposal, was to the synagogue of the Samaritans, the "oldest family" on the face of the earth and now reduced to about one hundred and fifty souls. There is something deeply pathetic in the tenaciousness with which they hold to their venerable faith, pitching every year their Easter tents upon the mountain and slaying the lamb in exact accordance with the original instructions in the Book of Exodus. When, through dark passages and devious windings, we at last reached the humble synagogue, we found the sabbath evening service in progress and were permitted only to stand before the open door. After spending a few minutes in listening to the singing men who, robed in white, were chanting the Psalter in dull, lifeless tones, we called for a sight of the famous Pentateuch. Forthwith the High Priest, a very ordinary looking man with features not cast, however, in the modern Hebrew mould, graciously came forward and gave his hand most cordially to each of us in turn. We looked at him with far more reverence for his hereditary office than for his own sacerdotal appearance, for here was a true lineal descendant of the tribe of Levi, the priest and autocrat of a community which, feeble as it now is, can easily double the age of the oldest monarchy in Europe and have a few score years to spare. Several attendants now produced what purported to be the original Samaritan Pentateuch. I frankly own that we, like all other tourists through the Holy Land, save those of royal blood, were probably deceived and shown only a very ancient substitute. The description of it, given occasionally as that of the original, is well-known

and notwithstanding our misgivings, we looked with the deepest interest at the old parchment roll thrust into its inlaid metal tube and the whole wrapped about with cloths of green and gold. The member of our party whose two previous visits to Shechem gave him the apparent right to drop the fly into the ointment of our satisfaction, informed us that in order to exhibit the older roll, the High Priest must undergo a process of purification lasting about a week. That settled the case of course for us, so after bidding the dignitary a substantial farewell, we turned our backs upon the synagogue, which, like the fast dying little sept itself, is the ridiculous vestige of a great and reverend faith.

Among the other points of interest which we visited under the conduct of our missionary friend was the traditional wailing-place of Jacob over Joseph, where the blood-stained coat of many colors was brought by his unworthy sons to the afflicted father. Another was the ancient door-way, once of pure white marble, formerly admitting to the splendid temple of the Knights of S. John. But the marble carvings have long been defaced by a covering of paint, and the church converted into the principal mosque of Nablous. Thence pursuing our rambles, we walked through the chief bazar, most of whose shops were already closed for the day, and arrived beneath the dome which marks the centre of the little city and from whose arch criminals are publicly hanged. As we dodged under and through the long, dark, sewer-like archways where our only safety, both for head and feet, lay in keeping as nearly as possible in the middle, we received some new ideas concerning Oriental streets. Indeed, these byways of Nablous have no parallel anywhere else in Palestine, save in Hebron where, in fact, their intricate windings and gloomy quaintness are ex-

ceeded. In one of these narrow streets we crowded up against the wall to let a funeral procession pass—a most undignified and cheerless troop. The coffin of plain boards, with the dead boy's *fez* supported on a short pole at the head, was borne aloft on the shoulders of several men who hurried rapidly along, as if the interment might be overtaken by the approaching darkness. Behind them came a small but motley train of curious children, running hither and thither among the hired mourners who in dolorous, whining tones—to which a European could hardly listen with a straight face—chanted over and over again in the Arabic tongue: “There is but one God and Mohammed is the prophet of God!” Simply this and nothing more, so long as we could hear them.

The next day was Sunday, and we had hardly gotten out of our tents before our ears were greeted with loud and dismal wailings in the immediate vicinity of our camp. They came chiefly from women's voices and, on walking to the edge of the plateau occupied by our encampment, the cause of their grief and imprecations was soon made apparent. Along the road below, a company of conscripts under the convoy of Turkish soldiers was just setting out on its march to Jaffa. Near by were the frantic mothers, wives and sisters of the unfortunate men, crying like children, and with the best of reasons. For many of them, the parting of a death-bed would have been preferable. The Turkish government, whose name the thoughtful traveler in the East finds it difficult to pronounce without a curse, reaches the acme of refined cruelty in the treatment of its common soldiers. These men are often practically kidnapped and shipped, sometimes without a day's warning, to Constantinople whence they are distributed over the vast Turkish empire, no one knows where. The miserable pittance of pay received is barely sufficient

for their own wants and their wives and children who have been left behind must henceforth take care of themselves, or starve. Moreover the friends at home in many cases never hear from their wretched fathers and husbands during an absence of from ten to twenty years. Therefore it is easy to believe, what is really no uncommon occurrence, that Mohammedan mothers put out an eye, or otherwise maim their male children in order to save them from the possible fate of the conscript. Soon after our arrival at Jerusalem the case of *Mustapha*, the popular head-waiter of the Mediterranean Hotel, excited the indignation of all Christians in the Holy City. This man, though of Moslem extraction, had been a Christian fifteen years and so considered exempt from the Turkish service. Though hated by Mohammedans, he was a general favorite with Europeans, the master of a half-dozen languages and the father of an interesting family of young children. By some piece of Moslem deviltry, he was caught on the street one day, hurried through the form of drawing lots for service, got a black card of course, and though a large, heavy man, was at once started off without a chance of farewell to wife and children, to walk under the hot sun to Jaffa, a distance of thirty-eight miles. His friends afterwards sent gold after him upon the road, in order to bribe the soldiers to lend him a horse. But no one ever expected to see him again, or even that he would reach Constantinople alive. His sad fate seems indeed to have been the pre-arranged penalty, executed after many years, for turning his back on the prophet. As *Mustapha* was a Latin Christian, there were threats of French interference in the matter, but I have heard of no results.

Our Sunday at Nablous was spent, partly at Mr. El-Karey's house in the city, partly in our own camp. At

eleven, we assembled ourselves at the former place where we had a parlor service in English, the Rev. Dr. M. making us an address. When it was over, Mrs. El-Karey and her sister invited us to the housetop where we spent a delightful half hour talking among the shrubs and young cedars of Lebanon which grew in various receptacles around us. Late in the afternoon, I strolled with a friend through the dingy streets and watched the *muezzin* overhead, as he walked round and round the minaret on the old church of the Knights of S. John, chanting in clear and penetrating voice the call to prayer. And in the evening, Mr. El-Karey came with his family to join us at dinner, the only occasion during our trip on which our table was graced with the presence of ladies. Both cook and steward did themselves credit and it was with a universal vote of thanks that we arose and carried our camp chairs out into the balmy air of the evening. There we sat, listening to the missionary's tales of his adventures among the Bedouins across the Jordan, until the barren summits of Ebal and Gerizim stood sharply outlined against the starlit sky and the brilliant moonlight flooded all the vale below.





PATRIARCHAL MEMORIES.

BEFORE leaving Nablous we recollected that it was the birthplace of Justin Martyr and were thus enabled, as we rode out of the picturesque little city on Monday morning, to give it our parting glance for the sake of the Christian philosopher. Just outside the gates we were beset with entreaties by a group of lepers whose condition was frightful and repulsive in the extreme. Partially satisfying their importunities, we pursued our way southward past the native barracks, on the drill-ground of which several soldiers were manœuvring their well-trained steeds. Their skill and dexterity proclaimed anew what all Europe knows, that the Turkish army might become a formidable power if only it were humanely treated and properly officered. In less than half an hour we turned aside from the main path and in two or three minutes arrived at the rude and roofless little enclosure of stone and plaster which has the honor of guarding the tomb of Joseph—a man whose noble character helps to suffuse, with its own peculiar glow, the earlier pages of the Bible. The humble little mausoleum would seem to have been a complete ruin in former days, for on the inside wall is a tablet, informing the pilgrim that the structure owes its restoration to the personal interest of Mr. Rogers, “sometime Her British Majesty’s consul at Damascus.” In one corner runs a

climbing vine, while two roughly shaped pedestals stand, one at the head, the other at the foot of the tomb. The uses of these last are, no doubt, the same as those of the upright altars, of which I have already spoken, at the Rabbi's tomb near Tiberias. We would have liked to stay here for a quiet hour or more ; but were we not sight-seeing according to a programme which the exigencies of accident or bad weather alone could rescue from its likeness to the laws of the Medes and Persians? So, as we had no time to indulge in reflection there, I shall make no attempt to sentimentalize here.

It is but a short distance hence to Jacob's well, and to this we now made our way. Its heavy mouth-stone is some feet below the surrounding surface and is almost hidden by the confused heaps of stones which once lay in the walls of the ruined church that stood above it. The well, although dry and partially filled up, is yet very deep as we easily discovered by the distant thud of several pebbles dropped into the shaft. Here, then, was the place where the Lord of Life sat and talked with the woman of Samaria, and there was Gerizim, the mount in which "our fathers worshiped" and upon which the looks of both were bent as the familiar colloquy proceeded. All around were the corn fields, lying now as of old in the same patch of ground which was given to Joseph and on which Abraham may have built his first altar. The merciless and too swiftly flying hours, however, soon drew us away and we were quickly speeding across the plain of *Mukhna*, full of mole hills, the sure signs of fertility, and the same over which, so many generations ago, Joseph went on his way to seek his brethren. We overtook an Arab Christian, reading his little blue Testament in his native tongue as he walked along, and then a company of jugglers whose gigantic monkey performed for us during a five

minutes' halt. As we jogged along again we passed the old town and well of Lebonah and bye and bye, after missing the perplexing path and with difficulty regaining it, we found ourselves rapidly approaching the ruined heaps of Shiloh. Nothing but stones lie around, interspersed among fragments of standing walls. In the shade of one of these ruined structures we had our noon refreshment, while we talked over the past greatness of the desolate spot. Here it was that the original distribution of the promised land was made to Israel. Here the tabernacle was set up, the daughters of Shiloh yearly dancing in its honor, until, on a memorable day, they were kidnapped by the decimated and desperate sons of Benjamin. Here lived the family of Eli, the careless priest and father, who fell backward in his death throes when he heard that Israel had lost the Ark of God, and Shiloh its peculiar sanctity. In Shiloh the youthful Samuel served Jehovah and heard His voice in the silent night watches, while every year his pious mother, Hannah, brought him the little coat. And hither also came the disguised queen of the faithless Jeroboam to inquire of Abijah, the prophet concerning the monarch's sick child, only to discover that the Lord had forewarned the sightless seer of her deceit and to hear the divine judgment denounced against the whole house of Jeroboam.

As we rode off, a solitary owl hooted dolefully from among the ruins, a mournful reminder of the fallen glories of God's chosen people. It seemed so strange and unreal to be traveling among these identical spots, of which we had read so much from childhood in the word of God, and to find them so degraded and desolate. Hardly a voice is now heard in the neighborhood of Shiloh. A modern Arab village, *Singel*, lies not far away, but after this was passed, we again entered a narrow,

lonely vale shut in by cliffs whose former dark associations had given to its crystal spring the ominous sobriquet of the *Robber's Fountain*. At this we stopped to water our horses, and then along the rough and stony bed of a dry brook we clambered up out of the ravine and soon caught a distant glimpse of Mizpeh, or *Nebi-Samuil*, with the false tomb of the prophet Samuel on its top. From here to Bethel we saw little of interest save a farmer praying on his *a'ba* which he had spread within the ploughed field and whereon he knelt with his face toward Mecca; and an Arab baby swathed in rags and lying in a cradle swung by ropes from the lower branches of an olive. When we reached the camping ground at Bethel we found that the luggage train had not arrived. So, tired as we were, we waited as patiently as possible while the moon rose slowly and threw its light over the old dry pool at which, no doubt, Abraham's cattle once quenched their thirst and Sarah's maidens, like those which came down that evening from *Beitin* to the neighboring fountain, filled their pitchers.





THE DESCENT FROM BETHEL.

THE tinkling of the familiar bells was heard soon after dark, and in another moment the belated train halted on the grassy bottom of the old reservoir. The disburdened mules at once began their antics of satisfaction, rolling and kicking over the turf, while the tents were speedily erected and dinner prepared. During these preliminaries we had further time to look around us and recall the patriarchal associations of the spot. It was here at Bethel, the city of old called Luz, and governed by Canaanitish Kings, that Abram, the faithful old *sheikh*, reared his altar to Jehovah. Here it was that Jacob, going toward Haran, tarried all night, and while his head rested upon some of these numerous stones for his pillow, saw the ladder with the angels of God ascending and descending between earth and heaven. Here the same Jacob afterwards buried under an oak, Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, and set up the pillar in the place where God had talked with him. Hither, in after times, was brought the Ark of the Covenant and hither Samuel came in his circuit to judge Israel. Out of Bethel went forth the sons of the prophet and, like those at Jericho, put to Elisha the question concerning Elijah: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" and were curtly answered: "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace!" And in the same neighborhood

occurred the well-known tragedy of the two she-bears and forty-two children, a rather summary vengeance taken by the stern prophet upon the youthful mockers. Here Jeroboam reared his golden calf and saw the hand of God rend his idolatrous altar and pour out the ashes thereof; and when years afterward the good Josiah came and burned dead men's bones upon the altar, the only sepulchre which remained unmolested was that of the man of God who had boldly come forth from Judah to proclaim the very things the king had done against the high places of Jeroboam. But what a flood of associations pours into the mind as we linger among these holy places! Even our allusions to them become inevitably a mere series of references to Scripture.

We went to bed very tired that evening and when the sun rose brightly the next morning, I think I never saw the signs of a heavier dew than had fallen during the night. The double tent-roofs were completely soaked as if they had weathered a heavy shower, and the moisture was dripping from the inside edges of the canvas. It mattered little to us, however, so long as there was no rain and with light hearts we sprung into our saddles for the journey down to the valley of the Jordan. We were already within a day's journey of the Holy City. But instead of proceeding straight southward, it had been decided that we should make a present *détour* by way of the Jordan and the Dead Sea and thence ascend by the route of the Good Samaritan to Jerusalem. As we were now going into a region where the Turkish government is held in contempt by the lawless Bedouins, it became necessary to have an armed escort which had been summoned from Jerusalem by telegraph, and which attended us from here until our arrival three days later in the Holy City. We had not proceeded far upon our road

before we caught, from one of the neighboring hills, our first grand view of the Dead Sea, its heavy bosom sparkling beneath the sun like a huge flat plate of highly polished metal. Our point of view was between Bethel and Ai, in the same neighborhood, beyond all dispute, where stood the selfish Lot when he chose his new home with a double disregard of the preferences of his venerable relative and of the spiritual condition of his household in its new surroundings. A little way to the north now appeared Rimmon whither Benjamin retired after the defeat at Gibeah, while to the south, behind the neighboring hills which just hid it from our view, lay Michmash, the scene of Jonathan's famous exploit. It was not long before we came to the heaps of stone, much like those of Shiloh, which are now all that is left of Ai. In its vicinity we saw no houses but only an occasional dark-skinned *fellah* with no raiment save a white cloth about his loins, listlessly driving the plough. Occasionally also we would pass a group of tents on the barren slope reminding us of other structures like them which once dotted this very landscape and wherein dwelt patriarchs and princes like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But the land was very different then, with its forests of oak and lurking places for lions and bears. Now little was left save the naked, flinty rock over whose smooth and slippery surface our horses' feet made the sparks fly incessantly. Presently, we met a family party going on a journey in the strict fashion of the country, whose customs, so far as postures are concerned, always belie the familiar picture of the "Flight into Egypt." In the artistic creation Mary rides and Joseph walks. In real Oriental life, as in the case before us, this state of things exhibits a complete reversal. We looked sympathetically at the woman toiling along on foot and bearing a large bundle on

her back and then indignantly at her lazy lord who bestrode the donkey. But when, through Ibrahim, we demanded why he did not let his wife ride he smiled sarcastically at the insane idea. No more incidents beguiled the weary way until at noon we lay down for an hour's rest in a *wady* whose sides glared hotly in the vertical rays of the mid-day sun. But the meagre shade of the thorn bushes soon rendered us not unwilling to proceed. And finally about the middle of the afternoon we began the terrific descent to the camping-ground at *Ain-es-Sultan*, or Elisha's fountain. A more frightful road we had never traversed. We led our horses after us down a succession of steep rocky stairs while the poor pack-mules with their legs visibly bending and twisting beneath their heavy burdens, needed frequent urging to perform the toilsome descent. It was a joyful hour for both man and beast when the weary train halted at last on the little plateau above the fountain with the Mount of Temptation behind it and in front a wide panorama unsurpassed in interest, its leading features, the lovely plain of Jericho, the Jordan Valley, the hills of Moab and the Dead Sea.





THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

THE superb view commanded by our pleasant camp was the same on which the Israelites themselves once looked down from the opposite hills of Moab. To be sure, Jericho, the great city, and other features of the scene had passed away, but the more substantial portions of the landscape remained unchanged. Below us lay the spring whose story is told in the second chapter of the second book of Kings; and a few steps to one side, the probable site of the house of Rahab. Here, therefore, was the site of ancient Jericho whose plain stretched away before us to the Jordan, furrowed here and there with the plow, and whence rose many a curling wreath of smoke, where the *fellahin* were burning their heaps of brush. Beyond this broad expanse of verdure, of olives and of balsam groves, rose, on the near horizon, the purple range of which one peak—no man knows which—was certainly Pisgah, the lofty vantage-ground from which the undimmed vision of Moses swept, through the clear atmosphere, over the whole land of Canaan. Below what may have been Pisgah, on the further side of the the Salt Sea, stood Macherus in whose castle prison the Baptist lost his head, and close to this were the waters of Calirrhoë wherein Herod bathed. While, behind us, rose the sacred hill of the *Quarantine*, or forty days' fast, its precipitous sides covered over with the caves of nu-

merous hermits who in ages past have resorted hither to imitate, as closely as possible, the watching, fasting, and spiritual discipline of their great Exemplar. As evening drew on, I took my field-glass and withdrew to the top of a neighboring knoll where I sat and studied the landscape long and thoughtfully. A deep blue tint was upon the hills and sea, and as darkness advanced, there was an occasional glare of vivid lightning which momentarily threw the Eastern hills into strong relief. The screams of the jackal now began to be heard over the plain and the wind blew colder, but around our cheerful camp-fire we sat cosily and witnessed a native entertainment improvised for our amusement. It being our last night but one under canvas, the camp servants and muleteers rigged up one of their number as a dancing bear, in bells and skins, and his antics were accompanied with all the monotonous cadences of a genuine Arab chorus.

After a night which, comparatively dry and warm as it was, contrasted favorably with our preceding evening at Bethel, the saddles were again brought forth and we prepared to visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea. We rode over the site of ancient Jericho among the thickets of *sidr* trees, or "*spina Christi*," thinking, as we journeyed, of Joshua, the conqueror, and Hiel, the daring Bethelite who, in spite of the curse fulfilled upon him, rebuilt the city. Even now the plain of Jericho is abundantly fertile and its fertility might be immeasurably increased by a wise system of irrigation which the occasional springs like *Ain-es-Sultan* render quite practicable. We noticed as we proceeded a profuse mixture of palms, balsams, sycamores, fields of corn and hemp and, nearer the mud-brick hovels of modern Jericho, the bushes whereon grow the yellow apples of Sodom. Among the squalid huts stands a large square tower of stone which

marks the supposed site of the house of Zacchaeus. Beyond this we descended into the dry bed of the *wady* Cherith—not far from where Beth-Hoglah once lay; and then, after a rather tedious ride among the hills of sand and salt, with no other living things in sight except the wild geese which flew screaming high over our heads, we at last reached the shore of the *Bahr Lut*, or the Dead Sea, at a point several miles distant from the mouth of the river Jordan.

This singular body of water, on whose shores once lay the doomed cities of the plain, lies like a cauldron deep among the hills, its waters constantly flying from it by a strong and rapid evaporation. The pungent odor of sulphur and bitumen still preserves the remembrance of the time when the smoke went up from here as the smoke of a furnace. Nothing lives within its bitter waters. The old stories that, like lake Avernus, no bird could skim over its bosom and live, are mere fables, but the fish which are swept into it from the Jordan are soon thrown up lifeless along the shore. The waters are as clear as crystal, contrasting sharply with the muddy current of the Jordan; but while this latter is otherwise pure and sweet, the sparkling liquid of the Dead Sea is heavy with its bituminous deposits. Not even the high wind which would make Galilee furious, could produce waves of any magnitude on the Salt Sea. As a consequence, the waters are very buoyant and it is almost impossible either to sink, or to swim naturally in them, while floating upon them is an easy task. When we stripped and waded in, it was with difficulty that we could keep our feet upon the slippery bed from which the water lifted us as we gradually descended. Finally, hands and feet as well as a fair portion of the body were alike thrown into the air and, after disporting ourselves sufficiently, we retired

from our saline bath with unctuous and sticky skins. We lingered long enough after dressing only to fill our various phials and receptacles with specimens of the briny liquid and then rode off in search of the waters of the Jordan, a bath in which we proposed to use as a sort of counter-irritant.

The point which we sought was some four miles from the mouth of the river and we reached it after an exhausting ride through a parched and hazy air, and over several miles of hard, salty clay, barren of course, and deeply fissured under the scorching rays of the sun. This special locality is thought to be the neighborhood in which the Israelites crossed through the divided waters and David afterwards in his ferry-boat; the place where the waters parted beneath Elijah's cloak and where Elisha made the axe-head swim; and above all, the spot where our blessed Saviour was baptized. For here, at the same spot where the first Elijah ascended to his reward, the second Elijah, John the Baptist, came to carry on his predecessor's work of declaring the messages of Jehovah to men.

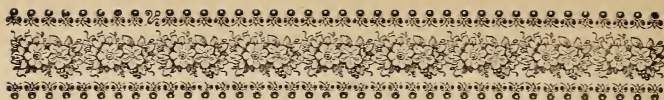
We immediately undressed and plunged into the sacred stream, in whose middle at this point was formally planted a large wooden cross. Nearly everywhere else, so far as we could see, the banks of clay were so high and steep that there was no approach to the water. But here the descent was ample and easy as it must needs be to accommodate the thousands of pilgrims who flock hither to their great annual bath at Easter-tide. Some of them defer baptism, so as to receive it in the Jordan, and the christening garment of white linen is afterward used as a winding sheet. We stood and dipped ourselves repeatedly in the muddy little river which is so revered in the universal Christian heart, and having a reputation

which belongs not even to the Tiber itself. The current is very strong and rapid and has often carried away and drowned unwary bathers. But the stream, except in places, is not deep, and near the spot where we bathed, we afterwards saw a stalwart young Bedouin wade across without wetting his garments and weapons which he carried on his shoulders. And, indeed, to recall the old legend, it was hereabouts that Christopher bore across the river the Holy Child.

Purified and refreshed by our delightful immersions, we sat down to rest under the shadows of the balsam trees and had our luncheon. Behind us silently flowed the tawny stream on whose opposite banks of mud and parti-colored clay, S. Mary of Egypt mortified the flesh in solitary penitence. Around us were dense thickets of small trees and bushes amid which the lion once lurked and which still gives shelter to the leopard and the boar. The entire neighborhood, more, perhaps, than any other region save those of Jerusalem and Galilee covered hardly an acre that was not sacred ground. When, again in the saddle, we had ridden back along the shady avenue by which we came, we struck directly across the plain and sighted the conspicuous tree which marks the place where Gilgal stood—the scene of the setting up of the twelve stones and the place where the first Passover was kept after the entrance into Canaan. Some Bible recollection was called forth at every glance of the eye. Yonder was the neighborhood where Eglon, King of Moab, met his death. There was the place where Samuel judged Israel and Saul was made a King. Somewhere near, David was met by the men of Judah and Elisha received the leprous Naaman; while, where now stand the black-cloth tents whose gypsy owners, as we passed, were diligently blowing their rude fires with bellows of

skin, Elisha once healed the poisoned pot. On this plain, too, did Herod die and Simon Maccabaeus meet his fate. Thus, the two hours of our hot ride flew by, but one surprise, of a somewhat extraordinary nature, remained as we approached the camp. And that was the sight of a stout Arab farmer who, on this fourteenth day of November, was busily engaged at work in his field with not a stitch of clothing upon his swarthy body, save a small *takiyeh*, or cotton cap on his head and a pair of clumsy *surmaiye*h on his feet. Somewhat similar apparitions we had often seen before, but, on the whole, this rather capped the climax. We all agreed that no one at home would be likely to believe the story, as we ourselves should hardly have done had it not been for the testimony of our united optics. New food for reflection was thus furnished concerning these rude, full-grown children among whom we were making our temporary home; and the conversation of our last night in camp was full of interest, as we sat and watched the rosy light of sunset flinging its wondrous hues over the purple hills and verdant plain.





IN THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.

Just before dawn of the following morning we were in our saddles. The moon still hung resplendent in the deep blue sky. The sunlight was just beginning to tinge with its golden glow the opposite ridge of Moab. It was an auspicious opening of the great day of our lives before whose close our feet should stand, for the first time, within the gates of Jerusalem. We rode quietly along in the cool fresh air watching the Bedouin camp-fires which still flamed afar from the hills on the other side of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We passed over the valley of Achor, Israel's "door of hope," and the memories of Achan, the trespasser rose to our minds along with those of the blind Bartimeus, who somewhere here felt the healing touch of our Lord's hand. Presently we began a toilsome and perilous ascent among the rough and jagged rocks which hedge the way from Jericho to Jerusalem. Onward and upward we staggered and slipped alternately, past ruined aqueducts and crumbling *Khans*—our horses' hoofs striking sparks from the flinty rock at every other step. "Hold Thou my steps and I shall be safe" petitions the Psalmist, and it is a prayer which sits wisely on the lips of every pilgrim over these hazardous roads. Ever and anon we paused and turned in our saddles to look at the broad plain behind us and the mirror-like surface of the Salt Sea. Notwithstanding its rough-

ness, this road has ever had a world-wide notoriety. By it many an Eastern conqueror has led his invading squadrons toward Jerusalem. Along its precipitous ledges the devout pilgrims of old, tuneful with their joyous psalms, flocked to the solemn feasts, as thousands upon thousands of modern pilgrims now press yearly to their favorite bathing places in Jordan's sacred stream. On this road many a luckless traveler has fallen among thieves and been stripped of all that he had, when no good Samaritan was nigh. Far below it, as you ascend from Jericho, lies the gorge at whose bottom runs the brook Cherith and behind an intervening rock, as we were told by Ibrahim, is the traditional cavern in which the ravens fed Elijah. These sable birds may still often be seen flying along the brown and rocky walls which shut in the chasm. In this secluded pass we reached the acme of the wild and picturesque in Palestine. It was a fit scene in which to locate a parable like that of our Lord concerning the good Samaritan. Dangerous and dreary as it is, no wise traveler ever now thinks of going over the road alone and unarmed, although both the danger of robbery and the payment of Bedouin blackmail which partially insures protection, would both be wiped out in two weeks by any other than the backboneless government at Jerusalem, less than twenty miles away. Things have never been any better, however, and in the Middle Ages it was the task of the Knights Templar to defend pilgrims through these lawless defiles. The uncommendable ardor which never rests until everything mentioned in Scripture, holy and unholy, animate and inanimate, has been found and identified, has turned the parable of the Good Samaritan into an actual circumstance. In the loneliest part of the way we were gravely pointed to the remains of an old *Khan* as the identical

ruin to which, eighteen hundred years since, the Samaritan kindly committed his smitten neighbor!

At length, after a hard and rather monotonous ride of an hour or two, the dragoman who rode in front sent a welcome cry running back along the line of riders behind, "the Mount of Olives!" and sure enough there, a mile or two in front, but hitherto hidden by intervening hills, rose the nearer side of Olivet. On the other side, concealed from view lay Gethsemane, the Kedron, Jerusalem! We spurred our tired horses and pressed on with fresh vigor, crushing ruthlessly the dusky centipedes which lay in the road; but we were by no means at the foot of the ascent just yet. It was already luncheon time before we reached the point where we must leave the valley and begin to climb. Here, within the shadow of another ruined *khan* beside the Apostles' spring, we threw our weary frames upon the ground for rest and refreshment. From a spur of the mountain overhead, came down upon our ears the otherwise than dulcet music of a crying urchin whose cadences were those inimitable and peculiar ones which attach to the Arab race. The spring beside us has its name from the not improbable tradition that the twelve were often in the habit of resting here, and is the same as that mentioned in the book of Joshua under the name of *En-shemesh*.

Luncheon over, we began the steep and weary climb, stumbling around the shoulder of the sacred hill, and sighting afar the position of old *Bahurim* where Shimei stoned the flying David and Phaltiel went weeping behind Michal his wife who was about to be restored to her kingly husband. We were now approaching Bethany, as we knew by the fact that here, within this chapel at one side of the road, was the exact spot whereon stood the fig-tree which was cursed, and there was the precise

point at which Martha met Jesus with the reproach "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." In a few moments more we were within the wretched little town with an entirely Moslem population and with no redeeming features save the groves of olive, pomegranate, almond and fig, by which it is surrounded. As for the palm, it has long since disappeared and Bethany is no longer the "house of dates." Of all the Scripture towns which live in memory for the sake of their sweet and sacred associations, Bethany has sunk the lowest. One cannot shake the dust, but he must wipe the filth from his feet, as he comes out of it. And yet how near the Christian's heart does it ever lie, for the sake of what is past. Here began Christ's great train of triumph on the first Palm Sunday. Here stood the house of Simon, the Leper, wherein the Magdalene poured upon His head the fragrant ointment from the box of alabaster. From one of those slopes behind the village, rather than on that other spot in full view of Jerusalem, our blessed Lord may have ascended into Heaven. But sweetest and most familiar is the story of that charming little household at whose hearthstone shone forth more perhaps, than anywhere else, the human nature of the Master. For this was where dwelt Martha and Mary and their beloved brother Lazarus.

We dismounted at a dark and narrow door opening into one of the dismal alleys and taking our feeble tapers in our hands, plunged down some steep and slippery steps of stone into what is shown as the sepulchre chamber of Lazarus. Above the entrance to the little square vault is placed the slab which once covered the rock-hewn tomb. I do not know how many feet down we went into the darkness to reach it, but certainly the soil of Bethany must have been disturbed as much as that of

Jerusalem itself, or else there were not many who saw the resurrection in that narrow hole. But the temperaments of pilgrims differ and to disagree is human. I thought I had seen no more unlikely "find" in all Palestine; but, nevertheless, the majority of our pilgrims scorned to doubt the identity of this subterranean grave. Yet I left it, the same cautious sceptic which I found myself, in spite of my own wishes, all through the Holy Land. The excess of positive information filled me with dismay.

From the tomb we rode a few steps farther through the village in order to examine the insignificant ruins of the house of Martha and Mary. In passing we saw a more conspicuous ruin on elevated ground, the reputed house of Simon, but probably a mere fragment of some mediæval castle, or convent. There is nothing but fraud and disappointment in Bethany itself. The reverent and introspective mind alone will find satisfaction in musing on its hallowed site. I liked it best, one sunny and peaceful afternoon, when, after a quiet walk over the Mount of Olives with two companions—one of whom was a devout Franciscan monk from the Latin convent at Jerusalem—I first caught sight of it lying on the slope below. Here distance concealed its defilements and lent dignity and beauty to the scene; and here I chose to see it for the last time, turning my back upon the village without a nearer approach. After Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, Bethany to the Christian heart is the dearest town in Palestine, and of the four it most needs to be looked upon with a tender charity.

But already we are passing the fine new convent on the top of Olivet. In another moment or two a great dream of life—the anticipation of years, will be realized.

We ride forward with beating hearts and eager eyes. A little way farther on between these low stone walls, a short turn aside into this enclosed area and halting before the parapet just in front of us, at precisely five minutes before high noon we first set our longing eyes upon Jerusalem !





FROM OLIVET TO THE JAFFA GATE.

THERE it lay, four-square, on its famous hills in the broad golden light of midday, exactly opposite to our own point of view! The plateau shelved towards us in such a manner as to show every gate and bastion and dome within and around the entire circumference. It was a city which, if you were to eliminate the village of Mount Sion and the Russian buildings beyond the Jaffa gate, would probably be the compactest city on the earth—shut completely within walls more perfect, if not so massive, than those of Rome. There, round about it, stood the hills as they have ever done, since, so long ago that his figure is almost too dim to see, Melchisedek issued from its precincts to meet Abram on his return from the slaughter of the kings. Far away down in front of us ran the declivity of Olivet until it ended in the tomb-paved valley of Jehoshaphat and the bed of the Kedron, just beneath the city walls. To the right lay Scopus, the Ashes valley, Gethsemane; to the left, Rephaim, Hinnom, Gihon, Siloam. One might look with composure upon Rome from the Janiculan, or upon Athens from Lycabettus, but to gaze upon Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives overwhelms us with a burden of associations which, in the regal richness of their number and their significance, confuse and crush.

We lifted our eyes again to the city itself. How small

it was! The enclosure of the mosque of Omar whose graceful dome filled the foreground of the picture, covered one fourth of the entire area within the walls. And yet it was none the less beautiful. Many a traveler has been disappointed and naturally so, because it happened that he first saw Jerusalem from some other quarter than the east. There is no other point like Olivet for discovering what is left of the "joy of the whole earth." Next to this comes the view from Scopus, but even that falls far behind. On Olivet it is all before you in a splendid panorama, and, if there be no subjective hindrances, the prospect is sure to please the eye, to enthrall the mind and to rivet the attention. There are pages of history spread before you which it is the delightful task of many hours to read. The road whereon you have wound over the mountain is that by which great Pompey led his Roman squadrons toward yonder city. It is the road over which came One greater than Pompey, amid shouts of "Hosanna" and the spreading of garments and palm-branches and at one point of which He, the Conqueror Who must die to win, wept over the city whose skirts were smeared with the blood of prophets and whose hand was already at her Saviour's throat. And that is she who is absent from hardly a single generation of history, from the day when she was a Jebusite stronghold to this on which you now stand gazing upon her dome-shaped roofs within the yellow walls. This was where, on the great rock beneath yonder dome, Abram came to slay his son. This was the home of prophets and kings, the city praised in the "sweet singer's" sweetest strains. This the city beside which was enacted the greatest tragedy of earth, the precursor of many others, inspired by mistaken zeal in behalf of the immaculate Victim. For not only did the soldiers of Titus, sword in one hand and torch in the

other, throng with ruthless feet the enclosure of Herod's temple, but over these same coveted and hotly contested acres before us, rode in seas of Saracenic blood, bold crusaders through the mosque of Omar. What a blending of associations, sacred and secular! What almost impossible variety in scenes which these hoary hills have witnessed. A father pointing in this retired spot the sacrificial knife at the bosom of his own son—a city falling so often beneath the clash of arms that no generation lives and dies ignorant of the sound of siege and battle—a palace and a temple and a throne whose glittering sheen flashes back the morning sunlight over the hills of Moab and perhaps reflects the evening rays far out upon the great sea while their fame draws from afar wondering kings and queens with their royal tributes—the most renowned of the world's teachers dying on a cross between two thieves amid darkness and earthquake and the flitting hither and thither of shrouded dead—a Roman soldier, stern and haughty, afterwards the occupant of the throne of the Cæsars, weeping over the city which Jewish stubbornness compelled him to destroy—while Mary of Beze-
thor ate her child within the beleagured walls—the magnificent fane of an alien faith seated over the very Holy of Holies of a city which Jehovah had chosen for his own—a long and sanguinary struggle between the cross and the crescent, symbols of the two greatest religious powers known to man—the issue, Jerusalem of to-day set truly in the midst of nations and religions—a home for all races—a place for all grades and hues of devotion—full alike of churches and synagogues and mosques—*El Khuds*—"the Holy," sacred alike to Jew and Christian and Mohammedan. Where else are pictures like these set in succession in a single frame? To stand and think quietly of these things within full view of the very spots

on which they have been exhibited and at a point which is probably less than a mile from the places both of the Crucifixion, and the Ascension of Christ is a pleasure which the intelligent pilgrim gets near enough to covet and partly appreciate, but which he hardly hopes to taste. He can think as he stands afterwards in imagination where he has already stood in reality. But for my own part I shall not pretend to reflections which came not even in my second and third visit to this spot. There is little power of composure among the capacities of the average man when surrounded by a grimy and sore-eyed horde of Arabs of both sexes and of every age, all lifting up their voices with one accord in a frantic and distracting clamour for *backsheesh*.

A little way behind us on the highest point of the triple mount stood the mosque and minaret of *Zeitoun*, covering the place of the Ascension. It is in full view of the city itself and in no sense "as far as" Bethany, which is a mile or more beyond. But a monkish writer tells us that "Jesus did not say 'as far as,' but only 'towards' Bethania," which settles the question and certifies the place. Therefore we retraced our steps and entering a little rotunda whose walls were scratched over with the names of a multitude of "small nobodies" from all parts of America and Europe, we found two honored mementoes of the tremendous event. One was a foot-print of Jesus in the rock, the last earthly touch of His sacred foot. The other was the impression left by the end of His staff. It may possibly shock the reverence of the reader to see things absurd as these even mentioned in a book upon the Holy Land. But I must speak of Jerusalem as it is; of the wonders, childish though they be, which every pilgrim sees there as a matter of course, of things which, let it not be forgotten, are kissed and prayed over and

bedewed with tears as genuine relics by thousands upon thousands of pilgrims who passionately cling with faith to traditions over which others are facetious. They believe in these impressions and they believe that the other footprint which is missing is the one now retained in the mosque of El Aksa where we afterwards saw it, having been surreptitiously transferred thither by the Moslems. This "church of the Ascension" is one of the two or three "Holy Places" in Palestine which is under Mohammedan care. For Islam is not without a shred or two of Christian faith. It believes in the prophetic office, but not the Divinity of Christ. It denies the story of the Crucifixion, but credits that of the Ascension. It gives Mahomet—apart from *Allah*—the first, and Jesus, the second part in the Judgment of the world.

Our next point was the convent of the Paternoster a little way off on the mountain slope. It is a beautiful building with a handsome chapel, and a cloistered court along whose walls you may read in letters emblazoned on beautifully colored tiles, the Lord's Prayer in thirty two languages. On this spot the great model prayer was given by our Lord to His disciples. At least such is the opinion of the noble lady of France by whose munificence this splendid establishment was founded and whose sepulchre now waits to receive her remains within its walls. A grave upon the Mount of Olives, with such an institution for a monument, is a title to remembrance to which not many even among the wealthy can look forward.

A little distance farther down the hill we found as a matter of course, that not uninteresting chapel, once a cistern apparently, in whose grotto-like depths the twelve Apostles composed the Creed. This I mentally catalogued in a trio of curiosities, the other two of which were the pair of old olive trees on their fictitious platform of stone where

Gabriel foretold the Virgin of her death, and the large white rock by the wayside near which in the act of her "ascension, body and soul into Heaven," she let fall her girdle to S. Thomas, this relic being now venerated at Prato, in Tuscany.

We reached the foot of the Mount of Olives close to the garden of Gethsemane but at an hour when admission within the enclosure could not be had. So our little cavalcade filed past the grotto of the Agony and the church which covers the Virgin's former tomb and turning the corner of the garden, rode a few paces along the "Hosanna road." We then descended into the valley of Jehoshaphat and presently crossed the stone bridge from which, it is said, Jesus was once thrown by his enemies into the Kedron. Above our heads on the right rose the wall of Moriah, now running downward into the rubbish at a depth of an hundred and fifty feet. High up at the top was the pinnacle of the temple from whose dizzy height the tempter bade his unconquerable Victim cast Himself down. On the left ran the course of the torrent, now quite dry, and beside it stood the so-called tomb of Absalom. The base of the latter, like that of the tomb of Yezeet at Damascus, is buried in opprobrious stones, hurled from time immemorial by Jews and Moslems as they passed, in contempt of him who was a rebel against his father. Next to it is the equally authentic tomb of Zacharias, a huge square monolith, battered and old and lettered in defaced Hebrew, hewn in the rock, with a passage broad enough to admit of going completely around it. It is evidently solid and if there be any opening, it is underground and undiscovered. There is one more close by, the tomb of S. James, a specimen which, in this land of rock-caverns and dwellings and tombs, is worthy of examination for its own sake. It is a huge cave with a front

of several Doric columns hewn in the rocky wall. On a subsequent visit, I effected an entrance by a narrow side passage and found it black within from the fires of many a generation of shepherds who had driven their herds of sheep and goats into its extensive ramifications for shelter. Here, it is said, S. James the Less sought refuge immediately after the crucifixion and vowed that he would neither eat nor drink until Christ should rise.

Beyond this, with its swallow-like houses clinging to the face of the rocks, we espied the curious Arab village of *Silwan*, or Siloam. I rode one day into one end of its long narrow lane which serves as a street, and tried to come out at the other, but after penetrating some distance between low and dirty hovels, splashing through mud puddles and urging my donkey up and down low flights of slippery stone steps, I had to give it up as a bad job and turn back. Before getting out again, however, I was obliged to break loose from several stalwart young Arabs who, laying hands on my bridle, were determined to extort *backsheesh*. The inhabitants of Siloam bear no good character. They are all Moslems and live in houses many of which are nothing but rock caves and sepulchres with the addition, on this side or that, of a fragment or two of rude stone wall. From this unwholesome village the Arab women descend the cliff and cross the valley of the Kedron to bring water from a brook memorable in Scripture,

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

still gushing as of old from far under the temple rock, but with abated power of "making glad" the fallen city. This subterranean stream of water connects with each other the pool of Siloam and the Fountain of the Virgin, both of which it supplies, on opposite sides of the rock. Proceed-

ing southward as we were, we reached first the fountain where Mary, the mother of the Lord is said to have washed aforetime the Saviour's linen. We went down a pair of dark and slimy steps up which the Moslem women slowly toiled, panting and puffing beneath their huge black pig-skins of water, and at the bottom found a small, deep pool into which the water came from its channel winding far into the bowels of the earth. A lithe and limber Arab will enter this channel here, and, crawling on his hands and knees along the dark and shallow water course for seventeen hundred feet, will reissue into daylight close beside the ancient pool of Siloam. Toward this we now rode around the corner of the hill, crossing as we went, the "softly-going" waters on their way to irrigate and fertilize the vegetable gardens in the valley below. Here, where fruits and flowers still bloom in their beauty throughout the year, once lay the gardens of Solomon.

We found the ancient pool of Siloam to be like nearly everything else in this land of Scripture, a neglected ruin. It is in the shape of a deep oblong cistern, over whose stone walls once stood a church long since destroyed. A short broken column, standing in the low water of the pool, is now the sole remnant of this edifice. There was no easy method of descent into the pool itself, but, mindful of the associations of the place, I felt a desire at least to bathe my eyes in the water to which by the command of Christ the blind man came to wash his own. For this purpose, I descended another steep stair-case at the adjacent opening to which I have already alluded, but finding a couple of Arabs harboring lazily in the shade of the narrow precincts, I was glad to abridge my stay by the waterside and hasten back into the open air.

We remounted our horses and turned back again into our pathway down the valley, so pregnant with interest.

We bestowed but a passing glance on the old mulberry tree, its aged branches propped up by a pillar of loose stones, under which as we rode, Ibrahim informed us that Isaiah was sawn asunder by the order of Manasseh. A little way off to the left we could see the well of En-Rogel, a favorite rendezvous of lepers and in whose dark depths the sacred fire of the temple was hidden during the Babylonish captivity. Here the valley of Siloah and the Kedron join the vale of Hinnom into which we now turned. Casting our eyes up toward the opposite side, we saw a broad grassy ledge occupied by two or three Arab huts in front of which a dog, or two, were yelping. This was the traditional Potter's Field—Aceldama, the plot of ground purchased by the priests with the blood-money of Christ. Our path now wound through the dark and gloomy defile of Hinnom, a vale as sombre and oppressive as its memories. Here it was that the fire long ago burned within the hollow brazen figure of Moloch—and, while drums drowned their dying cries, the infant sons and daughters of Israel were thrown pitilessly into his red-hot arms. It is strange how barbarous the chosen people were by instinct, and how meagre were their attainments in practical religion. The Old Testament history, the more one searches it, exhibits an extravagant contrast between the goodness of God and the depravity of man. But even unlovely Israel had a righteous king or two, even as he had many a faithful prophet; and bye and bye, the good Josiah put a stop to this practice of sacrificing helpless babes to Moloch. And when, later on, the walls of Jerusalem were compassed round about by the portentous hosts of Rome a prophecy of long standing was fulfilled and the murderous nation here expiated alike its crimes against its feeble offspring and its crucified Messiah. During that bloody siege, thousands upon

thousands of corpses filled its depths, turning it into one vast burial-trench into which no survivor could, or cared to, throw a handful of earth. The smoke of the burning offal which once gave this ravine the symbolic name of Gehenna, or place of torment, seemed again to rise into our nostrils as we rode along. And it was with a feeling of relief that we at last saw at the end of the ascent before us, the outlines of the tower of David and the Jaffa gate. But another incident, which was luckily not an accident, was yet in store for us ere we could reach the end of our long journey in the saddle. Dr. McKenzie was almost the only one of the party who had not yet had a fall. As we were pacing slowly upward over the beginning of the new road to Hebron, an Arab urchin who was at work upon the embankment came driving his rattling wheelbarrow right through the rear of our cavalcade. Several horses shied and the Doctor was unhorsed, but fortunately struck the ground squarely on his feet. The young rascal who had been the cause of the mischief immediately took to his heels followed by maledictions which certainly stood a better chance of overtaking him than anything else we could send in pursuit.

And now our weary ride was at last over. Tent and saddle could now be thrown aside and we did not regret to part company with them. It had been twenty-one days since we left Beyrout and that was quite enough for one stretch. Those whose feelings overcame them, patted their steeds upon the neck for the last time, while those of us who had lost forever our ideal image of the Arab charger, dismounted unceremoniously and walked into Feil's Hotel.



RANDOM STROLLS IN THE HOLY CITY.

THE most memorable night of our entire journey through the East was that on which we lay down to sleep, for the first time, under the walls of Jerusalem. The very air around our hotel whispered many a fact and legend. Often had we read the story of the Fuller's Field, and the defiance which Rabshakeh hurled at the garrison of this city of Jehovah; but never had we thought to spend the night in a modern hotel erected within a stone's throw of this very spot. From the windows of the *salon* we could look across the Jaffa road upon the upper pool of Gihon and the ground where Isaiah once announced the birth of Emmanuel, a Virgin's Child. It was but a step to where the youthful Solomon was once anointed King. All around us was the former camping ground of Assyrian, Roman and Crusader, and we could lie down with the memories alike of Titus and of Tancred in our minds. Just opposite us, as we looked from our Southern windows, once rose the famous tower of Psephinos, and somewhere in the neighborhood was the tomb of Herod who died at Cæsarea, hearing the fawning plaudits of the multitude: "It is the voice of a god, not of a man!" It was but three minutes' walk in one direction to the Jaffa gate, just inside of which was the tower of David and outside, the head of the valley of Hinnom and an equal distance in another to what was probably the place of the

true Calvary. On the north and west we could look over a wide extent of hill-country every foot of which was enriched by its own precious memories; while to the south and east lay the brown-walled city, with its flat roofs, domes and minarets overtopping the line of its battlements and teeming with its world of associations, Scriptural and historical. Had we not been so thoroughly fatigued by the hard climb of the day just gone, we could not easily have fallen asleep. As it was, our brains were stirred by excitement and our hearts in a flutter of expectation. We knew that we were at Jerusalem, the great focal point of our Palestine pilgrimage, but it was very hard to realize the fact. There is something strangely impossible in these fulfilments of life long dreams. It is all in vain that you attempt to repeople these historic places with the characters who once dwelt here and made their history. The reality somehow fails for the purpose of a background to the story. It is easier to fill in your imaginary scenes at home than to conjure up the necessary adjuncts to the realities among which you actually are. There are doubtless reasons for this, but I shall not attempt to assign them, lest I err in discrimination. But such was the fact, at least in my own experience.

Still we were in Jerusalem and we must use our time with energy, even if the keener pleasures must be relegated to the sphere of future recollections at home. But I shall not in these pages attempt to systematize my own daily labor. For the first few days after our arrival we had indeed, our special daily programmes under the guidance of our well-posted dragoman, Ibrahim. But at the end of that time our party disbanded and we were left, each to his own plans and resources. Some returned almost immediately to Jaffa. Others, of whom I was one,

lingered several weeks longer in the Holy City. During this time my strolls through its streets were taken at random, as fancy or convenience dictated. Sacred places were visited again and again. The narrow highways as well as the hills round about became perfectly familiar. The home feeling grew upon me and I felt keenly the luxury of having got rid at last of that weariest of all work, systematic sight-seeing. There was a feeling of leisure, and with it a better chance of meditation and instruction. Let me generalize, then, as well as I can, the results of my observations in this and the ensuing chapters.

The first verse of the seventy-ninth psalm gives us a literal picture of modern Jerusalem. The heathen have come into the inheritance; the temple have they defiled; the fallen city has been laid and still lies on heaps. Probably no reflecting pilgrim, even he who had seen it first with favorable impressions from the brow of Olivet, ever stepped within the gates of Jerusalem without an instant and bitter sense of disappointment. It is not simply that its streets are among the narrowest, dirtiest and darkest in the world; that its shops are small and mean; its houses, habitations whose depths see little of the light of day, but are reeking with pestilential odors; that nine per cent. of its meagre population of less than twenty thousand are Arabs and Jews whose personal atmosphere is strongly suggestive of that of their brute companions under the same roofs; but even this Jerusalem, metamorphosed and degraded as it is, is not the city of our Lord and His Apostles. The ground trodden by the Saviour's feet lies from twenty to forty feet below the present surface. A little distance from the Jew's wailing place there is the remnant of that massive archway which once spanned the Tyropaeon—connecting Sion with Moriah, the

house of Solomon with the temple of the Lord. This huge bridge once "amazed" the Queen of Sheba and over it Athaliah rushed with "treason"! on her wicked lips. Standing midway upon it, some centuries ago, the observer might have watched the shadows of our Lord and His Apostles falling upon the pavement of the street below. Now the arch has no apparent apology for having existed at all. There is nothing left for it to span. The valley is filled up and the street lies buried far below. We stand over the *débris* of a score of centuries. The former valleys have been filled up with the wreck and ruin of no less than twenty-seven sieges, and seventeen captures, and the well-known hills of Zion, Moriah, Acra and Bezetha have become partially obliterated. We tread over the remnants of seven separate cities, buried in heaps one above another, the eighth on whose slippery stones we stand being the humiliated city of to-day. The towns of the Jebusites, of Solomon, of Nehemiah, of Herod, of Rome, of Omar, of the Crusaders, all lie beneath our feet and far out of sight. We are on the same plateau on which Jerusalem has always stood; that is certain—proved by the very nature of the ground. There is no direction in which the city could have ever spread except toward the north—without reaching down into Jehoshaphat on one side, or Hinnom on the other. We are on the undisputed site of the city of the Bible, but we walk over, not in its sacred streets.

The modern city is completely surrounded by a wall the outside of which I have myself encompassed in a walk of less than a single hour. The circumference is consequently not more than three miles. Over four-fifths of the area thus enclosed spreads the present population, while one-fifth is rough and vacant ground given over to rubbish and dung heaps, or the rank growth of the prick-

ly pear. It takes but a short time to walk through every one of the streets under the guidance of a competent pilot, but one may spend weeks in the effort to master for himself their devious windings. Through them however, I often plunged at random, taking thankfully whatever experiences happened to fall in my way and always able to extricate myself at will by going as straight ahead as possible until I sighted some portion of the inside wall which at once gave me my bearings. To detail all the adventures of these separate excursions would be to consume and that unprofitably too much time and space. Many however were the wonderful things which daily came into view. Exhaustless the fund of legends and traditions fully satisfying the faith which lacked not capacity to take them in. It was a perfect nest of sacred sites, unimpeachable in every respect save their genuineness. Some of these I shall merely mention leaving them to be surrounded with their respective halos by such of my readers as may have a facility of belief less stinted than my own.

Some traveler has facetiously told us that he once asked his dragoman "whether he thought that all the blood of the prophets that had been slain since the blood of righteous Abel was preserved in Jerusalem until this day?" The dragoman answered that "he did not know, but he would go and see." The resources are really unfailing. Between the Arabs and Jews and Christian Monks, it is your own fault if you go away unsatisfied. If you do not see what you want—ask for it; and it is seldom that it is not produced. For myself I had nothing left to seek. At one time an intelligent Jew was my instructor and my guide; at another, an Arab of the native Greek Church; at still another an Arab of the Moslem faith while on several rambles my companion was a genial Franciscan be-

longing to the Latin convent at Jerusalem. Thus, the aggregate of information gleaned was as complete as it was overwhelming.

Among those curiosities which I shall not hereafter mention in connection with their special sites we were shown the famous *Via Dolorosa*, or the road along which Christ proceeded from Gethsemane to Calvary. It is the original scene of those stations of the cross which are yearly performed in front of the pictured walls and pillars of Roman churches. The true *Via Dolorosa* lies, of course, far below the present street notwithstanding the fact that the house of Veronica, the pillar with the imprint of the Saviour's hand, and other relics have miraculously risen with the *débris* and always kept in sight at the top. And yet I must confess that I never walked over these stones—fictitiously hallowed as they are, without respect and even reverence in my heart. We do not always cease to be influenced by a myth, even when we have been certified that it is nothing else, and the belief of others is momentarily contagious.

Every Friday afternoon the Franciscan monks, under the protection of the Turkish guard, begin at the first station and with prayers and chants visit all the sacred places upon the way, ending with the last five which are within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. One Friday I followed the procession from the beginning to the end of its course, feeling that if one could but know for certain that in the city of Jerusalem, by the same streets, following the same track, stopping where Christ stopped, he was indeed treading the way of the cross, with what happiness and heedlessness of danger might one kneel, as did these monks and little band of lay-people, upon the hard, rough stones of the public street. The little procession was led by a venerable monk with long white

beard and clad in the dress of his order. At each station all kneeled down wherever convenient, upon the pavement; responsive prayers were said for several minutes during which no one was permitted to intrude by passing and then, after having bent low and kissed the stones upon which they kneeled, all rose and advanced to the next station. The sight to me was so novel and so intensely interesting in such a place, that I venture to give these stations in their order.

I. The first is at the lower end of the *Via Dolorosa* within the Turkish barracks, which stand upon the site of Pilate's judgment-hall and which are opened but once a week for the purposes of this service, by permission of the government. Here was once the tower of Antonia where the robes of the high-priest were always preserved, and where Pilate declared our Lord innocent and delivered Him up to be crucified.

II. The second station is just outside this building at the place where the "holy stairs," or *Scala Santa*, now at Rome, ascended to the Prætorium. It was here, according to tradition, that Jesus saw and took upon His shoulders the instrument of His death.

III. The third station is at the corner of the next street which crosses from the Damascus gate. Here, lies on the ground against the wall, the broken pillar which marks the spot where our Saviour fell for the first time beneath His cross.

IV. At the entrance of a lane in this cross street, a little way to the left, is the fourth station and the place where Jesus is said to have met His afflicted mother.

V. We find the fifth station immediately on turning an adjacent corner to the right, at which place Simon of Cyrene is said to have assisted in bearing the cross. There, in the stone wall, is a deep indentation consider-

ed to have been made by the pressure of Jesus' hand in the effort to support himself. This spot is kissed by the pilgrims and spit upon by the Jews, whenever either of them chance to pass that way.

VI. The sixth station is before the house of S. Veronica who, as she wiped with her napkin the sacred face, received its impression upon the cloth. This napkin is now one of the well-known relics of S. Peter's at Rome.

VII. The seventh station is at the side of the "gate of Judgment," where, perforating the ceiling of a shop, is the pillar, to which it is affirmed our Lord's sentence was attached. It was through this gate, in the opinion of some, that all condemned criminals went to the scaffold. Here Christ fell the second time.

VIII and IX. At the eighth station, a little further on, Christ bade the women of Jerusalem weep not for Him but for their own sins; and at the ninth, which we reach by a circuitous route around some modern buildings, we find a standing column built into the wall where Jesus fell for the third time under the cross.

X. And then we enter, through the square, the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself and ascend a flight of stairs to the traditional Calvary. At the top is a cross in the pavement marking the tenth station where Jesus was stripped of his vestments.

XI. A little in front of this, near the altar of the Crucifixion, is a square mosaic in the floor marking the place of the eleventh station where Christ was nailed to the cross.

XII. To the left of this, under the high altar, are the perforated silver plate and marble slab which cover the hole in the rock beneath where the cross is said to have stood. Before this is the twelfth station where Jesus expired.

XIII. The thirteenth station is performed in front of the altar of the *Stabat Mater*, placed between the two last mentioned. Here Jesus was taken from the cross and placed in the arms of His blessed mother.

XIV. The fourteenth and last station is under the great dome of the church, before the tomb in which our Saviour was buried and from which he rose on the first Easter morning.

The entire journey consumed about one hour, including the last service in front of the holy Sepulchre, which is the most striking and impressive of them all.

Then there were those minor objects of interest among which it must be like a Paradise for the credulous to walk, and the least of which, were it but authentic, might arrogate to itself the reverential tribute of a far more skillful pen than mine. Such were the houses of "Dives and Lazarus" in the Tyropæan Vale, with the humble stone seat on which the poor beggar sat, the lean hungry dogs of the city licking his sores, while he entreated bread; the site of the house of Simon, the Pharisee, where occurred one of the most touching scenes in the life of Christ, when Mary Magdalene anointed the sacred feet and wiped them with the hair of her head; the site of the house of S. Anne, where was born, according to Latin tradition, the "immaculate mother of God;" the edifice from whose staircase S. Paul addressed the Jewish mob and near which they would have scourged him had he not declared himself a Roman, and finally escaped by the warning words of his nephew; the church which occupies the spot whereon once stood the house of the High priest, Annas, where our Lord received the soldier's blow; the olive trees to whose parent stems our Lord was tied while awaiting the decree of execution; the spot on which James the Greater was by Herod slain; the place where the

Ethiopic tradition declares that Abram came to slay his son and the olive-tree wherein the ram was caught by his horns, the painting of the same in the Syrian convent being one of the most ludicrous things I have ever seen and making one wonder how the creature ever got away up there some ten or twelve feet from the ground; the house of Caiaphas in the suburb of Mount Zion, where is the stone on which stood the crowing cock at Peter's denial of his Master; the little apartment in which Christ spent His last sad earthly night and a part of the stone rolled away by the angels from the mouth of the sepulchre; the place where the Virgin and S. John lived together and where the former died; the ground once consecrated by the house of that Mary, to whose dwelling came S. Peter, miraculously liberated from his chains, and whose door the timid Rhoda feared to open. Let us not enlarge the list. These are specimens enough of things which it is surely something to have seen, as any one may do, who will take the trouble to journey to Jerusalem. Of course we saw besides the "speaking stone" already made famous enough in one of the chapters of the "New Pilgrim's Progress."

But let no one suppose that there are not other things in the highways and byways whose genuineness is several degrees higher. I know of no good reason to doubt the alleged site of the fortress of Antonia, or the tower of David, or the pool of Hezekiah, or of Herod's palace now partly occupied by the pretty English Church. These things have been pretty well settled, as has also the tomb of David in the village of Mount Zion. I went over to this latter place several times during my stay in Jerusalem, not only because it was the most probable tomb of "the sweet singer of Israel," but because of the sacredness of the ground around it. Standing on the brow of

Zion you look down into the Valley of Hinnom, meeting half way the little English cemetery where, beneath the olive's shade, lie among other strangers in a strange land, the good bishops, Gobat and Barclay. At your feet are the numerous sepulchres of various Eastern sects now almost covering the ground whereon Raymond of Toulouse planted his engines against the Holy City. Upon the cliffs behind you once rose the proud palaces of Zion in days when the mountain sides were far more abrupt than they are now, the palaces in whose defence the Jews fell in slaughtered heaps, preferring to die rather than yield to Roman arms. Above all this was, for ages, the permanent resting place of the Ark of God. As you turn to enter the village enclosure you stoop in your passage through the stone gateway, now hung with chains in such a manner as to prevent the violent entrance of a horseman. A short distance inside a turn to the left brings you to the door of a sort of mosque within which, but at some distance below the floor, is the reputed sepulchre of the great king. The reader will perhaps recall to mind in this connection the stories of its miraculous rescue from the spoiler's hands, notably those of Hyrcanus and Herod. It is said that Miss Barclay, in successful though hazardous disguise, is the only Christian who has been permitted to see it and there has been some doubt, I believe, even as to the perfection of her own achievement. The high, ugly structure covered with dusty and gaudy colored cloths, upon which alone the jealous Mohammedan at present permits the modern traveler to peer through an iron grating, is of course only "a blind." There is no reason for doubting, however, that the real tomb is below; though much will remain shrouded in mystery until Moslem fanaticism allows an intelligent investigation in the clear light of day.

The ante-room through which one passes on his way to look at the false tomb is called the Cenacle, or room in which Christ ate the Last Supper with His disciples. It is not large and is built in a style of architecture, with pillars and vaulted roof, which positively forbids its belonging to the time of Christ—even were the story true of its single miraculous preservation amid the ruin and desolation of the neighboring city. Multitudes, however, believe in its genuineness and testify to their faith by thronging hither in great crowds on every Maundy Thursday to see the Latin Monks in imitation of our Lord, wash the feet of numerous pilgrims. Brother Lievin de Hamme whose “Guide to the Holy Places”—gives me, albeit with too much confidence, a great deal of information for which I search in vain the pages of Baedeker and Murray, says that this divine apartment is sacred for divers other reasons than the one above mentioned. For not only was it here that Christ appeared twice after His death, but here Matthias was elected to the place and privileges of Judas, and Stephen, with the other six, appointed deacons. Here was where the Holy Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost, where S. James was made Bishop of Jerusalem, and where also was instituted the rite of Holy Confirmation. Such marvelous precision is a great comfort in a region over which the clouds of uncertainty have hitherto been supposed to hang thick and dark.





THE LYRIC OF A NATION'S WOE.

ON the next day after our arrival in Jerusalem which was Friday, we went to the "wailing-place" to see that famous and touching spectacle to which no Palestine pilgrim forgets to allude. The afternoon was fine and the weepers were out in scores. Fully one hundred were there—some of them dilapidated looking Rabbis sad and grave, in gabardines and with a long cork-screw curl hanging down before each ear; others, haggard old women whose eyes filled with tears as they stood with their backs towards us and their lips pressed against the few cold stones which yet remain—huge blocks in the old temple wall. Here, beneath the protection of the Moslem sword, they come to chant their weekly "lyric of a nation's woe." Before this broken foundation they murmur over and over again the most affecting passages of their books of Psalms and Prayers—the meanwhile swaying their heads and bodies to and fro as they read:

Rabbin. We beseech thee to have pity on Zion.

People. Reassemble the children of Jerusalem.

Rabbin. Hasten, hasten, O Saviour of Zion!

People. Speak in favour of Jerusalem.

Rabbin. That beauty and majesty may surround Zion.

People. Turn with clemency toward Jerusalem.

Rabbin. That the royal power may soon be reestablished in Zion.

People. Comfort those who weep over Jerusalem.

Rabbin. That peace and happiness may enter Sion.

People. And the rod of Thy power be raised over Jerusalem.

The mourners are a sorry set of men and women, attired in such a manner as to excite the risibles of a frivolous mind, but there is a pathetic element which forbids the breach of a compassionate courtesy, either in thought or act. By the sufferance of hated foes they are allowed to come over continents and seas and bemoan thus publicly their alien condition even within the walls of their own capital, and beneath the shadow of their ruined temple. They are strangers and outcasts in the home of their fore-fathers. The star and crescent floats over the city of David and Solomon, to whose mountain breezes the flag of Judah is no more unfurled. There is no present lot, nor inheritance for the Hebrew in his ancient possessions, save perchance a few feet of earth for a grave. And yet our pity must be qualified. This craving after a second localization of worship at Jerusalem can be met with little sympathy from a Christian heart. It was indeed affecting to see their pale and haggard cheeks laid so affectionately against the battered blocks upon whose ledges burned here and there the tributary tapers and along whose faces flitted to and fro the little birds among the herbage which sprouted as the hyssop out of the wall. And yet is not their distress but the fulfilment of the prophet's words? Did not this people cry "His blood be on us, and on our children?" And where are there to be found more stubborn unbelievers in the mission of Messiah than those who now wail and lament over these broken stones?

We will not however, take it upon ourselves to censure this singular race which, decayed and blighted as

it is, has nevertheless sometimes shamed its persecutors by heroic examples of patience, courage and endurance. We cannot forget that the Hebrew galaxy is lustrous with many a bright and shining name. We have heard of a Rothschild, a Mendelssohn, a D'Israeli, a Neander, a Rachel, and the nation which gave them, and others like them, birth and breeding, demands respect. It is a nation with a splendid pedigree—a nation whose ancestors, as one of their posterity has said, were princes in the temple while the forefathers of the lordly Gentiles were digging roots in the forest. It is a versatile and shrewd and ubiquitous people, so much so that their natural advantages have tantalized some one with the brilliant thought of what splendid missionaries they would make if they were all converted—acquainted as they are in some portions of their scattered families with all the climates and tongues and customs of the world! But still the typical Jew of Jerusalem, of Tiberias, of Hebron, is a disappointment. There is nothing noble in his wizened face. There is nothing venerable in his shabby attire. There is much that is Pharisaical and sordid and uncleanly in his entire appearance. The Jewish quarter of Jerusalem has several synagogues, three of which I took the opportunity of visiting on the evening of the Hebrew Sabbath when the service was proceeding. They belonged respectively to the Spaniards, Germans and Poles. The hand of the synagogue clock was moving toward the hour of twelve which it would reach about sunset, and the oil lamps and candles were already beginning to flare over the high seats and desks, although it was yet broad daylight. In one of these places we saw the harp hung upon the willows in all the hideousness of a rude wall fresco, while other symbols of grief and depression were daubingly portrayed upon the panels.

But there was nothing elevating in the places or their congregations. There were in those old fur-trimmed gabardines and beneath those faded velvet caps, neither forms nor features such as one would like to imagine moving through the pages of the Old Testament history. We could see little of the Joseph, or the Samuel in the meagre physiognomies of the juvenile imitators of their elders, who alternately leered at us from between their dandyish curls and recited their Hebrew, swaying their bodies all the time with a diligence which was painful to behold. To be sure there were degrees of squalidness. The Spaniards were a little more dignified in person and attire; the Poles, a trifle less clean than their German brethren. But on the whole they are the sort of people who, like their Arab neighbors, leave the decaying carcass of a dog or donkey lying for days before their doors rather than undergo the exertion of moving it. But it must not be supposed that they are all the set of unthrifty idlers they have been supposed to be, living on the alms sent them from abroad. There are worthy exceptions to be found, as witness the results of works among them like that of Sir Moses Montefiore, or the English Church Mission to the Jews of Palestine.

One of the visits which I remember with peculiar pleasure was that to the Franciscan monastery of which our good Father Paulinus was an inmate. It gave me a new insight into cloister life and proved that one monastic institution at least was exempt from the current imputations of idleness and inefficiency to "the religious." Here the brethren were at work like bees. We went first into the printing office where various manuals, used in mission work, are printed, bound, and exposed for sale. One of several which I brought away with me was a book of Latin devotions, translated into English by the

Marquis of Bute. Hence we went into the mill where two strong, hooded mules were engaged in turning the heavy millstones under the superintendence of a monk whose brown robe and rosary bore testimony to his occupation in the snowy molecules with which they were plentifully besprinkled. In the cabinet shop we found more of these long frocked artisans, this time covered with dust and shavings, and here the foreman, an active but venerable monk, showed me a cross of sacred woods which was being prepared for an altar in S. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City. In the bakery and in the smithy we found other members of the order as busy as the rest, the workmen of the latter being engaged in forging altar railings and screens for the new church which the convent is now erecting. Those who know the familiar engraving of "The Sculptor Monk" will best appreciate these curious scenes, but after all a monk engaged with the hammer and the chisel, has not reached the same degree of self-abasement as his brother who with floury face, stands over the baker's oven, or wipes the soot and the perspiration together from his brow as he pauses for a moment between the forge and the anvil. A closer and more practical blending of the active and contemplative, I never expect to see.

It is my desire to bestow the attention of a special chapter to each of the pre-eminent features of Jerusalem, the church of the Holy Sepulchre and Mount Moriah and so I have endeavored to dispose of less important matters in this. But it is impossible even to allude to all the odds and ends of adventure with which our random strolls enriched us. Now we were running into the Austrian hospice to inspect the internal arrangements of that noble caravauserai, where the Austrian emperor had lately lodged and left a superb token of his visit in the fine chap-

el altar of Salzburg marble. Here, too, we saw the signature of his imperial majesty, as well as those of Czerinin, Lobkowitz and the Latin Patriarch of the Holy City. Now we stepped within some Syrian, or Armenian, or Coptic church, finding every where something to arrest our attention and somebody to take our *backsheesh*. Here was some curious old painting without either perspective, or common sense, exciting mirth and routing reverence. There, behind a grating but near enough to be touched by pilgrim lips, were some old relics: in one case, three large, unhewn stones, one from Sinai, another from Tabor, another from the Jordan's bed. When the eye was unattracted, the ear was busy listening to the dull droning of some monkish circle of an Eastern church, two of whom would hold an enormous book with gem-studded covers while the rest hovered around with tapers in their hands; and at the temple door we would pause to ring changes with our finger-tips upon the horizontal metal bars which, when struck with heavier blows, served the useful purpose of church bells. Often did we stop to watch those who, more devout than we, kneeled and passed their prayer-books and flower cards over altar stones, hallowed by association with some saint and when they had done, both we and they shared in the sprinkling with rose water and the benediction of some grave and white haired father of the Church. Now we were following the Saviour's footsteps, as He went from Gethsemane to Annas' house and again, leaping upon the battlements to gaze down into the bed of the Kedron. We walked among the huge square columns and deep cisterns which now speak mutely of their builders—those brave Hospitallers, the open hearted brothers of S. John; and inspected that huge tank of green and fetid water known as the pool of Hezekiah upon which you may look down, as we did, from the

window of Nino's coffee-house, on the side balcony of the Mediterranean Hotel. We slighted not the so-called house of Helena, the hardly more certain pool of Bethesda, and the massive remnant of Jannaeus' funeral pile. But oftenest did we pass in and out of the Jaffa gate, lingering now to observe those old grey foundation stones in David's tower upon which, if upon anything in modern Jerusalem, our Lord's eyes must have rested and which recalls at once the shame and glory of him whose home it was, first seeing and longing for Bath-sheba from its top, and afterwards there breathing his deep repentance in one of his finest psalms; and pausing again to watch the varied scenes of life and activity which the neighborhood of this celebrated gate ever affords. Scores of times did we pass in and out of the huge grim portal and alway did we find the people collected there for trade and gossip, just as they assembled for the same purpose centuries ago, when Old Testament worthies made their covenants "before the face of all who went in at the gate of the city."

The neighborhood of this gate and the little square just inside and in front of the Mediterranean Hotel together present a complete epitome of the native life and characters of Jerusalem. Here are to be seen all types of Oriental life, at some hour in the course of the day. Here you may transact all kinds of business from buying an orange to hiring a cart or a camel. Here you will see passing, or stationary, all orders of men from the intelligent looking little *pasha* himself on his large white donkey, to the blear-eyed cripple who squats against the city wall and darts out upon you with his crutches or kneeboards, yelling piteously "*backsheesh! backsheesh! chowageh, backsheesh!*" At intervals along the road between the gate and the Hotel Feil sit leprous men and women

with covered faces and coarse blue gowns ; their features blotched and swollen, covered with knots and ulcers, with fingerless hands and toeless feet and just enough power of articulation left to whisper hoarsely "*chowageh, backsheesh!*" "Sir, an alms!" I came to know these beggars individually, after a while. I saw them every day and learned their characters. I knew just where I should find them and the precise words with which they would greet me. The inevitable formula of one sturdy but hump-backed rogue who evidently throve by his trade and never forewent the luxury of his cigarette, was, "*Good morning, Signore; backsheesh! backsheesh!*" With this meagre mixture of English, Italian and Arabic, he would lie in wait near the hotel and follow me at any hour of the day along the Jaffa road, through the gate and as far as his patience held out, down the street of David. Then with so keenly reproachful a "good-bye" that it would have cut me to the quick had it come from the lips of a less persistent rascal, he would turn and hobble lazily away. I had made the common mistake of giving him *backsheesh* the first day or two on arriving, instead of the last ten minutes before departing from Jerusalem ; and for three weeks I was certain of at least one cordial "good morning" whenever I went out. Then there was another, distinguished from the multitude, a little girl of perhaps eight years clad in dirt with the addition of a single ragged garment of cloth, whose elders at home were evidently instructing her in ways that were dark and whose perseverance was also like that of a summer fly upon a sleeper's face. But the one into whose tin bucket I most delighted to drop my *paras* and *piastres* was a middle-aged leper, silent and forlorn—the picture of despair—who sat daily in his place in rain and sunshine and never opened his lips. Perhaps his speech had departed ;

at any rate it was the crying aloud of a "voiceless woe."

But dirt and rags do not necessarily mean poverty anywhere in Palestine. There are many beggars, but some of them are the possessors of hid treasure—money which they have put away not in a bank, but in some corner of the house or field known only to themselves. This is necessary for security and the faded garments are a blind and a disguise. There is no difference of dress to tell the tale of wealth and meanwhile every one in the East, rich or poor can twist into the most graceful folds his old tatters bright with every color of the iris. There is many a Bedouin woman within three feet of whom the fastidious Parisienne would, under no circumstances, like to come, whose coarse gown yet falls from her shoulders in folds whose grace Worth may equal, but not surpass. Even the scantily clad children, from whose hands as they sit in the streets the prowling dogs snatch the meagre crumbs, sometimes look as if they had been taken out of some graceful Eastern picture. For the difference between the picture and its original lies not in attitudes and lines of beauty ; but in dirt and disease and insects and odor.





THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEP- ULCHRE.

THE focal point of interest in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Not that the traveler may find there, any more than anywhere else in the Holy City, a single undisputed site, but the belief of nineteen-twentieths of the pilgrims who annually visit Jerusalem centres under its broad dome around the reputed rock of Calvary and the garden tomb wherein our Lord lay. The arguments for and against the genuineness of these things it would be a thankless task to discuss. We shall probably never know these sacred sites beyond all doubt. We can, if we choose, weigh the evidence and form our own opinions. But the attempt will not be made in this chapter which aspires to deal with nothing more learned and accurate than general impressions. Our task is not to test theories, but to portray things as we find them.

On the day after our arrival we visited this church, but not under convoy of our courteous dragoman, Ibrahim. No Jew is permitted to tread within the precincts of the Holy Sepulchre and so we took Joseph, a native Christian, for our guide. We went down the "Street of David" and entering by a low door through a long passage thronged with beggars and bead-sellers, we stood at last before the open court, having in front of us the hoary facade of the historic church and, a little way be-

hind, the graceful minaret of Omar with herbage sprouting from its top. This minaret is, by the way, a monument of Moslem magnanimity. The large-hearted old caliph wanted to share the privileges of the Christians in this holy place, but he would not use his power of intrusion into the sacred fane. Instead, he built this mosque so that he might pray as near as possible without disturbing the Christians. There is a mosque on the other side also of the church of the Crucifixion and the Sepulchre, and so the rival religions of Christ and Mahomet still crowd each other, as they have always done, around this hotly contested spot, albeit the sword remains at present sheathed. Could one find an hour of the day when there were no relic buyers and sellers scattered over the broken pavement of this court, no odorous pilgrims, no human deformities yelling their importunities in the weary ear, one might sit down upon the stump of one of the row of broken pillars and conjure up the history of that church in comparison with whose fame, the fame of other noted temples in Christendom sinks into insignificance. But it is impossible to think here at any hour when the church stands open. You must be content to observe at such a time and do your meditating afterward. Still we cannot altogether forget how the quaint old building has been the bone of contention in the Christian world itself, ever since all Europe joined arms to wrest it from Islam. The keys of the Sepulchre and the silver star in the cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem are partly responsible for many a bloody page of history. The quarrels of a few monks concerning them have often disturbed the peace of nations and but lately given the Czar an excuse for his ambition and helped on the Crimean War. It is a world interest which centres here, as we plainly see by the strange and varying attire of this motley array of pilgrims from all quar-

ters of the earth. Let us join it and, after pressing through the low portal, we shall find ample room within.

But before attempting to guide the reader through the rambling old church it may be necessary to apologize for the enumeration even of absurdities. The ample building covers too many sites and relics—that is a foregone conclusion. For one thing you may be tempted to believe in, there are a dozen to doubt and deny. Nevertheless, if we are to reproduce the church as it is and as the tourist will see it when he visits the Holy City, even details which are worthless must be mentioned. Things which are even painful must be told. “Jerusalem is to me the saddest place in the world, the place of worship of a *dead* Christ,” said an English clergyman to me as we sat together one evening in front of the little Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. It was a wise remark which sounds untrue only out of Jerusalem itself. The sceptic finds no aid to faith in these dazzling and deceitful shrines. The disciple who knows something of the real mysteries and blessings of the cross and sepulchre will be startled to find his anticipated emotions routed by the lying caricatures of his religion, while the Turk who sips his coffee at the door and keeps the peace between the rival Christian sects, laughs to scorn the idea of missionary effort which seeks to replace the morality of the Koran with that which his own eyes teach him to be so much less dignified and holy. To him all Christians are alike. He knows no difference of sect—no opposing phases of faith. Of course, we are not moved by the depreciation of one who has no real knowledge of what Christianity is. But he has occasion, if not excuse, for his contempt. No honest and candid Christian who has been to Jerusalem will deny it. And he will seek in vain for any other place where the matchless religion of Christ

shows so little of its practical loveliness as in the city and church which are supposed to contain the spots on which its Divine Founder was crucified and entombed.

As we enter the venerable doorway, there lies before us the "stone of unction." It is surrounded by huge candles of colored wax and overhung with seven large silver lamps which are kept constantly burning. The rose colored slab which we look upon is but a covering, however, for the real stone on which the anointment was made, and which lies beneath. On several occasions when I visited this church, the Greek priests in their gorgeously colored copes, stood round about this stone with smoking censers, while a group of pilgrims fringed the circle, clad in coarse garments and holding lighted tapers in their hands. The scene thus presented was one thoroughly characteristic of the church. Not far away to the left, a circular stone set in the floor and guarded by an iron railing marks the spot where the holy women stood while the anointing was carried on. Passing hence between two of the large square pillars which support the dome, we find ourselves within a spacious rotunda—its centre occupied by a little marble chapel. In this latter are two compartments—the first of which is a vestibule containing on a pedestal a portion of the stone once rolled away from the Sepulchre. From this outer chamber a low door, through which no one except the smallest dwarf could enter without making a reverence, whether he will or not, leads to the innermost room in which not more than half a dozen persons can stand together. Along the whole of that side of the chamber on your right as you enter, runs, at a height of perhaps two feet from the floor, the flat marble slab, cracked through the middle, which covers the tomb in which the Lord lay. Above this sepulchre hang numer-

ous burning lamps of gold and silver, the gifts of the crowned heads of Europe. The marble slab is used as an altar by the Greek and Latin priests who, over what they consider the very tomb of Him who is “the Resurrection and the Life,” here say, *pro vivis et defunctis*—their frequent masses. This is the place where the world’s devotion centres; this the stone which is daily saluted with a myriad reverent kisses and bedewed with rivers of water from pilgrim eyes. No man can look upon its smoothly worn edges and curl his lip in contempt. On the spot at least he must show respect; for it is the place of human griefs and tears. It is a place of superstition, if you will, but it is sacred to the humble mind—the broken heart. If this be indeed that garden-tomb then you look upon the spot on which was born man’s only certain hope of immortality. It was for this that Godfrey of Bouillon, whose former tomb is pointed out to you close by, led his crusading hosts against the Saracens. It was for this small piece of rock, consecrated by the repose of the Saviour’s body, that Cœur-de-Lion of England and Louis the Ninth, of France left their kingdoms and their thrones. Here kings and queens and knights and pilgrims have kneeled and prayed and bathed this stone in tears for many long and weary ages. It is a place sacred in belief, if not in reality—a place where men may bring their thoughts of those “long loved and lost,” finding comfort and strength not in the stone, but in the thoughts to which it gives birth.

The same can hardly be said of the pageants and processions which daily move through the church and terminate their service before this chapel of the Sepulchre. Reverence may attach to a sacred spot far more easily than to the puerilities with which men choose to worship it, and I must confess that a due regard to the religious

feelings of those who worship thus, alone restrains the observer from visible, though silent expressions of disgust. Sometimes, however, there was a certain weirdness and solemnity about these ceremonials which I found it hard to resist. At such times, had I followed promptings from within, I might have kneeled and prayed, as others did, upon the sacred stones. I remember one afternoon when I happened to be in the church while service was going on and was deeply impressed with its sadness and its strangeness. On this occasion, the sunlight was fast withdrawing from the always dark and shadowy interior. Weird and dusky forms flitted hither and thither between the great square pillars which support the lofty dome. For a while there was a solemn silence, save where in front of the chapel of the holy tomb, knelt the little group of brown-frosted monks with burning tapers in their hands. Within the chapel had gone, with book and censer, good Father Paulinus who happened to be the chief officiant for the day and to whose friendship and guidance I owe much of my knowledge of the holy places of Jerusalem. His clear intonations, faintly heard within the low archways, were answered by the mournful responses of his kneeling brethren without. Back of these knelt a handful of poor pilgrims, vivid pictures of ignorant devotion, who had perhaps journeyed wearily over many hundred miles of land and sea for the sole purpose which they were now engaged in prosecuting. Such a scene at such an hour before the possible tomb in which once lay the crucified form of the Lord Jesus—who could describe it! Although no worshiper, I could hardly prevent—nor was I anxious to do so—a certain spirit of credulity and devotion from stealing over me. Presently all was over and the Franciscans withdrew into their own chapel.



SACRED SITES.

BEHIND the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is a dark chamber within which we were shown, by the light of tapers, the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

In front of it is the richly ornamented chapel of the Greeks. Here is seen the celebrated “navel of the earth” which consists of a globe of stone set in a marble vase. It stands, as your guide gravely assures you, over the spot whence was taken the clay out of which Adam was made. On the other side of the great rotunda, from that by which we entered, are two spots near each other in the pavement, one marked by a circle, the other by a star. On the former stood Jesus when He appeared to Mary Magdalene who was standing on the latter. Around these spots kneel daily the Latin monks chanting their litanies and swinging their censers. A step or two beyond we enter the Latin chapel where we find similarly marked in the floor the spot whereon Jesus appeared to His Mother. But the great treasure of this place is a portion of that pillar at which our Lord was scourged—and arranged in a manner similar to that which I saw in the case of the rival pillar at *S. Prassede*, in Rome. It is entirely concealed within a dark recess behind an iron screen over one of the side altars and is touched by the faithful through the medium of a short rod whose end having been brought into contact with it, is afterward kissed by the pilgrim.

Indeed several whom I observed touched, with the end of the rod, not only their lips, but the forehead, eyes and nose as well. As we emerge from the chapel we enter the door of the Sacristy on the left where are preserved the sword and spurs of Godfrey, the Crusader. I ventured to believe that this sword which I held reverently in my hand was indeed that which had fought so hard for the holy tomb only a few feet away. The memories of the gallant leader came to mind and with them that of how he spurned away the proffered diadem, crying: "No crown of gold for me, when Jesus wore a crown of thorns!" There was a spirit of chivalry and nobleness about those bold crusaders which we cannot help but admire. They were engaged in what was to them a "holy war," with "the will of God" for its warrant and a frantic enthusiasm thrilled through every heart and added force to every blow.

Pursuing our way along the dark and shadowy aisles we entered a gloomy prison-like chapel, where lamps burned above two small round holes, as if for stocks—with which the floor was perforated and which are called the "bonds of Christ." Here, it is said, our Lord was confined while awaiting the decree of execution. Here as elsewhere the extremes of devotion may be witnessed and I have watched many a one with wonder in this sombre place, bowing his head to the very floor which he devoutly kissed—and anointing himself with oil taken on the fingertips from the little open lamps. Next we reach the chapel of S. Longinus, who was blind in one eye, and whose spear it was that pierced the Saviour's side while down the weapon ran the mingled blood and water until it reached the soldier's hand. Happening to raise his hand to his face the sacred liquid touched the sightless eye and a miracle of healing followed. Longinus there-

fore, believed in Christ and here was murdered by the Jews. Here is said once to have been preserved the title which hung at the head of the cross and which is now revered at the church of *Santa Croce*, in Rome. Adjoining is the chapel of the dividing of the vesture of our Lord and beyond it a broad stone staircase descends into S. Helen's crypt. In the side of the apse of this subterranean chapel is a window seat where Helena prayed as she watched the process of the "Invention of the Cross" in a cavern running still deeper into a rock. We descended a second flight of stairs into this and saw, beneath its rocky roof, the slab which now covers the old well among whose rubbish the precious relics were discovered. Altogether, it was a rich yield of all three crosses, the nails and the crown of thorns. The cross of Jesus was, of course, identified by a miracle—proving its power to heal a noble lady of Jerusalem where the other two crosses had failed. Ascending from the crypt we merely glance at another chapel beneath whose altar is the low stone pillar on which sat our Lord while insulted, abused and crowned with thorns, and finally reach another chapel below the rock of Calvary so long and dark that nothing can be seen in it save by the light of the tapers in our hands. This is the Adam chapel containing two of what—admitting their genuineness—are three of the oldest graves the world can show, the tombs of Adam, Eve and Melchisedek. Hither, it is said, the first man's body was borne upon the waters of the flood and entombed anew. And here, at the Crucifixion, his skull rolled from its resting place to the foot of the cross where the blood, "which cleanseth from all sin," dripped upon it thus washing away the original sin of the race in the remains of its great progenitor. Forgive the narration, reader—but when, after this, you see

the usual skull placed in pictures at the foot of the cross, you will know the idea from which it comes to be there.

Through a grating at the extreme end of this chapel you may look, beyond a little lamp in whose dim rays sparkles a small crucifix of crystal, upon the fissure rent by the earthquake in the rock of Calvary. This is the same which you feel through the grated floor of the chapel above, which is that of the Elevation of the Cross. To reach it, we leave the chapel of Adam and ascend by a flight of steps at the top of which you see Calvary before you, or rather the signs of a Calvary which is itself invisible. At the end of the chapel are three altars, in order to reach which you walk over the several mosaics in the floor marking the precise points where Christ was stripped of his garments and where he was nailed to the cross. The chief of these altars, which belongs to the Greeks, is decorated richly but in execrable taste, with various gold and silver lamps, relievos and candles. Beneath it is a hole bound with a golden rim and placed exactly over the socket in the living rock below. Two round stones of a blackish hue stand equidistant from this at each end of the altar to mark the position of the crosses of the malefactors. But the three holes are so near together that faith is again routed by an impossibility. It is, however, a solemn spot because it may be the true Calvary, and it is such in the opinions of nine-tenths of those who visit it and some of whom—the poorest ones of earth coming oftenest and staying longest—bring to the foot of the cross the offering which God never despises of a “broken and contrite heart.” What if this should be the spot whereon the cross of Jesus stood! The suggestion of even such a possibility fills the breast with reverent awe. It shames the Christian man who stands there watching some poor, ignorant pilgrim crawling about up-

on hands and knees, kissing the very stones of the floor and sprinkling them with human tears in the belief that all has been consecrated by the presence of His Lord, and who himself refuses to breathe in sympathy his more enlightened prayers. For purposes of thought and holy memories it may even be better to have a doubtful cross and a doubtful sepulchre; and bolder men than I may deride the feeling by whose promptings an attempt has been made to certify these holy things to after ages, however little I may sympathize with its manifestations in worship. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, with all its fables and improbabilities, is still a wonderfully impressive place. If one could go there in some hour of silence and complete solitude, he might realize within its holy precincts an aid to reflection whose power must always remain unknown to the casual sight-seer. And yet even then he would prefer to see before him, not the tawdry Greek altar on Calvary, not the marble chapel covering the garden tomb below, but the bare and living rock as void of ornament as the top of Moriah itself, preserved in its naked simplicity by the Moslems under the great dome of the mosque of Omar.

For my own part, however, I found a deeper satisfaction in leaving this dark and sombre temple with its richly attired priests, its monkish processions, its crowds of dark and swarthy devotees, its Coptic children tuning lively chants, its flitting women veiled in white, its incessantly ringing bells, its various ceremonials mingling, by force of circumstances, the jealous and reluctant rites of East and West, and seeking that little *tell*, which has the shape of a skull, just outside of the Damascus gate, and which is probably the site of the true Calvary. Here, sitting upon one of the broken Moslem tombstones, with no companion but a goatherd who kept his flock a few paces off,

the evening breeze fresh from the hills of Judah, seemed to whisper solemnly of that great Sacrifice once offered for the sins of the whole world.

The subject of this chapter, dealing as it does with the accredited mementoes of the greatest mysteries of the Christian faith, impels me again for a moment to those grave and painful reflections to which I have already alluded. The phases of her religious thought and practice are not the least of Jerusalem's humiliations. A religion like ours, so independent of places, cannot be disgraced, still less falsified by the revelations of the city of its birth; but at the same time, we are smitten with shame and disappointment at their discovery.

I think indeed that it may safely be said that Christianity nowhere appears at a greater disadvantage than in its head-centre, Jerusalem. To say nothing of a motley horde of Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Latins among whom the armed guard of the Pasha sometimes finds it difficult to keep the peace, it seems beside as if every religious oddity who could get there, had pitched upon the Holy City as a rendezvous. The majority of those with whom the writer came into personal contact were Americans and many of their various ideas were at once melancholy and amusing to hear. The most prominent community of this kind at present in Jerusalem is under the leadership of a gentleman who was formerly a prominent lawyer in Chicago. At that time, he and his family were devout Presbyterians. Belonging to his society are several Englishmen, one of them formerly a curate of the Established Church. Among its recent accessions is, unfortunately, a youth who was one of the most promising young Jewish students in the English Church Mission. Its members are chiefly, however, from the United States. These people call themselves

by no name but, cutting loose from all church connections, they came, some three years ago, to Jerusalem under the guidance, as they claim, of special revelations. There they occupy a large and comfortable house on the city wall, just inside of the Damascus gate. They are engaged in no active missionary work, but assert that their present duty is simply to study the Bible and wait for "great changes" and "great wonders" which the Lord will immediately work within the sight of all men and which may be best witnessed at Jerusalem. They profess a far higher level of spirituality than other Christians in general have attained to, and have "come out," in obedience to Divine command, of their respective Christian bodies on the plea that "all churches are corrupt and inefficient." They maintain certain great truths which they say "are not taught in the churches," but which are really professed and exemplified by every Christian man. They have, each day, a simple service in the style of family worship. Their reason for allowing, as they have lately done, the celebration of the Lord's Supper to fall into desuetude among them was curiously explained to me by my former brother in the ministry. I reminded him of the binding perpetuity of the Sacrament, "till He come." "But He *has* come to us," was the reply. "By His own revelation He has told us that it is no longer necessary for us. On ordinary Christians the command may still be binding—but not on us with whom He deals more closely." This is the teaching of their "oracle." In case of illness prayer is always preferred, though not insisted on, to the exclusion of medical aid. Their property is common and it is reported that they are at present in financial straits. Friends at home, doubting their sanity, refuse pecuniary help. They themselves follow no occupation and therefore bring no money into the

treasury. Like the Thessalonians of old—they sit with folded, meditative hands thinking it no use to labor for “the bread that perisheth,” when the Lord may descend on Olivet to-morrow. They live plainly and take their turns in serving each other at table. Their marriage rings have been thrown away and, trying to anticipate heavenly relations upon earth, they abhor the thought of “marrying and giving in marriage.” There being some thirty of them, young and old, living there together as one family, they are severely criticised by outsiders. That they are immoral, I do not believe; that they are imprudent, is plain. But they do not “avoid all appearance of evil,” lest they should seem to care for the opinions of men, which they claim to be above. Everything is done as before God alone. The wild stories that are afloat about them they consider persecution and proofs of the Lord’s love for those He chastens. In the silent watches of the night ’tis He that bids them believe and do all that forms their rule of life, and unfriendly criticisms are but the scourges wherewith to train and discipline them. In short He is preparing them to “use” when He comes.

I have detailed the above, because it is a conspicuous and striking illustration of the phases of religious belief in the Holy City. These are people of a high order of sensibilities and refinement and are known all over Jerusalem. They are well educated, courteous and hospitable to every one without recompense—nay, they are manifestly in possession of an unusual share of personal holiness. These things my acquaintance with some of them, though by no means intimate, has made perfectly evident to me. How such people can follow out such ideas is one of the world’s many mysteries and one of the religious problems of Jerusalem.

Some time ago, the above community had a revelation "concerning the coming of Titus." Who he was to be, they did not know; but presently he came in the person of a young Texas cattle owner who had led a wild life on the plains, but had reformed. I spent several days with him under the same roof at Jaffa, and venture to mention him as my second illustration. It had been revealed to him that he should throw off his Methodist relations at home and come to Jerusalem; why, he knew not, until he arrived and found the community of which he had not heard before. Then all was plain. The revelation in Texas and the vision at Jerusalem fitted one another exactly. His home was to be with the watchers on the wall. But alas, a new dream came the other day, reversing the former state of things and bidding him watch and wait in a house of his own which he has already taken. He is to be a sort of forerunner, as he thinks. Everybody knows him for a quiet, earnest, generous man, who ardently pours over his Bible from morning until night. He is still addressed as "Titus" by his former friends.

Not all such cases, however, may escape with mere mention. The last phase of faith made its appearance a short time before my own departure in the shape of an American party which arrived by the Austrian steamer. It was the vanguard of a body of proposing colonists calling itself: "The Age to Come and New Jerusalem Pioneers." They were a sorry set for such a sounding title, being all uneducated artisans and, I am sorry to say, some of them profane and already at sword's point with one another. They arrived in nearly a destitute condition with a few household effects and tools. They were going to live near Jerusalem so as to help build the new walls, within which Christ will soon reign visibly

and with whom, in due time they expect, in their own phrase, to "shake hands." The auspices under which these and others like them go to Palestine are those of certain reprehensible sheets at home which persuade these deluded souls that, beside the future glory of the earthly kingdom, they may there find a "land flowing with milk and honey" and live with little labor and expense. The resources of Palestine are magnified and misrepresented, and so these men and women set out from time to time with little, or no money, only to disgrace their country people abroad and annoy the consul who is expected somehow to help them back again.

I need hardly allow myself the space in which to speak of the youth who, a short time since, appeared in the Holy City as a second John the Baptist, or of that latest sensation which was noised abroad during my own sojourn in Jaffa and in which even some prominent Jews of that city and Jerusalem, professed to find the true Messiah—a young man, with the sacred Name miraculously written on his forehead. The case of three eccentric English women, as well as several others, also recur, as being to the point. But I pass them by. These sad and singular phenomena sometimes assume a pathetic aspect. Not far from the tomb of good Bishop Gobat in the English cemetery, stands, at the head of a plain grave, a large and heavy wooden cross. Several years ago that same cross, wrapped with black crêpe, is said to have been carried through the street of Jerusalem in the hands of the harmless old man who now lies in front of it, and who preached about the city what he thought to be the gospel of Christ.



TEMPLE AND MOSQUE.

THE second most interesting spot in Jerusalem, after the church of the Holy Sepulchre, is that whereon stands the Mosque of Omar. Here of old rose the magnificent temple of Jehovah, filling and lightening the landscape with its more than regal splendor. But the history of Moriah begins much further back than the day when the temple was built and the ark transferred from Kirjath-jearim. In the early dawn of Scripture history Abram came hither, in obedience to God's command to build an altar and sacrifice his son. This broad spur of rock upon which the visitor to the mosque can hardly look but with reverent eyes was almost beyond doubt the floor whereon Araunah threshed his wheat and which David purchased for purposes of worship, after his interview with the destroying angel. And so from Abram's time down to this day, on which our feet enter its sacred courts, has this hill been dedicated to the worship of the one true God. For three thousand years have the men of different creeds and different nations, Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian here knelt in adoration and enjoyed spiritual privileges, maintained at the point of the sword.

The ancient Rabbis used to say that "the world is like an eye." They called "the white, the ocean, and the black portion, the earth; Jerusalem, the pupil and their precious temple the image in the pupil." The fanciful

simile shows their affection, an affection shared, as will be remembered, by the Apostles themselves, for the splendid house of Jehovah—if it does nothing more. The enclosure, on some part of which rested this cynosure of Hebrew eyes, now covers about thirty-five acres. In order to make the ancient plateau of proper size, high walls were raised from the base of the original Moriah to a level with its top, and then by filling up on the inside of these walls a much broader platform was the result. The corner wall of the area above which was the pinnacle of the temple, the scene of part of our Lord's temptation, has been ascertained to run down no less than a hundred and fifty feet into the *débris* of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The massive substructions and huge stones which still meet the eye of the observer on and around this sacred hill give one some faint idea of the ancient grandeur of the temple, but fail to settle, beyond dispute, the precise spot which it occupied. By some it has been placed on the site of the Mosque of Omar, by others at the southern end of the enclosure where now stands the Mosque of El Aksa. I shall not attempt to discuss the question, but the more inviting theory, at least to myself, is that which admits of our regarding the same rock whereon rose the altars of Abram and David as that over which, in later ages, glowed the Shechinah of Jehovah and which was once hidden from profane scrutiny within the Holy of Holies itself.

But somewhere before us, we are sure it stood; and as I entered the gate with my companions a vision rose before my mind far different to that which was before my eyes. It was a picture of that massive pile of gold and marble, whose exact shape no man knows, but which far outshone the palaces of Zion, and furnished S. John with the brilliant imagery of the Revelation, flashing afar its

splendor over the tribes of Israel encamped in festal order round about the sacred walls. Its spacious courts were thronged with a multitude smitten with silence and awe. Priests clothed in the fairest and most glorious vestments which God could order, and the inspired hand of the artificer contrive, stood reverently with the sanctuary. There was the sound of sweet antiphons and choruses, the perfumes of fragrant incense, the flashing light from candlesticks of gold. The whole Jewish church already venerable, ere it became the unwilling parent, alike of Christianity and Islamism, was keeping its grand and solemn passover in the immediate presence of Jehovah. The one divinely favored nation of the earth was worshipping its God in peace and security and triumph.

But the scene quickly changed. Siege and famine, fire and sword swept over the picture with a rapidity in which a thousand years became as a single day; and when the lurid clouds had rolled away, city and temple had alike gone down. The spear of the Assyrian and the torch of the Roman; the Crusader's battle axe and the Moslem's shining blade had swept across the scene in tumultuous succession. Three towers of the old city yet stood beside the Jaffa gate, but Mahomet now sat in Moses' seat. The Koran had displaced the Law and the Prophets. This sacred hill of Moriah which, since His first promise made to Abram in that place, had so often echoed to Jehovah's voice, now saw its ensign in the gilded crescent of a great mosque and heard daily the solemn cry of the *muezzin*. The sons of Abraham and the subjects of David, instead of being, by divine protection, masters of these coveted acres, cursed by Christians for murdering a Lord, and by Moslems for crucifying a Prophet, even paying extortionate sums to their oppressors for the privilege of pouring out their tears upon the very edge of

those precincts within which it was now death for them to set their foot. This was the state of things which began some centuries ago and which still continues.

We went to visit the *Haram*, as it is called, under the usual protection of a *cavass* for whose services we were obliged of course to pay liberally. It is only lately, however, that foreigners have been able, except by stealth, to obtain admittance there under any consideration. The results of the war in the East, have altered the previous state of things and silenced the fanaticism which has now sheathed its daggers and mutters its curses under its breath. The Nubians and dervishes are still there, but even these hot-blooded guardians of the *Haram* own the potency of European arms and European gold. There were no clubs nor scimitars, nor showers of stones by which to enforce the former demand for "our religion, or our lives." We moved unmolested across the open court, and ascended the *stoa*, or stone-flagged platform on which stands the Mosque of Omar. All around us were *Kiblehs* and pavilions and wells for ablution; nearly every spot, for the Moslem creed is not less facile than the Christian, being associated with its own legend, which might, or more probably might not, be true. There Solomon was found dead. This was where stood the altar of the Jewish holocausts, and between it and the temple, was stoned to death, Zacharias, son of Barachias. That graceful little structure was the "dome of the chain" of Justice where David held his great tribunal and where the balance will hang on the Judgment Day. From a point near it, James the Less was hurled headlong into the valley below. Yonder, on the end of that recumbent pillar which points like a cannon out of the wall across Jehoshaphat, would Mahomet sit in the Judgment Day while Christ sat opposite upon Olivet, the bridge of

Al Sirat, stretching like an invisible thread between them. And so on, to the end of the catalogue. At one of the portals of the mosque we now took off our shoes and putting slippers of red and yellow upon our feet, shuffled across the threshold into the dark, but rich interior. The large and handsome octagon, surmounted by its spacious dome, presented a wealth of gilding, mosaics, stained windows and illuminated texts in brilliant colors, but with the usual green predominating. Marbles and columns finely carved and sculptured, heightened the impressiveness, while directly beneath the dome and occupying the centre of the octagon, lay the great *Sakrah*, or rock, free from candles and gilding and tawdry finery, but enclosed within ample railings. This is only the highest point of Moriah which is here left cropping out; but it is one of the most conspicuous treasures of modern Jerusalem. When one stands before it—and, if he can silence his garrulous guide, gets a moment to reflect—it is an almost overwhelming recollection that the pilgrim's feet may be standing upon the very place wherein Israel's high priest himself could come but once a year and that here rested the Ark of the Covenant, here shone the perpetual symbols of God's mercy and benediction, here was writ the never spoken Name. Nay, if this be indeed the precise spot of the temple, it has seen greater things than these; it has seen the Lord of Life Himself who came suddenly hither, when no man was expecting. Here, in His infancy, He was presented to His Heavenly Father amid Simeon's notes of praise. Here, in His youth, He questioned the doctors of the Jewish law. Here, in the vigour of early manhood, He drove the buyers and sellers from the sacred courts. Here was the porch in which He loved to walk. Hence was the woman guilty of adultery sent away to sin no more. Here

were the feeble alms of the poor woman praised. And here was the destruction of the beautiful temple itself foretold. But memories like these crowd thickly upon us. If we had but time and permission to think upon them! But such a thing is too absurd to be understood by friends, dragoman, or *cavass* and away we are hurried to see things which can be exhibited, as mere memories can not, with many a flourish and *salaam*.

We walked slowly around the rock, and on the other side we found the imprint, as if of a giant's fingers, lying deep in the stone. I laid my own upon it, but they failed to fill a quarter of it. It was no grip of a giant, however, which had left it there, but only the hand of the Archangel Gabriel and his excuse for doing so was this: Mahomet was about to ascend into heaven from this rock, on which you may still see in another place the mark of his foot, when the rock awoke and started after him. But Gabriel was on the watch and, fortunately for those who still revere the *Sakrah*, grasped it with an iron hand and retained it in its place.

Beneath a projection of this rock, called its "tongue"—because, as legend says, it once spake to Omar—we descended into a subterranean cave or chamber. The floor had the hollow sound which betokened a cavern underneath, and this is said to be the well in which are confined deceased Moslem souls. It is a shaft which, by reason of its underground communication, is supposed to have been the ancient cess-pool, or drain into which were poured the blood and ashes from the altar on the rock above. It was once uncovered, but a Moslem mother, one day holding converse at its edge with the spirit of her deceased son, threw herself in and disappeared, since which time it has been closed up to prevent the recurrence of a like catastrophe. In this sacred chamber

every prayer made to *Allah* is said to be freely granted and here are pointed out the respective niches wherein Abraham, David, Solomon, Elijah, S. George and Mahomet all kneeled at their devotions. In the ceiling is the accidental mark of the Moslem prophet's head, left in the rock as if it had been clay, when his winged steed, *El-Burak* bore him too hastily upward. Much edified with these wonders of which the half had not before been told us, we reascended into the mosque in another part of which, as we retired, our attention was called to a small slab of verd-antique into which nineteen nails had once been fixed to mark the centuries of the duration of the world. When all were drawn the world should cease to be. The devil got at them one day while the angel was away and before he was discovered and routed, drew out all but three and a half which leaves the race but a residue of three hundred and fifty years of time. On this stone a few *paras* laid in faith would, we were told, ensure our safe passage to Heaven. In such a hope, held out by a Moslem to "Christian dogs," the thing was too manifestly overdone. But nevertheless, in the spirit of a liberal charity, we left enough to pay the fare to Paradise of at least three Mohammedans.





EL AKSA.

LEAVING the Mosque of Omar, we bent our steps toward the southern end of the area in order to visit the Mosque of *El Aksa*. On the way thither we stopped at that handsome round basin of stone which is supposed to occupy the former position of the brazen sea of the Levites. This is still supplied with water from Solomon's pools and although the Arabs encircled the spacious rim, filling their black goat-skins with water, I ventured to take a long, deep draught which I found very cool and refreshing. On arriving at *El Aksa*, we first went down to examine the galleries beneath the mosque with their vaulted roofs and massive pillars scarred with age. We then reascended into the upper portion of the edifice which was once a church built by Justinian in honor of S. Mary the Virgin. The interior is very impressive with its seven dark and solemn naves. Like the Mosque of Omar, *El Aksa* has its own stock of curiosities. The chief of these is perhaps what is called "the Well of the Leaf." Into this a follower of the prophet once let fall his bucket and going down to seek for it, found a door which opened into Paradise. He entered it and walked about a while in the delightful gardens and then re-issued with a leaf which he had plucked and placed behind his ear as a proof of his tale of discovery. Hence the name of "the fountain of the leaf" in which, as Hodder observes, "truth

lies at the bottom of a well." At Jaffa I heard another legend of this well—to the effect that Mahomet pretended to receive the Koran from its depths. Taking two books exactly alike, save that one had the text and the other had not, he surreptitiously sent a young slave into the well with the written pages, and then exhorting the people to lower the blank pages into the well for the purpose of receiving thereon the divine inscriptions, the volumes were exchanged by the slave according to instructions. The people got their Koran and, as "dead men tell no tales," Mahomet ordered the sacred source of the holy writings to be immediately filled up with stones and the fraud was complete.

There are also here the reputed graves of Nadab, Abihu, Eleazer and Ithamar which, more probably, are those of Becket's four murderers. Here, too, is preserved the footmark of infantile size which is said to have been removed hither from the Church of the Ascension on Olivet. Near it is a splendid Mohammedan pulpit beautifully inlaid and carved in wood. A little farther on are the two pillars of which every one has heard, which stand quite close together and between which if a man could squeeze, he would be sure to go to Heaven. If not, he was sure to fail of everlasting bliss. The passage is now impeded by an iron guard and the lean man can no longer exult here over the eternal misfortune of his obese brother. Then there are the *mihrabs*, or praying places of Zacharias, and his son, John Baptist and Omar. Our time and attention were thus divided between things like these and one or two young Arabs who, contrary to regulations, were tempting us to purchase the bits of colored glass and stones which they had pilfered from among the decayed mosaics of the mosques.

We afterwards went down into a sort of crypt in which

we found what looked like a stone sarcophagus, or water basin, but which we were requested to venerate as the genuine cradle of Christ; used while He and His mother Mary were living here with Simeon, the priest, in his apartments adjoining the temple. Going down still farther, we at last reached "Solomon's stables," as they are called, a series of vaulted aisles and pillars in the latter of which are discovered traces of the rings to which the horses were tied. These remains had recently been excavated, but the uncertainty which attaches to their real nature and purpose serves here, as elsewhere, to decrease the interest which would otherwise be felt in them even by the ordinary stranger.

As we walked afterward along the esplanade, we came to the walled up "golden gate" which on the inside has the shape of a little mosque, or chapel. This is the gate through which Christ made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, as well as that which was the "beautiful gate" of the temple, where Peter and John healed the blind man. It has long been closed in consequence of a tradition which declares that, on some Friday, an armed Christian conqueror will ride in and take possession of the city.

Before retiring from the area we paused again and looked around. The courts were full of life and interest. Here and there walked devotees on their way to prayers—hither and thither went the water carriers, bending beneath their well-filled sacks of skin, while white-veiled women and children filled in the scene. But there was little noise and confusion. Reverence and decency presided over the spot. The pulpit of Omar, into which I had myself been permitted to ascend, stood out in the open court; but no urchins dared to play upon its steps. The cypresses and olives stood around in their quiet

beauty and no one ventured to break their branches. The pebbles of the area lay undisturbed, since they could be hurled at no Christian intruder. The Dervish knelt at his prayers in the sight of all who entered in at the gates, but no one stopped to stare at him ; unless he had unconsciously dropped upon his knees close beside the line of march of some party of tourists whose principles forbade them to pass him without a look either of reproof, or ridicule. The blind hatred of the Moslem could be roused there in all its force in a single moment, but the apparent atmosphere of the place, unlike that of the Holy Sepulchre, was one of decency, solemnity and mutual love.

What holy ground it was ! The holiest in the world of which we knew, unless we prefer to bestow that attribute of regard upon the doubtful site of the Sepulchre, and Ferguson, though by a theory hardly supported by any one else, puts even the Sepulchre itself on Mount Moriah, making it that cave of which I have already spoken beneath *Es-Sakrah*. Were such a preposition true, the paramount sanctity of this broad hill-top would be beyond dispute. When the temple stood here, its golden plates glittering in the same sun which now flashes from enameled tiles, the Jews, minded like the Moslems, would permit no stranger to enter its courts and even to this day they would not, even if they could, go within the sacred enclosure lest in ignorance they might perchance set foot on the holiest places and thus incur the guilt of sacrilege. When Alexander met, on Scopos, the high-priest Jaddaeus, robed and mitred, he followed the minister of Jehovah to this sacred spot in order to adore in His own courts the Deity whose name burned in glowing letters on the forehead of the priest. From this hill the robber Heliodorus was driven amid the wrath of Heaven

and struck senseless while attempting his nefarious project. It was protected from Antiochus and Pompey. It was cleansed and restored by Judas Maccabaeus. And even the soldier, who at last flung the burning torch into its sacred fane, did so in direct opposition to the orders of his Roman master. The Apostate Julian tried to rebuild the temple here, but his captious and rebellious spirit still found a Divine guardianship to thwart and expel him. Where is the other spot in the wide world which God and man have so long thus consented to honor? It is a place which should be as free as air to the devout man from every quarter of the earth. It is a glorious site for some new church which, in the providence of God, may here arise in after ages when the worship of the false prophet shall have been swept forever from Zion's sacred mount. But who would care to see it, unless it should differ from the Church of the Sepulchre, even as light from darkness, being what that is not, a symbol and a centre of a truly Catholic and Apostolic faith, void of error in doctrine and immorality in life?





OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

THE pleasantest walks of the sojourn in Jerusalem are round about the city, rather than within its streets. The air is better, the view wider, the sacred localities less disputed and the mind free in its attempt to meditate and enjoy associations. I have already taken my readers from the Mount of Olives on a hurried journey to the Jaffa Gate, by way of the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom. But, as that gate was my starting point for nearly every excursion in the vicinity of Jerusalem, I shall venture once more to turn to the right and go through Gehenna to the south and east, both for the sake of convenience and for the purpose of adding a few remarks concerning the things already mentioned.

In making the outside circuit of the Holy City you may either take the road already alluded to, or, keeping on the high ground above the valley, you may proceed by the bridle-path whose sometimes slippery deviations lead you amid heaps of rubbish close under the walls. Now, I tried one of these routes and then, the other; the view being varied only as to its point of prospect in either case. The first thing of importance observed as you depart from the Jaffa Gate, is the last which we mentioned on our arrival at Jerusalem, the vale of Hinnom, or Gehenna—containing, a little way down, the lower pool of Gihon. At its lower end, Father Paulinus,

T. and I one day, crossing, descended into it and climbed high up on the other side to visit the place where, it is said, the frightened followers of the captive Lord took refuge just before the Crucifixion. It proved to be only a very large cavern among many smaller tombs and caves which line the faces of the cliffs about Jerusalem, as they do every eligible wall of rock throughout the Holy Land. Hewn in the stony threshold, was a rude and simple cavity with its huge, egg-like pestle of stone which had been used as an olive-press and was even then greasy with the recently flowing oil. In, or near this cavern, through the chinks of whose closed door we peered in vain, are said to lie the remains of the High Priest Annas, while much farther over, on the other side of the hill, is the tree pointed out as that on which the traitor Apostle hanged himself. Just beyond it is the Field of Blood, a part of it covered with the remnant of an old stone structure of whose original purpose I still remain ignorant. It is a lonely spot, set high up on the side of the sombre valley, but commanding no view of the city save a little of that part of the wall above which stood the temple. It is sad and cold and desolate, as such a place deserves to be—the purchase of the blood-money paid for a Saviour's life. The earth from this spot is said by some to have the merit of an antiseptic; by others that of a putrefactive; and for the sake of one or the other of these virtues, it has in past ages been sent by shiploads to Rome and Pisa.

Leaving on our left Mount Zion, a part of which is, in accordance with Jeremiah's prophecy, "ploughed like a field," and having on our right the hill of Evil Council where Pompey pitched his camp against the Jews and Caiaphas afterward gave advice against the captive Christ, we descend into the valley of the Kedron and bend our steps toward *Beer-Eyub*, that is, the well of Job, or the

Fountain of En-Rogel. There is a little doorway in the structure which covers the mouth of the pit and through this you may walk, if you are careless, into a watery grave from which rescue is impossible. I stepped over the threshold and dropped pebble after pebble into its far-sounding depths, fascinating us and yet curdling the blood with the deep and distant thud with which they struck the dark water far below. It is one of the peculiarities of the Turkish rule that public roads are seldom, or never mended, nor the mouths of the many empty pits and cisterns throughout the country covered. All over the vicinity of Jerusalem, as well as in the country at large, these dangerous places are to be found with their mouths on a level with the ground and perhaps hidden partly by the grass which overhangs their edges. From many of them a man could not possibly extricate himself alone and in a country where the inhabitants live altogether in towns and villages, he might for days and nights cry in vain for help. We drew back from the dismal En-Rogel and fell at once into the hands of a dozen lepers who, in a semi-circle had squatted outside upon the ground, and were patiently waiting till we should complete our experiments. They have a sort of hospital near by in which they live together, and whence they venture out to clamour, or rather to whimper, in their hoarse and pitiful tones, for the compassion of the stranger. It is a matter of comment, how all around Jerusalem to-day one finds the same human sufferings which were once healed by the mercies of Christ. The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the leper—all are still there, even as they were eighteen hundred years ago. There is but one difference in the case of the lepers. Then they were all Jews. Now I am told they are all Mohammedans. They intermarry and thus propagate the disease which would otherwise die out,

although it is said under certain circumstances to be contagious. These poor creatures surrounded us and even laid their horribly ulcered hands upon us in their importunate beseechings. It was impossible not to pity them thus dying by inches, but it often seemed to me as I met them here and elsewhere, that the one strong craving for *backsheesh* seemed to drown all anxiety over their bodily condition, an impression which adds at once to the traveler's satisfaction and their own temporary happiness in bestowing his *piasters*.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of En-Rogel it may have been that Jonathan and Achimaaz heard the news which guided David in his movements during Absalom's rebellion. Here, too, it was that Adonijah, attempting to forestall Solomon in his regal dignity, prepared the banquet for his friends. Near by, we stepped into the dry bed of the Kedron to gather a flinty pebble or two as a souvenir of this singular stream, whose course, beneath Jerusalem, lies a part of the way under ground. Turning hence into the valley of Jehoshaphat, we pass the fragment of the stone stair-case which once ascended Zion's hill and the place near the famous pool already spoken of, where the tower of Siloe fell, and find ourselves again opposite that nest of troglodytes, the cliff village of *Silwan*. The slope to which it clings is the Mount of Scandal, or Offense, whereon Solomon made homes and temples for his heathen wives. From here, away beyond the Garden of Gethsemane, the slopes of the valley are completely studded over with dark grey tombs. On one side—next the city, lie the Moslems; on the other, at the foot of Olivet, repose the Jews. Most of the Jews at Jerusalem are, indeed, old men and women who have come here from all parts of the world to die and be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the place in which many, straining in-

terpretation, have centralized the last Judgment. But certainly few other spots in the world will show, at the last day, a greater array of the sheeted dead. It was styled of old, the "king's dale," in which was erected the pillar of Absalom and in the time of the kings was made famous by the destruction of idols at the hands of Asa, himself the son of an idolatress, and the good Josias. Across the valley and up the steep ascent of the Mount of Olives, King David fled from his rebel son, and a greater than David afterward traversed its tomb-paved slopes, as He sought the solitude of His favorite retreat. Let us mount again for an hour the triple hill whose foot we have ourselves reached and sitting down, as I have often done beneath the shade of an olive tree, recall a little more of its history than we have hitherto been able to do.





THE CIRCUIT COMPLETED.

SEVERAL of my pleasantest visits to this sacred mount were made in the company of Mr. Gifford, an American artist whom I had the pleasure of first meeting at Jerusalem, and who became my companion during the entire remainder of my stay in Palestine. With him I sat on Olivet and in Gethsemane, writing and reading, while he sketched delightful bits of Jerusalem through the olive-trees. At such times I tasted at will of the pleasures of reverie—that fitful siren which ever dances just before, but always out of reach, along the hurried path of the tourist. We sought some spot free from intruders, where we speedily extemporized our seats. The panorama thus commanded was always changing, but it never lacked in interest and beauty. Now it was on the summit, perhaps, toward even-tide, and then we could turn from the great wilderness of Judæa pregnant with the memories of the tempted Christ and His ascetic herald, John the Baptist, to the rich colorings of the mountains of Moab and the glittering bosom of the Dead Sea. The plain of Jericho was also visible in that marvelous atmosphere and the course of the Jordan

“By its verdure far descried.”

Again we stopped somewhere on the slope nearer Jerusalem and never tired of the incomparable view which is

thence afforded of the Holy City. And often too we laid aside our book and palette and struck out on foot over the precipitous sides, traversing some old road paved with small stones and covered with pieces of pottery and flint, or venturing cautiously among unsealed mouths of sundry treacherous cisterns.

And what a hill it is, standing now, as it has always done, "before Jerusalem on the east"! As Jerusalem is the world's famous city; as Jordan is the one river of which everyone has heard; so is there no other hill which can eclipse the fame of the Mount of Olives. The sphinx, gazing out with tranquil mien over the sands of Egypt, has watched the inscription of pages of history far more numerous, indeed, but less important to man than those which have been written within full view of Olivet. From the time when the advent of the new moon was first telegraphed by torch-light signals from Moab, and announced on the top of this holy hill, to the day when Peter, the Hermit, stirred men's hearts and crusaders sang their litanies upon its summit, what a record can it unroll to view! It has seen the glory of Jehovah, as in the vision of Ezekiel, illuminating its brow. It has heard the sobs of a David, bewailing his rebellious son and a Jesus weeping over a doomed city. It has seen the God-man seek its bosom for solitary prayer during the midnight watches. It has echoed to the tramp of the flower of the Roman army and sheltered on its sides the white tents of the tenth legion of Titus. But its secrets are too many to be searched out and told in a few strokes of the pen. And they are not all of the past. The future has its own mysteries in store. For when the Lord shall come again to earth this hill shall undergo a mighty change. "For His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of

Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west and there shall be a very great valley and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south."

On the plain of Sharon you may search in vain for its own peculiar rose, among other flowers of many a hue and shape; around Bethany, the ancient "house of dates," you may find fig and pomegranate and almond, while no fruit-bearing palm greets the eye; but Olivet still retains its olive-trees. There is many a gnarled and twisted trunk which looks as if it might have upborne its mass of silvery grey foliage through the storms of many generations and eight of the most venerable of these stand within the enclosure called the garden of Gethsemane. By the monks they are shown as the identical olive-trees beneath which our Saviour was made captive on the night before the Crucifixion. If Titus, however, as Josephus states, cut down all the trees in the vicinity of Jerusalem, these can be nothing more than shoots from the parent roots of that distant time. At all events, they are very old and are the chief features of this confined little area with its high yellow walls and pretty French flower-beds. The ground may possibly be a part though it is too small to be all of the ancient garden, and this possibility gives it interest in the eyes of the stranger. I loved to sit there in the cool morning air and watch the good-natured friar in charge looking after his flowers; or the humble pilgrim doing "the stations" from picture to picture along the inside wall. It was a place of rest and quiet and refreshment. Just outside its gate are the traditional rocks upon which Peter, James and John fell asleep when the Master commanded them to wait, while He went further into the garden to beseech the removal from Him of the chalice of His Passion. At the end of the passage I

scanned curiously the fragment of a pillar, blackened and scarred, "looking," in short, as my friend said, "as if cursed"—which is held to mark the spot where our Lord received the traitorous kiss of Judas.

From here it is but a step across the road into the church of the Virgin's tomb and the grotto of the Agony. The latter, into which we will venture for a moment only, is a roomy subterranean grotto, wherein are erected three altars, under charge of the Latin fathers. The chief altar stands, of course, on the exact spot where our Lord perspired blood. Leaving the grotto and threading our way among the numerous beggars who sit around with their sightless eyes and tin buckets, we arrive after a few steps at the head of the long staircase which conducts us down to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the occasion of my first visit thither we found the Armenian monks chanting mass before the altar in the subterranean church, and going quietly down, we arranged ourselves on chairs and benches about the mouth of an old well with its quaint buckets, a few steps in the rear of the priests. Here we sat for a long time, watching the red-gowned servers swinging their censers and listening to the incessant droning of the priests. Occasionally our attention was beguiled by the little birds which flew timidly in and out of the broad doorway at the top of the stairs. It is said that the church was once roofless, but that the rain never dared to descend upon it. Half way down the staircase, in a side chapel on the right, is the tomb of S. Anne and opposite this, in a similar chapel on the left, repose the remains of S. Joseph. The Virgin's empty sepulchre is behind the altar at which the service was proceeding and when this was at length over, we all squeezed into the little apartment and satisfied our curiosity. I remember nothing, however, that was worth

recording and we tarried but a moment within the Mausoleum.

From here we turn to the west and cross the Kedron by a bridge immediately in front of us and having on our right the "Ashes Valley" where was gathered the sheaf of first fruits offered at the Passover. The road leads up to S. Stephen's gate just within which is the so-called pool of Bethesda—north of the temple area—and to the right of which, outside the walls, is another large reservoir called the "Pool of Madam Mary." In the wall in this neighborhood are set some large stones with beveled edges, whose masonry suggests an origin as early as the time of Solomon. Up to this gate of S. Stephen, however, we shall not now ascend, but turning to the right at the point where some reddish flat rocks are still said to bear the stains of the martyred Deacon's blood, we shall continue our course north-westward around the walls. The prominent object now before is Mount Scopus, a name well known to history. Gifford and I took donkeys one afternoon and rode to the tumulus on the top, whereon Titus is said to have stood and overlooked the Holy City—of which the view from this point is only less enchanting than from Olivet. Here the Roman trumpets once rang out their challenge to the beleaguered city, whose obstinate defenders were not slow to answer while the echoes rolled from hill-top to hill-top and died away across the plain of Jordan and the Dead Sea. But the Romans were not the only foes of Jerusalem whose battalions marched over this famous hill. The Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek had been there before; the crusader and the Saracen came afterward. Some came to worship, some to blaspheme and destroy, but all alike to sweep down from Scopus in fire and blood upon the fated city. It was by this route also that S.

Paul was hurried off to Cæsarea with his two hundred guards, barely escaping the murderous fury of the Jews. Looking away from Jerusalem, we could see "poor Anathoth," the birthplace of Jeremiah and whose fate, as she lay in the path of the Assyrian, Isaiah touchingly bewails—and all that bare, brown desolate wilderness of hills which divides the plain of Jordan from Jerusalem.

Pursuing our way among the Moslem tombstones and turning westward we pass the walled up gate of Herod, now denominated the "gate of flowers" and reach the little skull-shape mound which has with good reason been supposed to be the true Calvary. Near it is a huge deep cave where Jeremiah is said to have composed his lamentations, but into which it being under control of the Arabs, we never found it convenient to enter. Nearly opposite to this, just north of the Damascus gate and beneath the house on the wall of the American community, is the low dark hole through which we crawled into the famous "quarries of Solomon." This is a huge underground passage—one of the wonders of Jerusalem—and is thought to reach as far as the temple area a mile away. From it the stone for Solomon's temple was probably taken. We explored a part of it by candle-light, going cautiously far into its Cimmerian depths. We found many upright blocks of stone partially hewn, but still projecting from the walls. Here and there a spring trickled from the rocks. There were enormous heaps of rubbish to scale and frightful precipices to avoid, while the roof of the cavern was, in some places far distant from its mouth, as much as fifty feet above our heads. The ceiling is blackened over in many places by the candles of the inevitable unknown who have left their names in soot upon its overhanging surface. It is a strange place, a place in which one might easily get lost and die in a darkness like that of Egypt,

a place wherein a whole army might hide, or a population take refuge. Ibrahim who, as a boy, attended Dr. Wilson in his explorations, gave us an account of the process by which this cavern was discovered and told how they first entered the labyrinth, like Theseus at Crete, with a thread as a clew to daylight and the open air.

On the road which leads northward from the Damascus gate, we may visit the so-called "tombs of the kings," a good specimen of the more important rock-tombs by which Jerusalem is surrounded. We went down a broad flight of steps, drained by narrow water courses sunk in the rock, past a large cistern or two at the bottom and turned into a spacious vestibule cut in the solid rock at one side of which was a wide recess with sculptured portal. On the frieze I noticed some admirably executed carvings of cakes and grapes. At the left end of this recess we found an entrance leading into a sepulchral chamber with several apartments and numerous coffin-niches in the walls. But the manner of closing the portal at once attracted my attention, for the door was like a huge round millstone which, rolling downward in a groove along the perpendicular rock, effectually shut the sepulchre against all intruders. At present it is rolled permanently back. But one sees at a glance how it works and gets a new idea of the manner in which the angel uncovered our Lord's own tomb, at the Resurrection.

Pursuing our road still northward, we pass, at ten minutes' walk from the city gates, an enormous hill of ashes which some have supposed to be the ashes from the temple sacrifices—but of which Brother Lievin rather scornfully disposes as the refuse of some soap factory—and reach at a short distance beyond, the Tomb of the Judges. This is even a better specimen, in some respects, than the tombs of the kings, though not so large. It has the

usual sculptured portal and numerous burial niches within. Why it is called the Tomb of the Judges no one seems to know.

From this point it is but a short ride to the hotel Feil, and the completion of our rapid circuit outside the walls ; but before going in we made one afternoon a *détour* of some twenty minutes to the west and suddenly came upon the brow of a hill whence we could look down upon the large and fortress-like Convent of the Cross. It is in the hands of the Greeks and is said to cover the spot where grew the tree from which the cross was made. But we were content with merely looking down upon it—for though the tree may possibly have grown there, it ought either to share the honor of a visit with three other spots where grew three other trees, or else it destroys altogether the old legend which tells us that four different kinds of wood entered into the composition of the cross—the socket being of cedar ; the post, of cypress ; the tablet, of olive ; and the cross-beam of palm.





THE CRADLE OF THE FOUNDER.

My second visit to Bethlehem, unlike the first, was made, and made leisurely, with but a single companion. It is a great misfortune when one can see such places but once and then only in a party under the care of a dragoon. However intelligent your leader and his little troop of tourists, you must still forego much of the hoped-for profit and reflection. It was just ten days after my first hurried visit that we again set out, one pleasant morning, on the Bethlehem road across the hills. The hill-country of Judæa through which our route lay, is both lovely and historically interesting. It was not long before we were in the valley of Rephaim where David twice conquered the Philistines. Lying not far from Jerusalem, it has no doubt been the theatre of many another scene of blood. And here we enter upon a road teeming with legends and traditions.

First comes "the well of the star" by the wayside, where it is said that the Magi, having lost sight of Christ's natal star as they entered Jerusalem, found it again by its reflection in the water as they were on the road to Bethlehem. A little beyond this, on the opposite side of the path, we see in a rock almost on a level with the ground, a deep impression said to be that of the body of Elijah who fell asleep here, so goes the story, as he fled from the vengeance of Jezebel. Then comes "the

field of dry peas" whose legend is that our Lord passing by them, saw a man sowing peas and asked what he was sowing. The scoffing answer was: "stones!" "Well," said Jesus, "you shall gather stones." Such was indeed the crop and even to-day pebbles are found there in the form of peas. For ourselves, however, we rode into the field and sought them all in vain.

But the tomb of Rachel which we next reached, lying in sight of the lovely village of Beth-zala on the hill-side, is no such fiction. Around it gather some of the richest and most pathetic associations of patriarchal history. Here the wife of Jacob is buried "in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem." Hither the Jews come to weep and wail as at Jerusalem; and when I dismounted and entered the domed building which now covers the tomb, my eyes rested upon a truly touching scene. Here were again those aged men and women, moaning and sobbing as if from broken hearts, and bathing in their tears the well thumbed Hebrew Psalters which they carried in their hands. Their patriarchs and temples all gone—their national glory wholly departed—who would not pity them! It was with a sad and sympathetic heart that I remounted and rode on; albeit pursuing my way to the birth-place of a Saviour Whom these very Jews revile and despise.

We turned aside to see the well at the gate of Bethlehem, whence the three valiant soldiers brought water to David in the cave of Adullam, and then advanced, through narrow and winding streets, to the Church of the Nativity standing over the cave in which Christ was born. It is called the oldest Christian church in the world, having been built by S. Helena, mother of Constantine, early in the fourth century. I looked up with much interest at the old ceiling made of beams of wood from the forest

of Lebanon among which the little birds were flitting and singing as in the trees outside. Only a few remnants of the ancient mosaics still cling to the walls, but I thought of its glory when, on Christmas-day, 1101, Baldwin was here anointed and crowned King of Jerusalem.

In my former visit I had been shown the points of special interest under the guidance of a Latin priest and I had now but to review them. My companion and I descended by a flight of sixteen steps into the Holy Grotto where, under an open altar hung round with ever-burning lamps of gold and silver, we found a slab of white marble having an aperture in the centre surrounded by a silver star. Around this star is the inscription : HIC, DE VIRGINE MARIA, JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. Over this star the star of Bethlehem, guiding the wise men, is said to have become stationary eighteen-hundred years ago. Near here two or three steps lead down to the oratory of the manger in which was placed the cradle of Christ and opposite this again, is an altar over the spot where the Eastern kings adored the Holy Child. The walls of the original rock are hung with draperies and ornamented with paintings. The upper part is a false roof and the pavement is of flags of white marble. The thick darkness of the cave is broken only by the feeble glare of lamps and tapers. And, sad to say, not ten feet away from the very spot on which the Prince of Peace is believed to have been born, stands, day and night, a Turkish soldier fully armed. Another performs a similar duty in the church above. And these guards are absolutely necessary to prevent the jealous fury of the Greek and Latin Christians from breaking out into personal violence upon each other.

Adjacent to that of the Nativity, we visited several

other crypto and grottoes which, however, are probably worth little beside mere mention. One was that of the pit into which were thrown the murdered innocents slain by Herod. Another is that of S. Joseph where he is said to have received the command to depart into Egypt. Most interesting of them all is the oratory of S. Jerome in which he translated the Vulgate and passed many days and nights in prayer. Close by is the former tomb of this father of the Church and also those of his devoted adherents, S. Paula and her daughter Eustochium. Coming again into the cave of the Birth, we passed a round hole in the floor through which, according to ancient tradition, the Heavenly Father caused a well to spring up for the use of the Holy Family.

Leaving the Church behind, we wasted enough of our time to allow us to visit the so-called "milk grotto," the whiteness of whose rock is said to have been caused by the spilling of a few drops of the Virgin's milk as she there suckled the Holy Child. This cave has the pretended virtue of procuring for all nurses in want of it—be they Catholics, Schismatics, or even Turks—a supply of milk. Small pieces therefore of the chalky scrapings are made into little cakes and conveyed to all parts of the world. Descending the hill of Bethlehem and crossing the fields of Boaz where Ruth, the Moabitess, came to glean, we reached, after a few minutes, a little plain shut in by low hills. Upon it is a square planted with olive trees and surrounded by a stone wall. Here is the Grotto of the Shepherds—the place where the angel of the Lord announced the Birth of Jesus Christ.

We sat down to rest under the shade of the olive and sycamore, while the lizard and chamaleon made sport for us in the sunshine. I know of no place in the Holy Land

whose spell seemed to me stronger and truer than this. Bethlehem nestled a little way off on its fertile hillside and it seemed as if the skies above were indeed the very ones which were so luminous and resonant with song, when here, so long ago, the Shepherds "watched their flock by night."

We sat there some time engaged in thought and our respective occupations of sketching with pen and with pencil and then, with the spell still upon us, rode slowly back toward Jerusalem. A lovely sunset threw its soft rays around us as we crossed the valley of Rephaim and it was already dark when we passed the spot where once stood the huge, grim tower of Mariamue and dismounted at the Jaffa gate.

We had now been some three weeks in Jerusalem, and we began to think of leaving. There was a forlorn hope that we might get on to Egypt in a week or two. But, for my own part, I was going down to Jaffa merely to await results and having no plans beyond that point. Our odd hours were now being spent in the refreshing of memory concerning scenes with which we had grown familiar and upon which we hardly expected to look again. Among my last experiences were visits to the Greek and Latin Cathedrals where one has a good opportunity of noticing the difference between the Eastern and Western rituals. At the former, which stands in the centre of the huge group of buildings outside the Jaffa gate, I heard the best and most dignified service I had ever witnessed in any Greek church. It was a solemn Vespers chanted alternately by long-haired priests in robes of gold and crimson and singing men whose voices thrilled my soul with their sweet impressiveness. There was present a large and devout congregation, profoundly bowing and

crossing beneath the lofty and spacious dome. It was some time before I turned to leave and bestow a passing glance upon that gigantic column in the courtyard which every traveler sees and admires, but of which no one knows the intended use. There it lies, prone upon its native rock from which it is almost completely hewn, but from which, though well shaped and rounded, it has never been detached.

At the patriarchal church of the Latins the service was not Vespers but a Sunday morning Mass at which the patriarch himself was present. Here, as at the Greek church, the ritual was at its best, and was performed in a simple and beautiful Gothic temple. The priests were clothed in robes of gold and white, and while the altar was richly vested, both it and the church were agreeably free from the usual tawdry ornamentation.

In this connection it seems but natural that I should at least allude to the chaste Gothic edifice which, on Mount Sion, represents another great branch of the Catholic communion—the Church of England. In its pulpit, by the invitation of its esteemed rector, the Rev. Mr. Kelk, it was my high privilege to preach the word in the same Holy City from which it first went forth to evangelize the world, as well as to assist at the Holy Communion within half a mile of the very spot where it was instituted. The English Church mission to the Jews is an admirable work carried on by noble men. Its master spirits, so far as I could judge, are the Rev. Mr. Friedlander and his accomplished wife, whose courteous hospitality added so much to the pleasure of my sojourn in Jerusalem. In the company and under the roofs of people like these and our estimable consul, Dr. Merrill and his wife, we were never suffered to grow lonely in

Jerusalem. Nowhere in our wanderings had we more of a home feeling in a place where our stay was so short. The English and American residents in Jerusalem are few in number, but they form a circle in the midst of which the most refined culture and the freest courtesy to strangers walk hand in hand.





DOWN TO JAFFA.

AT last one bright morning, a rather hard-looking, old, three seated wagon was driven up in front of our hotel and my artist friend and I both prepared to bid adieu to the Holy City. We considered it a final parting from Jerusalem though it did not prove so to be. Once more did we stand together within its walls and twice did I revisit it before we left the shores of Palestine. But there was a veil before the future and at the time, our departure in that rickety vehicle—the best, however, to be had—was clothed in all the solemnity of a lasting farewell. We threw our last coins to our beggar friends from the balcony, bade good-bye to our acquaintances in the hotel, and took our seats. Away we rattled over the Jaffa road, looking often and lovingly back upon the sacred walls and towers until they were lost to view. To be sure they held within their embrace a mass of infidelity and corruption, spiritual, moral and physical; but still they could never be any thing else than dear to us. Even in her degradation, we could, with full hearts and moistened eyes, say in the words of the Psalmist, of her who had entwined herself about our hearts: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I remember not thee, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.”

And now our troubles began. Among the ruts and stones and windings and declivities of this road to Jaffa

we at once commenced to crucify our flesh as we never did before. If there be in the wide world a worse highway than that which we were now obliged to travel, I should like to hear of it. It is a true Turkish road, as much poorer than the French diligence route from Beyrout to Damascus as the government which built it is inferior to the civilized powers of Western Europe. It is the only carriage road in all Palestine which is at present regularly used. Sorry as it was, however, it was planted on each side with Scripture histories and Christian traditions. Along a portion of it the Ark of God was once borne from Kirjath-Jearim to Jerusalem. Over it the Redeemer Himself may possibly have walked with the two disciples toward Emmaus, whose site is at least uncertain. By it Roman legions and crusading armies went tramping toward Jerusalem. At some distance on the left we soon sighted, lying in its deep secluded vale, the Convent of the Holy Cross. Then we descended into a valley on either side of which rose little garden slopes green with the foliage of lemon, orange, vine and pear. At the bottom we crossed over the brook called Terebinthe whence an unreliable tradition declares that the youthful David took his five smooth stones. The same tradition also asserts that in this neighbourhood Goliath fell. Here we made a halt, probably for the refreshment of our driver who was not without the weaknesses of his profession. While waiting here, I had the satisfaction of recovering my guide book which had been unconsciously jolted from my coat-pocket and was now, in exchange for *backsheesh*, produced by several Arabs—one of whom had picked it up. Starting again we climbed the opposite hill by circuitous windings and thence looked across to *Ain-Karim*, perched upon its rocky hill-side and claiming to have been the birthplace of John the Baptist. Somewhere

there, among yonder hills and in those quiet vales there was first heard from Mary's lips the triumphant gladness of the *Magnificat*. How near S. Luke's story seemed to come to us, as we gazed ! But scene succeeded scene so rapidly, that there was little time for imagination and thought. We might never go over that road again, and now was our chance to observe, instead of going into raptures. On all these hills around the heroic Maccabees have left their names. Some have even thought that on one of yonder hill-tops rose the seven pyramids which marked the Maccabean sepulchres and which were said to have been visible from the sea. But in the precious ointment of these ready identifications there nearly always lurks a fly of doubt and in this case the fly is rather large. Still it is just possible that we may even now be in the vicinity of that spot where Mattathias answered the tempting promises of the envoy of Antiochus by slaying the first Jew who approached the altar of idolatry ; and there is inspiration in the thought. But yonder is Kirjath-Jearim—"City of the Woods," now called Abou-Ghaush, after a famous Moslem bandit who used to levy tribute on all who passed. It stands on the frontier between the tribes of Benjamin and Judah and on the hill above it was situated, no doubt, the house of Abinadab into which the men of the city brought the recovered Ark of God. Somewhere on the road we may have passed, too, the house of Obed-Edom the Gittite into which David carried the ark, in fear, after the presumptuous Uzzah had been stricken to the ground beside it. This city was likewise the birthplace of the seer, Urijah. Near it stands an old gray Gothic church belonging to some ancient monastery but now a massive, though a simple ruin, beautified by the near presence of a single stately palm. Nearly every old church in Palestine is

now one of these two—a ruin, or a mosque. May the day soon come when the Christian shall get back his own and the Koran be made to vacate the holy places from which it has so long crowded out the Bible.

We now rode up a series of ascents from one point of which there burst upon us a glorious view of the “great sea” whose waters sparkled afar off upon the horizon. On the hither side of this blue expanse lay another plain, of deepest green—the plain of Sharon. On it we could easily distinguish the white houses of Ramleh and Lydda, nestling amid their palm-trees, and beyond these, the orange-gardens around Jaffa, breaking the dismal belt of sand along the sea-shore. Our way now wound beneath the olive groves of Sarris and led down into a narrow valley—sometimes called the vale of Jeremiah—from some uncertain associations with that prophet. On one side of the road we saw a little grove of beautiful green oaks, or terebinths, shading a running spring and calling loudly upon the traveler to pause there for rest and refreshment. Then came a wine-press, hewn in the huge flat rock. Immediately after this we reached *Bab-el-Ouadi*—the “gate of the valley.” There is here a sort of *osteria*, or khan, where all the passing wagons stop to bait their horses. And it is a place which every traveler who has been over that road will remember, whether he has spent the hour of recuperation over an indifferent luncheon in the little room above the stable, or has impatiently kept his seat in the wagon reading, making notes, or gossiping with Mahmoud and Achmet.

Our own luncheon, however, was, on this particular day, taken not here, but at “Howard’s Hotel” near Latroun. Thither we drove within sight of that town of Emmaus where Maccabaeus fought Georgius—the general of the Syrian King. At Latrome we found, near

the hotel, an underground sepulchre in the face of whose walls were nine niches for bodies, and which claimed, rather unwisely, to be the burial-place of the Maccabees. Tradition also says that here Dismas, the penitent thief, once plied his nefarious trade; a story rendered more probable by the name of the town itself, Latroun being derived from *latro*, a robber. It is said that the two thieves of the Crucifixion were partners here, and that when Joseph and Mary were on their way to Egypt with the Holy Child, Dismas was the means of rescuing them from the violence of his companion. As a matter of fact this neighbourhood has never, in times past, been notorious for honest men.

And now the hills of Benjamin and Judah began to melt into the fertile plain of Sharon—sweet, lovely and dotted with villages which were picturesque only in the distance. This was the plain over which were once fed the countless flocks of David; a plain carpeted in spring with beautiful wild-flowers of every hue, among which one seeks all in vain for its own peculiar rose. As we came upon it, we threw a skeptical glance over a little village which some one has too confidently identified with ancient Nob whence Abimelech came forth and gave to the youthful David the shew-bread and Goliath's sword. A more likely site was that of the ancient *Gezer*, on a hill to our left, the city whose king Joshua slew and which was afterwards brought to Solomon as a dowry by Pharaoh's daughter. The road, before so hard and rocky, had now become soft and in some places miry from the recent rains. There being no fences or hedges, we were able however to make easy *detours* on either side of the highway when any advantage was to be gained by so doing. Only small portions of Sharon are now under cultivation, the country, so far as inanimate nature is concerned, be-

ing not unlike some portions of our western prairies. It is broad, rolling, green with verdure save where some hill-side rears its rocky escarpment from the plain, but with hardly a tree in the whole picture. The laws concerning land and the taxation of trees are such as Turks alone could frame, and none but a fool would be likely to plant trees under such regulations. Think of putting an olive-tree, which will not bear for ten or fifteen years, into the ground and yet paying a heavy tax on the young shoot from the very beginning. Still there are trees to be met with around the villages, sometimes palms only, sometimes orange trees as well. The palms around Ramleh, which it was a relief to reach after seeing so long only irregular groups of mud hovels along the road, give the chief charm to that thoroughly Oriental looking city, as you approach it either from Jaffa, or Jerusalem. This place has been, amid much uncertainty, identified with Arimathea, the home of Joseph and Nicodemus and there is a Latin monastery here, said to stand upon the site of Joseph's house. It was around this place that the Crusaders fought some of their hardest battles. But the sad proofs of victory remain to this day on the side of the star and crescent; for the great mosque of Ramleh—from whose minaret, even as we drove into town, the *muezzin* was crying far and wide the hour of prayer—was once a splendid church. At the café here we again fed our horses and refreshed ourselves with a little cup of the thick, sweet Turkish coffee which every traveler in the East soon learns to love and never refuse. I never thought so little of our own capacious cups of coffee-flavored water, sugar and cream as when I first tasted this delicious little beverage of the Turk. While sitting in the wagon here, my attention was attracted by a swarm of small birds, high up in the

air, whose movements were a curious and fantastic entertainment. At one time the flock would close up into the density and shape of a cannon ball flying through the air. Again it would spread out, fan-like, into what might be likened to a thick cloud of soot. I enquired their name of one of the *attaches* of the khan, but he could give it only in Arabic whose terms of natural history are all meaningless to me. We were just succeeding in ridding ourselves of a crowd of leprous women who had surrounded the vehicle, exhibiting their frightful sores and ardently appealing for alms, when we were announced to be ready for departure. And forthwith we jolted out of town on our last stage of the thirty-eight mile ride between Jerusalem and Jaffa. As we glanced backward, we saw the old square tower which every one associates with Ramleh, rising sharply against the evening sky. And then darkness settled gradually down upon the plain—its sombre mantle bringing with it a chill and dewy air which penetrated our frames and made us draw our garments closely. This was the hour at which we should have been in Jaffa, had the desire to fulfil his promise to be punctual not been overcome in the morning by the chronic laziness of our coachman. We rode along in silence, shivering at intervals and seeing only what was immediately under our eyes. In the gloaming we passed one Mohammedan *mazar*, or shrine which had nine little domes upon its small roof, and whose principle of construction, though there was no resemblance in the architecture, reminded me of the pavilion at Brighton. Beneath it, I believe, a holy dervish lies buried. In its vicinity is said to be the neighbourhood where Samson caught his jackals, or “foxes” for this is where Sharon merges into Philistia. And now came the last guard tower on the road—a sort of lounging place for a soldier or

two which we had been passing all along at intervals of one or two miles. The pay of a guard on this road is four *piasters*, or twenty cents a day. One is not therefore surprised to hear that the occasional robberies are sometimes traced to the guards themselves.

The sweet odor of the orange groves now filled the night air with their delightful perfume. We rode a long way through them—past the fountain beneath the sycamores where Tabitha lived and died and was resuscitated by Peter ; dashed at reckless speed around the corner of the market place, on one side of which a group of Moslems were seated on the ground around a grave looking Arab who was discoursing, or reading to them—I could not determine which—and drew up finally at the door of Howard's Universal Hotel.





A HOME AMONG THE ORANGE GROVES.

THE next morning I arose, refreshed and strengthened ; for notwithstanding the fatigue and chilliness of our ride, I had gone to bed the night before after a good dinner and been lulled to sleep by the sighing of the sea. Gifford had proceeded, on the previous evening, to the house of Mr. Rolla Floyd, the well-known dragoman with whom he had arranged to stay while sketching in Jaffa. Here, the way being open and my own stay in Jaffa more or less indefinite, I determined to join him. The place soon became a second home for us. Our modest, though comfortable, rooms adjoined each other and were looked after by Mrs. Floyd and her Arab serving woman *Aishee* with true housewifely care. Mr. Floyd and his man *Dien* became our helpers and interpreters in every project and expedition after knowledge, laying us under many gratuitous obligations. The very horses, chickens and turtle-doves in their cage became our friends. And as for the cottage itself, it stood in the most delightful part of the German colony, an easy walk from the crowded little city which we could always see from the up-stairs balcony—its houses clinging to the sides of its shelving rock and looking almost as if it might, at any moment, tumble into the sea. All around, there was a vast panorama of blue sea and verdant plain, of waving palms and hazy hills to charm the eye ; and, to sweeten this

enjoyment, the fragrance which rose from the encircling orange groves and the flowers in the Russian baron's garden just below.

We were members of Mr. Floyd's family for nearly three months, the most profitable and pleasant portion of my entire year abroad. To be sure, we became impatient for the quarantine to be lifted, but we had no occasion to "kill time." There was more than we could do and we wanted to do it all. Some of it we did do, to our lasting advantage. I am thankful, as I look back upon my trip that the quarantine delayed us as long as it did. For my own part, I wanted just such a period of rest and digestion of knowledge after my recent hurried trip from Beyrout to Jerusalem. No place could be better than this with a valuable little library of Eastern travel in the house and Mr. Floyd's experience of a seventeen years' residence in Palestine, to help me in straightening out my ideas and gaining new information.

Having thus paid a well-deserved tribute to kindness and hospitality whose value was enhanced by our meeting with it in this far-off land, I proceed to a simple description of Jaffa itself. The famous little city is built, as I have already implied, upon a hill of moderate height which rises immediately from the sea. The houses stand on the sea-wall, tier above tier, and make a pretty picture from the water, the view being beautified by the usual minarets within, and the palms outside the city. The scene is one of the vividest in my memory, especially as I saw it one January day from a small boat out at sea, where though the sun was oppressive on the water, the city had for its background not only the orange and the palm, but afar inland, the brilliant masses of snow stretching along over the hill ranges of Judæa and Samaria. But walk through Jaffa and sentiment languishes.

There is little beauty, though there is much of interest in its narrow, dirty, steep and crowded streets. When we were there it was also a perfect nest of small-pox—from which, indeed, it is never entirely free. But this disease is less formidable in the East than we at home consider it, and we soon became as reckless and indifferent as the natives themselves and visited the city daily. Once only did I come unwittingly into closer contact with it than was comfortable, but escaped without serious results. One cannot help observing, as he walks through the streets, how rare are the persons who have perfect eyes. Out of a population of eight thousand, I was assured that over five hundred were totally blind. The number of one-eyed men is not small, while the multitude of less serious optical defects grows, of course, in proportion. The prevalence of this disease among them seems to have touched a tender spot in the hearts of the Arabs; and I have watched with much interest the consideration with which the blind man is aided on his way in the streets of Jaffa.

This, however, is somewhat aside from my description of the town. It once had walls and two gates, but these have long since been removed and but few traces remain. The “void space” which once lay just without the chief gate still remains and is the market-place through which we drove as we came in from Jerusalem. Here the scene during the day is one of the most varied and lively in all Palestine. Here you may see Arabs of all stations and degrees—men, women and children in their motley and indescribable dresses. Here you may study the general appearance of the camels and horses and donkeys of Syria with their various picturesque trappings. Here you may taste, if you so desire, nearly every article with which the average Arab is accustomed to titillate his palate, from the great fitches of camel-steak hung up for sale,

to the soft saccharine cubes of "Turkish delight." I shall not now linger over the details of this everchanging scene. I often went through it and always found something new to see, and I may want to bring the reader thither again.

On the outskirts of the compact little town hover a few houses of Europeans, with a hospital and school or two, though the majority of foreign residents live in the German colony which might almost be said to form a separate settlement. This colony is completely enclosed and not without means of defence. Guards are on patrol around it every night, a precaution rendered necessary by the unsettled state of the country and the thieving proclivities of the inhabitants.

Jaffa is one of the oldest cities in the world. Its earliest history is, in fact, apocryphal, and begins with the tradition that Noah came there to build his ark. On more reliable grounds we know that Jonah came down to this port, intending to embark for Tharsis, and that hither King Hiram sent from Lebanon the wood intended for the temple courts. Here also, to mingle mythology with Scripture, was the place where Adromeda was chained to one of the dangerous rocks in front of the city, and where she was rescued by Perseus. But the most interesting associations are those which connect Jaffa with the life and work of the Apostle Peter. For here he not only raised Tabitha to life, but here also in his lofty position near the sea-side he had that wondrous vision which taught him once for all how "God, even to the Gentiles, had granted repentance unto life." Some one has pointed out how by his own small sea of Galilee his spiritual vision was circumscribed, only to find a boundless range so soon as he came in sight of this great main of the Mediterranean. Of course, we went to see the so-

called house of Simon the Tanner. No doubt the site upon which it stands is the same as that of the house upon whose roof Peter went up to pray. The conditions are fulfilled with more than the accuracy usual in such cases. It is beside the sea. It must have been within the limits of the ancient, as well as the modern city; and there are yet tanneries in that particular neighbourhood. And so when I mounted the staircase leading from the little court with its old well and fig tree, to the modern house-top and stood in full view of the surrounding scene, I felt that S. Peter's eyes must have rested on no more, nor less than mine of the broad, blue Mediterranean, and that the clear azure above my own head was the same out of which he seemed to see the sheet descending.

Here Richard of the Lion-heart lay sick. Napoleon, too, has left some memories of rather a doubtful sort around Jaffa. Still, the version of his deeds, when coming from the enemies of that much-abused, though not unimpeachable conqueror, must be taken always with at least a grain of salt. We went to see the Hospital, now an Armenian Church, wherein he ordered several hundred military patients, ill of the plague, to be poisoned that he might not be burdened with their removal. According to the story, his more humane physicians refused to execute his orders saying that it was their duty to lengthen life and not to extinguish it. It was here also that he cruelly massacred four thousand Turkish prisoners on the beach. Jaffa has had a hard time with its wars and sieges, often rising like a Phoenix from its ashes, and probably Napoleon has had most to do with those pages of its history which are written in blood.

Our long delightful days were now being divided between reading and study at home and excursions and sketching abroad. Gifford was fond of going to the sea

shore for marine views and sunsets, and I never tired of accompanying him thither. Deeply did we become attached to that lovely beach with its snowy surf which stretches from Jaffa to the *mazar*, or *wely* on the hill about two miles above the city. This piece of coast, as a promenade unsurpassed anywhere in that part of the world, was put by my friend on an olive wood panel and now forms one of my most precious mementoes. The beach is strewn with beautiful little shells of every hue and shape, and it was one of our chief delights to gather the choicest specimens of these to be taken or shipped to our respective homes. The shell-banks, like the sand-banks, are some of the features of the neighbourhood. The former are at some points very extensive in area and five, or six feet deep—the accumulations probably of ages. As for the latter, they extended all the way down the coast, forever encroaching on the fertile soil, being as high as fifty feet and, in the neighbourhood of Jaffa, several miles in width. Along this shelly, sandy shore runs the coast road to Haifa, Tyre, Sidon and Beyrout. There was scarcely a moment when we could see, somewhere along the water's edge, neither a caravan of camels, nor a solitary horseman. But we loved best the sea itself—the waves sometimes calm and idly floating the white sails of those “who go down to the sea in ships,” and again “lifting up their voice” and “raging horribly,” as they do now and then in David's psalms. During the winter we had one long storm of four days which bowed the feathery plumes of the palm-trees and lifted the billows of the sea in a way that was magnificent to behold. Thunder and lightning, wind and hail swept remorselessly over land and water, greeting our ears night and day with one constant turmoil of the elements. One morning, between the showers, we put on our water-proofs and thick shoes and

went down to the shore where we took position in the lee of one of the big boats hauled up in safety on the beach and watched the fury of the waves. The black-brown waters came driving in their foam as if all the impetus of Euroclydon were behind them, beating the black rocks of the wretched and ruthless harbor, or dashing far up the gently sloping strand. There are storms sometimes whose fury turns the waters red. Such an one, as Mr. Floyd told us, once swept ashore near Jaffa a large steamer whose machinery had become disabled leaving her high and dry but quite uninjured on the beach. Probably the least of S. Paul's perils was by no means the hazard of "the night and day he had been in the deep."

The roads and lanes in the environs of Jaffa are delightful, their ramifications running as they do through one vast lemon and orange garden, and bordered with impenetrable hedges of the cactus, or prickly pear. We explored them often, mounted, or on foot, always observing something new. Here and there we would see a Scripture tree that was neither an olive nor a palm. One evening I remember we rode beneath a sycamore, overshadowing the road leading south from Jaffa, a noble tree with low, wide-spreading branches. Just the sort of a tree for a man to climb, with the spirit and purpose of Zacchaeus. This tree still produces the wretched fruit which the prophet Amos gathered in his herdman days. Its strong, deep roots are so firmly set in the earth that nothing indeed short of a miraculous faith could pluck it up and cast it into the sea. Again we would come across a tamarisk with its gracefully drooping boughs, or perchance a row of acacias—the "shittim wood" of Scripture. Sometimes we would stumble upon a camp of Bedouins, or gypsies, among the sandhills, or by the roadside, furnishing illustrations of another sort. For we were

almost certain to see outside the door of some one of the tents a woman grinding away at the little rude mill with its upper and nether stone and producing the same sound which hums and rumbles through sundry Bible verses. On the heads and necks of these women might often be observed huge strings of gold and silver coins hanging down over their brows and cheeks. Sometimes they depended from the edges of the black *burko*, or face-cloth over the top of which peers a pair of great, lustrous eyes. This sort of ornament is much in fashion among Arab females. The coins of which they are composed are a sort of perpetual dowry and family heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter, never taken for a husband's debt and seldom stolen. Enormous sums are thus worn on the persons of the lowest class, for Arabs seldom entrust their savings to a bank. Our servant, *Aishee*, had the finest head-gear of the kind that I have ever seen, it having been made at Bethlehem in the shape of a sort of helmet out of old Napoleons and coral beads. There was no metal in it baser than gold, the pendant under the throat being the largest Turkish gold coin, worth about twenty-five dollars. The whole affair had in it about a hundred dollars in coins. Even the pet children, when quite small, are laden with these money ornaments, and one might often notice them thus distinguished amid the motley little rabble of tattooed and unwashed creatures playing in the sand around the paternal tent. Other noticeable decorations are the anklets and bracelets made of rough colored glass, many of which are manufactured at Hebron.

Among the longer excursions which we sometimes made was one to the *El-Aujeh* river, some three or four miles north of Jaffa. On this occasion our party was in-

creased by Mrs. S. and Mr. R. of Jerusalem, who had come down to the sea-coast for a change of air and were, for the time being, welcome and agreeable additions to our little family. We rode cheerily over the plain of Sharon in a fresh, bright, atmosphere, now skirting the edge of a hill whence we caught lovely glimpses of the sea, now plunging through the soft and clayey bottom of a ravine and anon trampling under our feet a brilliant patch of the first flowers of early spring. The landscape, as usual, was full of objects of interest and one trivial thing which however has vividly photographed itself upon my memory was a group of camels just disappearing over the top of a neighbouring ridge, their huge forms, even to their lower limbs, being clearly outlined against the sky. It was the verification of a bit of scenery in some Oriental tale. One soon observes how superficial is the cultivation here, the Arab plow merely scratching the earth and making no true furrow. Yet I am told that this method is best suited to the soil and that the deeper subsoiling, imported by the colonists, is in this country a comparative failure. In some portions this plain of Sharon still reminds you of the days of old when the pastures were full of feeding flocks and the valleys of golden corn. But such spots are now oases in a wide, though not barren waste, and the constant sight of the Arab *fellah*, with his gun, sword, or club about him wherever he goes, tells you partly why they are so. The security of life and property is, in fact, at its minimum in Palestine, and never will be otherwise until "the sick man" at Stamboul dies and leaves no successor. At length we reached the rapid little river with its two rude mills and picturesque palm-trees. We halted for a few moments but it was only our turning point, with little to see, the pleas-

ure and exercise of our ride having been our chief object. We returned to Jaffa by a different route, and entering the town from behind, had another variation of that ever interesting city, one half hiding itself from every landward point of view in its masses of verdure.





RAMLEH AND LYDDA.

ONE morning in December we locked up our little cottage and the entire household started for Ramleh, where we were to spend the day with an estimable missionary and his wife. Mr. Floyd rode one of his handsome horses, and the rest of us endeavored to keep our spirits up and our tempers smooth in the uncertain seats of one of those inevitable wagons. They are all pretty much alike, no one being much preferable to, though it may be some newer, than its companions; but all alike infinitely better than the detestable road they have to travel. Once indeed we had a treat—a drive in the baron's family carriage—a lumbering sort of vehicle, but with thick, soft cushions and stout, easy springs. Inside of this, the road over which the high-mettled horses fairly flew, grew more tolerable; especially as we were always in the plain and not among the hills. In general however, as on this particular morning, our means of conveyance were of a strictly plebeian kind. We drove past the fountain of Dorcas, and leaving behind us the palms and oranges, soon emerged upon the road to Jerusalem of which it was my good fortune to know nearly every mile before leaving the Holy Land. For some distance the road was lined with a row of thick acacias of which and other features I had taken little notice during the chilly ride of a few nights previous. In front of us rose the long blue

line of the Judæan hills, sublime for their scenery and sublimer still for their sacred associations. The only villages of importance that we passed were *Yazur*, the ancient Hazor and *Beit-Dejan*, one of the numerous "Houses of Dagon," but erroneously said to be the place where was the ark and where Saul's head was deposited. After a drive of about three hours we arrived at Ramleh and forthwith proceeded to the house of Mr. and Mrs. S. and their daughter whom we found living modestly but comfortably in the native style. The ideas of the family are those of the Plymouth Brethren, but their lives are those of simple hearted missionaries, full of devotion and good works to the degraded creatures around them. We sat with them for a while in pleasant converse and then went out beyond the ancient pool and established Gifford in a self-chosen point of vantage in the suburbs whence he could make a study of the city. Mr. Floyd and I then explored the streets, pausing to look through the gateway into the courts of the great mosque—which, as I have said in a previous chapter, was in crusading times a church—and again stopping at the door of a Moslem school whose study seemed to consist in monotonous vociferations of certain passages in the Koran. Here we were invited by the pedagogue to step inside and take a seat on the mat beside him, but mindful of other possible neighbours, worse even than odorous Arabs, we declined. There were none but boys within, education among the Mohammedans being thought wholly unnecessary for girls or women. But education even for boys is most meagre, their one great text book being the Koran.

In one of the narrow streets of Ramleh we came upon several of those great heavy doors which are nearly always locked and barred, while entrance and egress are obtained by means of a little low wicket set in their middle

portion. This wicket is the "needle's eye" of Scripture, and the chance of the rich man who trusteth in his riches is indeed slender, if it be proportionate to the difficulty of getting a camel through such an opening. The feat is, in fact, absolutely impossible. It is not a very pleasant thing, even for an average man to be obliged to use such a low wicket frequently, as the members of our former party themselves discovered while at the *Hotel Dimitri* in Damascus. But what better explanation could there be of an interesting text than such an experience? We were thankful for it and did not grumble.

After luncheon was over Mr. Floyd and I left the ladies to themselves and Mr. S., and mounted our horses for an afternoon excursion to Lydda, or Lydd, as it is more shortly called by the inhabitants. First, however, we rode over to the old tower which rises above some extensive ruins, variously claimed by Christian and Moslem. The spot is said to be the burial place of forty martyrs, though precisely who those martyrs were and whether Moslem, or Christian, I was unable to ascertain. But what we came for was to ascend the tower and obtain the view. So, giving our horses into the care of an Arab, we began cautiously to climb the old winding stairway until, after a few minutes' patient toil, we emerged upon a narrow ledge or platform which encircles the top. Here we had the best part of Sharon and Philistia at our feet, with the hills on one side and the great sea on the other. How delightful it was to read from Scripture histories, not turning innumerable pages, but simply changing our positions in order to cover a new set of entire chapters. We began to come down to details. Away to the west, just on the hither side of those holy hills, lay the valley of Ajalon and the Beth-horons. Not far from these on that low *tell* stood most probably

ancient *Modin*, made famous by the heroism of the Maccabees. There too were *Gimzo* and *Gezer*, both of Scripture mention; while, as the eye swept around toward the south and east, there came rapidly into view the sites and remnants of some of the great cities of the Bible—Gath, Ekron, Ashdod, and the rest. Gaza and Ascalon were out of range, but we knew their direction until the sandy coast line became indistinguishable. On this, not far away, we could descry Jaffa and the intervening villages, while on the north lay the long ranges which culminate in Carmel, and on the plain a little distance off the old city of Lydda with its picturesque palm trees standing guard around it.

We descended and pursued the road to Lydda—starting a marten, or two from the cactus as we rode along. The distance was short and the journey pleasant. As we entered the unattractive little town, I tried to conjure up the appearance it wore when Peter came here and healed the paralytic Æneas. Probably in point of cleanliness it was not much different then from what it is now. A council of the Church once sat here and gave a cordial welcome to the heretic Pelagius. We went first to the old gray church of the crusaders which reminded me at once of the one I had seen at *Sebaste*; and in the crypt of which we found the handsome marble tomb of the great S. George. This shrine is now in the hands of the Greeks who have neatly repaired the old and battered building. An aged monk gave us tapers and conducted us down the low dark stairway where we inspected the tomb at our leisure, although there is nothing about it worthy of special record. Neither was the interior of the church any richer in objects of interest than the interiors of Greek churches usually are. So with a parting tribute to the memory of the valiant saint, who it will be remembered

slew the dragon, not here, but at Beyrout, we paid the venerable anchorite his backsheesh and departed.

We sauntered through one or two of the narrow streets, but found little that was new to see. The glory of Lydd has long since departed. We did see one customer in the little bazar who must have been quite bereft of at least one of the five senses, or else he was a man of perfect self-possession. For the almost audible odor which proceeded from some fish that he was buying was, as we passed, a stunning blow to our own olfactories. It was our last impression of Lydd and its bazar. We immediately sought our horses and rode back to Ramleh.

Here, after the interval of an hour's rest, we said good bye to our hospitable friends and started for Jaffa. On the way we were caught in a winter storm and fairly well drenched. The dew of Sharon was unnoticed amid its grander development. The air was ablaze with the lightning flash and the thunder rolled in long sonorous peals over the plain. A Mohammedan tomb stood here and there by the roadside and as its new coat of whitewash shone in the pale blue light there came to mind the scathing denunciations of our Lord concerning the hypocrisy which was like one of these very whited sepulchres, fair and clean without, but within, "full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."





CHRISTMAS-EVE AT BETHLEHEM.

A CHRISTMAS at Bethlehem ! The single great opportunity of a lifetime was not to be lost. There were indeed the recollections of that horrible drive to dampen my proposal, for my friend's enthusiasm was not so ardent in matters of mere sentiment. There was the possibility, at that season of the year, of an all day rain to heighten the miseries of the wretched road. But still there was a lurking desire in the heart of my companion to visit some of his acquaintances at Ramullah, and we finally agreed to ascend to Jerusalem together. We thought we should never return thither again. For my own part, I had expected to be back in Rome for the Christmas holidays, but here we still were ; and I was no longer sorry, in the prospect of spending the holy-tide on the very spot which, on the first Christmas night, was hallowed by the Saviour's birth.

We started on Saturday morning, and it was raining even when we set off. Luckily, however, the day was not so wet as it might have been, the showers being light and transient. But under foot it was bad enough. The road was full of pools and mud holes, and yet it presented a lively and varied set of pictures in constant succession. The pilgrims were now thronging toward Jerusalem from all parts of the world. Every steamer brought a large crowd to Jaffa. The wagons were all in high demand, and prices of transportation rose above the

resources of many a meagre purse. Some, who could not secure seats in carriages, hired a herd of donkeys with their drivers and presented many an amusing scene in their novel and uneasy attitudes. But a great multitude of men and women, young and old, made the journey on foot; trudging along through mud and water and carrying their modest parcels and their inevitable teapots and tin mugs upon their backs and at their waists. We had hardly gotten outside of the town before we saw this motley crowd stringing out along the road in front of us toward Jerusalem. The most of them appeared to be Russians and were members of the Greek Church. They smiled pleasantly and the men doffed their hats to us as we passed them one after another. My heart went out to them in pity and even in respect, as I saw them painfully toiling along, leaning on their staves, but all kindling with enthusiasm and delight at being so near the Holy Places of their faith. They were the slaves of ignorance—of blind superstition if you will, but there was an admirable earnestness and reality about the way in which they were prosecuting the one great pilgrimage of their lives. Still it was impossible for me to go very far in admiration. I had thought that the Syrian Arab could hardly be equalled among any but barbarous people for his careless habits of life, but the Russian peasant evidently comes not far behind him. My contact with him at the various shrines of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Hebron was far from pleasant and even this morning I had one striking example of his indifference as to what he eats or drinks. One stout woman, in a pair of the high top boots worn by so many of these pilgrims, male and female alike—stepped into a common mud-puddle and stooping down, filled a large tumbler from her knapsack with the thick brackish water. As she raised it to

her lips I could distinctly see several lumps of black clay at the bottom of the glass. They were nothing however to this woman of Amazonian courage. She drained the unsavory draught, threw out the dregs, drew the back of her hand across her lips and marched on.

Early the next morning which was Sunday, we saw from the windows of our hotel on the Jaffa road a number of these pilgrims just arriving on foot at the gate of Jerusalem. They were completely drenched with the night rains and some of the more adventurous had no doubt been on the journey through the entire period of darkness. Fortunately for them they were well provided for, on their arrival, in the extensive Russian hospice where they have free accommodations for a certain length of time.

After breakfast we went again to that focal point—even if it should be proven a fictitious one—of Christian Jerusalem, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I was glad once more to stand on the traditional spot whereon the precious-Burdened cross was lifted into its rocky socket and, as I stood, to breathe a prayer which was not, I trust, out of spiritual harmony with those of the kneeling and prostrate pilgrims around. It is a wonderful place—this Church of the Sepulchre; and with all its religious caricatures and sad memories of internecine Christian strife, it still goes tugging at your heart-strings. I was loth to leave it, but I wished again to greet a still dearer, because a truer thing—grand old Olivet. So I followed my companion to the gate of S. Stephen and stepping through it, we once more looked lovingly upon the sacred mount beyond the Kedron. This is the hill whose localities lay so near our Lord's daily life. This is the pearl of Palestine memories which no lurking doubt can blacken or corrode. There it is "before Jerusalem on

the east," and there it will remain long after the last remnant of the Holy City itself shall have been swept from its plateau.

We turned to the south and followed the rough and circuitous path beneath the walls and above the valley of Jehoshaphat—but I shall not describe again what I have dwelt upon before. We turned the corner of Mount Moriah and climbed Mount Sion, in the shadow of whose doorway we sought temporary refuge from a storm of wind and rain which now began to break over our heads and in whose intervals of abatement we dodged back to our hotel.

The next evening, which was the night before Christmas, I started, with an acquaintance from Jerusalem and an attendant, for Bethlehem. Gifford, caring less for a night in the Church of the Nativity than for the Christmas hospitalities at *Ramullah*, had gone to that place in the morning. The weather was abominable for either excursion, both of them being attainable only on donkeys. It was a damp, chilly night and the Bethlehem road was at its worst, swimming with mire. Our sturdy little animals got along with considerable difficulty, picking their devious way at their own will. It was getting dark when we came upon Dr. Merrill and his Arab servant returning, jaded and wet, from a trip down into *Engedi* and the neighbourhood of *Jebel-Usdum*. As we passed, it was a subject of mutual congratulation that our respective journeyings were not long to continue. There were frequent signs of fast impending rain, although here and there in some parts of the sky above, the stars hung resplendent in the azure cloud-rifts. We rode silently along the dark, cold, dreary way, mentally contrasting this Christmas weather in Palestine with the usual clear, crisp air of that season at home. Still, for once, who would not be here rather than

there, be the weather what it might. Bye and bye, the rain began to come down; the clouds grew thicker and the sky darker. It was a dismal prospect we had of sitting up all night in damp garments and with our shoes half full of the drippings of our mackintoshes. Just then we came within sight of Rachel's tomb standing lonely and deserted by the roadside and into the outer court of this little building we rode and found a refuge from the threatened shower. Necessity alone could excuse such a prosy performance. Rachel's tomb a shelter from the rain! It was, in sooth, too extravagant a contrast between the sentimental and the practical. We waited, however, no longer than necessary. The brunt of the shower seemed so long in coming that we determined to risk it again, and started out once more among the falling drops. As sharp a ride as our plucky little beasts were capable of, soon brought us to Bethlehem and we went without pause through its winding, slippery streets to the door of the Latin Convent adjoining the Church of the Nativity. Here we dismounted and were soon comfortably seated at dinner in the hospitable parlor. Our waiters were several of the good brethren of the order; our fellow guests, a cheery sociable company of visiting clerics, nuns and laity. The dinner was excellent and all the more agreeable for being moderate in its courses. Soup, fish and wine were freely provided, but no meat. The repast over, the company, including ourselves, adjourned into the handsome Latin Church, where we took our seats near the chancel rail. Between the hours of nine and ten service began, the patriarch of Jerusalem, gloved and in long flowing robes of fur and crimson, leading into the church a lengthy train of officiants and choristers. First kneeling in a long row before the side altar of S. Francesco, they paid their patronal devotions and then advanced within the sanctuary

rails, where the high altar was already brilliantly decked and lighted. On it lay the rich Eucharistic vestments, stiff with gold embroidery and sparkling with many a precious stone. The loud clangor of the bells without now yielded to the organ's shriller notes within. The reverences to the altar made, the patriarch was conducted to his throne which was but a little way in front of us and thus afforded me a chance of a closer inspection of him than I had obtained in his own church in Jerusalem. He is a stern, ascetic and severe looking man of perhaps fifty-five, and wears an ample beard instead of the usual shaven face. The long natal anthems were now sung amid the loud cadences of the monks and the splendors of a ritual which abated nothing of its richness at this far distant, but natal centre of Christendom. Around us, sitting on the floor, were numerous white veiled women of Bethlehem, so famous for their beauty and nearly all of them Christians; while in another quarter, squatted their husbands and sons, each in his striped *abaiyeh* and all wearing even in church their red *fezes* and turbans. In one spot knelt an aged pilgrim, with hair and beard long and matted, and holding aloft his staff on the top of which was a cross half veiled in a wreath of flowers. Another section of the floor was allotted to the French Consul and his retinue, a group whose brilliancy of appearance vied with that of the clergy at the altar. The consul was a fine looking man of tall stature and military bearing, the breast of his uniform glowing with insignia and jewels. On either side of him sat a subordinate, while some half a dozen *cavasses*, in their gay Eastern dresses and armed with swords and silver headed staves, stood around. The congregation was further varied by the kneeling figures of several priests in cassock and bands and little detachments of monks and nuns who wor-

shipped here and there. No one who has ever seen, in a great church and on a great occasion, the celebration of a Pontifical high mass will desire to have me linger over the details of the service. Masses of glowing light, clouds of incense, rich vestments, sparkling jewels, entrancing music and tactics innumerable made up the outward spectacle. As for its spiritual aspect it was, as always, chiefly dependent upon the feelings and opinions of the spectator. He must indeed be an uncompromising soul who, on such an occasion, could discover nothing with which his heart was in harmony. Even the little child of wax in its altar cradle, puerile as such an aid to faith would appear in Puritan eyes, taught its own lessons of the Nativity to the lowly natives. The crib containing this Liliputian image was, soon after midnight, placed in the hands of the richly robed prelate who with an acolyte bearing a candle on either side, now left the chancel and proceeded down the centre of the church. He was followed by the clergy and monks, as well as by the Consul and his retinue, the mass of the congregation falling in behind and each one in the procession, cleric and lay, bearing a lighted taper. It was a weird and not unimpressive scene. Amid the jubilant notes of the anthems the long train slowly moved down the church and out into the corridor.

Then, by a sinuous course amid many windings and turnings, it found its way into the transept of the old church of S. Helena after crossing which, the patriarch with his precious burden descended the narrow steps into the cave of the Birth. Of course but a small portion of the crowd could follow the officiating clergy within its dark and narrow precincts; but by the favor of the guards we were among the number. Standing half way down the rocky staircase, we had a point of vantage from which we could at once escape the stifling fumes of incense and

at the same time overlook the whole scene. The cradle was placed first upon the silver star beneath the altar which marks the birth spot, while a priest began to intone in Latin the account of the Nativity given by S. Luke. As the story proceeded, the crib was again taken up and deposited in the traditional manger which is but a few feet away. Hymns of praise now arose from many mouths and the eyes of the women who stood around us were moistened with tears. To us this trifling pomp and pageantry seemed wholly out of place, but to the rest it was no doubt a vivid and helpful realization of that great scene which was enacted on this very spot nearly nineteen centuries ago. At any rate, it is my own concern not to censure, but record. There were memories there for us all, associations which were wholly independent of ritual; and none but a churlish Christian would refuse to hide his differences beneath the cloak of charity, in these remembrances of a common Saviour.

Yet there was one great blemish on the picture—one which must fill the eyes of any but a formalist with tears of shame. The ancient heathen called upon their comrades to “mark how these Christians love one another.” The Turk and the Mohammedan are now obliged, even in the fountain sources of Christianity, to take measures for preventing Christians from hating one another even to the death. During the whole of this rich and solemn service, even while the sacred wafer was being bestowed upon crowds of adoring communicants at the altar of the Magi, there, just beyond a row of kneeling nuns, stood like an ebony statue, the Nubian guard whose presence I have noticed in a former chapter. His eyes alone were not motionless. They scanned the crowd with the utmost caution, rolling hither and thither, while above his head his bright bayonet flashed in the fitful glare of the tapers.

His presence there was a commentary which needs no commenting upon. He was, alas! not an ornament, but a necessity—even within the very birthplace of the Prince of Peace.

We remounted the stairs, ascending into the church above, where the hostile Greeks have their chief altar and where in one of the side chapels the equally zealous Armenians were even at that hour singing their dismal chants. On reaching the Latin church through an intervening door, we found that the communion was being administered at the high altar by the Patriarch and his assistant clergy. This being over, the Patriarch now retired from the church, scattering his benedictions from side to side upon his kneeling flock; and two acolytes bearing his scarlet train behind him. It was now about four o'clock and after procuring a tiny cup of coffee in the Turkish guard room, we mounted our donkeys and rode back to Jerusalem. The rising sun was just tinting the tops of the mountains of Moab when we left Bethlehem, and stars were even yet shining above the Shepherds' plain. But the road being so fearfully bad, it was long past breakfast time ere, tired and sleepy, we reached the gates of the Holy City.

Christmas day was lonely enough, spent as it was in an almost empty hotel, with the chilliest and wettest weather outside. The afternoon was, however, somewhat enlivened by a visit to the house of a native Christian family, between whose house and our hotel intervened the ancient Fuller's Field. We passed over beside the upper pool of Gihon, and were received at the door by the hostess, gorgeously attired in blue velvet stiff with gold and silver embroidery, and wearing several costly jewels upon her person. After the formalities of reception we were ushered into the parlor around whose sides

ran the usual broad, low divans customary in a native house, and in one corner of which slept, in his crib, a little Arab of two years, covered with clothes which seemed enough to smother him. His young mother, who was now sixteen, had become a bride at thirteen in strict accordance with the ideas of the East. Yet she was more matronly than a Western girl of like age could have been, and with much gravity and composure at once proceeded to serve us with coffee, sweetmeats and *narghilehs*. On her feet she wore embroidered slippers with the occasional addition of the *kubkobs*, a sort of high wooden sandal common in the East and often beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, but these last were always dropped at the threshold of the room. During the whole of this little entertainment under a modest Arab roof, I could not help but remark the signs of the low esteem in which women are everywhere held throughout the East. There were three women present, no one of whom ventured to partake of anything in the presence of the host and his guests. The aged mother sat on the floor beneath the broad, deep window, and smiled graciously upon us, but said nothing. The wife and her sister-in-law waited upon us with the utmost attention and a deference which it seemed sheer selfishness on our part to tolerate. But the native women are nowhere treated as equals by their husbands, either among Christians or Moslems. The Arab wife waits upon her husband and sons at table, and afterwards takes her own food by herself. Her husband, when absent for any length of time, is precluded by good form from writing to, or should he meet a friend from home, from even asking after his wife. Still one's sympathy for these degraded creatures receives many a check. When one looks at their lazy lords over their pipes and coffee, one

wonders how the women can survive the domination of such inconsiderate and unattractive masters; but the sight of the frowzy females themselves again excites the feeling that they are not after all so much unworthy of their husbands. There is, however, no telling what change for the better might not be wrought among them by the introduction of female education. Of this there is at present a woful lack. It leaves them therefore with few or no aspirations. They do the heavy work, they grind, they carry brush and water, they gather fuel, and accept their slavery as a matter-of-course.

After sitting a while we rose to take leave of our hospitable entertainers. Here Eastern courtesy reached its climax. The *salaams* were many and profound. Our hands were kissed by the ladies and then gently raised to their foreheads, tokens of "honor" and "truth," and so we departed.

We stayed a day or two longer in Jerusalem and then prepared to say farewell a second time. It happened that on the day which we had set apart for our return to Jaffa the whole rolling stock of carriages on the road was to be engaged for those who proposed to go down from Jerusalem to meet the Greek Patriarch on his return after a long absence, to Jaffa. So, partly for the sake of convenience, partly in the spirit of adventure, we took passage in a vehicle which was to start the evening before and make an all-night journey to Jaffa. Hastily making our preparations we said good-bye to mine host of the Hotel Feil and his genial head-waiter and interpreter, *Dimitri* and about eight o'clock rumbled away, warmly and snugly attired, into the damp and darkness. It was a better experience to remember than to undergo; but we would not have missed it. The horrible loneliness of the mountain road lost its oppressiveness in the grandeur and so-

lemnity of that silent night. The same stars which David saw when he wrote his psalm of the firmament, now shone brightly over our own heads and we had nothing to do but gaze up at them in uninterrupted thought. Midnight in the Holy Land! It was a well of reflections at which it would have been worse than stupid not to kneel and drink. There were no guides about, the beggars were all asleep, even the everlasting cry for "*backsheesh*" was hushed. There was no hindrance to meditation save for a few moments when the flaring lamp of *Bab-el-Ouadi* came in sight and lured us aside for a half hour's rest. But we were soon off again and hurrying over the plain of Sharon. As we passed one of the guard-houses by the roadside our tipsy driver who had filled up at *Bab-el-Ouadi*, repeatedly hailed his soldierly acquaintance at the top of his voice. But there was no response save the short, dull echoes. Had there been any answer to the summons it must needs have come from some other than a Turkish guard. This worthy representative of law and order was either buried in impenetrable sleep, or else making merry with his friends somewhere down the road. But we needed him not. We hastened on, made the usual pause again at Ramleh and at length, not so very long after sunrise, sat down to breakfast in the comfortable cottage of Mr. Floyd.





A MOUNTAIN RIDE.

THE quarantine kept lingering on. It was now the end of January, but still all the regular steamers that touched at Jaffa, Russian, French and Austrian, immediately turned round and went back to Beyrout. There was a weekly expectation that the next steamer would pursue her former course southward to Port Said, but it was a case of hope deferred. We got tired and impatient. There was now little prospect of my getting to Rome, even by Ash-Wednesday, and Gifford was quite anxious to get back to his favorite haunts in Venice. Several times we had packed and repacked our things and prepared for departure on short notice for no one seemed to know whether any boat was going on to Egypt until it had actually arrived at Jaffa, where there was usually a delay of from ten to twenty-four hours. It was growing monotonous. At last we thought we saw about two weeks hence a more certain hope. Gifford got out his utensils and went to work again, more to tide over the tedious interval than to accomplish anything, while I resolved to do what I had long been turning over in my mind, and yet, owing to the uncertain weather and other risks, had been hesitant about—make a hasty trip into the South Country. I engaged Mr. Floyd to be my dragoman, providing horses, food and other necessities, at a stipulated sum per day. We took neither tent, nor servant,

and had no encumbrances except our saddle-bags. I wished to see more of Arab life than I had hitherto done ; so we were to sleep wherever we could and buy our provisions as we went.

One bright afternoon therefore, we bade our friends good-bye and rode off together along the familiar road toward Jerusalem. Our horses were splendid animals and seemed to share our enthusiasm, making me wish rather ambitiously that I were as good a horseman as Mr. Floyd. The short thick neck of his own magnificent dark steed, "Charlie," seemed, like the neck of Job's warhorse, to be "clothed with thunder" and there was a fire in his eye which was full of meaning. My own mare, "Nellie," was a pure young thoroughbred such as would have delighted the discriminative eye of a Bedouin, those capital judges and trainers of horses, and was also the partial property of Mr. Floyd. It was one of the last days of January, but Sharon was as green as ever and already clothed in flowery hues. Here and there the landscape was broken by the grey rock masses which upheaved themselves out of the verdant plain. Ever and anon, we passed a string of camels, heavily laden if *en route* for Jerusalem, rapid in pace and without any burden save an occasional rider, if on the way back to Jaffa. At one point by the roadside we passed a Moslem who, in devout abstraction, was saying his prayers upon the mat which he had spread upon the turf by the side of a purling brook. And as the dews of the evening began to fall we saw several jackals, the nearest glimpse I had yet had of these repulsive animals. One trotted for some distance along the road a little way in front of us, but still not near enough to be reached with a revolver. These creatures wear the appearance of large foxes and are really a sort of cross between a dog and a fox. As already intimated

they are, no doubt, the same animal which Samson caught and employed in the destruction of the Philistine's standing corn. A little after dark we reached the Valley of Ajalon and proceeded at once to Howard's Hotel at *Latroun*, our first night's stopping place. The hotel was empty of guests, but having knocked up the solitary Arab custodian whom Mr. Howard had placed in charge here, we secured admission, had a dinner cooked for us, partly of things which we ourselves had brought, and afterwards found a comfortable resting place in bed.

The next morning we were up early for we proposed to leave the road at this point and ride through the hills by way of the Beth-Horons and Gibeon to Jerusalem—a long journey and one replete with points of interest. Breakfast over, I went out and while the horses were being saddled, descended again into the old family cave with its nine rock-niches purporting, as I have said, to be the tombs of the Maccabees. Some have therefore identified the hill of *Latroun* with that on which stood the ancient Modin. But amid so much doubt and disagreement on the part of learned men with reference to these sacred sites, the casual tourist can hardly put forth more than a mere opinion. Mounting our horses we rode across the Jaffa road and followed a bridle path which took us through the village of *Amwas*, or Emmaus which I have previously noticed. Here we saw the ruins of an ancient church around which some excavations seemed to be in progress. Both *Amwas* and *Beit Nuba* which now appeared a little way before us, are closely connected with the fortunes of Richard of the Lion Heart, who at one time stationed the camp of the crusaders in this neighbourhood. We now descended some precipitous slopes along whose sides ran flocks of sheep and dusky goats. Not far from here we came upon a plowed field in which the

oxen were still at work under the goads of their Arab masters. The animal nearest us, on reaching its turning point, became rather awkward and refractory. This was too much for the patience of the driver who plied his goad vigorously, the meanwhile venting his rage in the malediction, "Curse the face of that ox!" An Arab curse is polite and always goes sidewise. It strikes some one, or something near you, and hurts you only by reflex action. The Arab curses not you, but your father, or your grandmother.

We now had a companion in the shape of a *fellah* who was going from his own home to a village off somewhere among the hills to buy an *abaiyeh* or coat. He carried his shoes in his hand and trudged along barefoot over the rough and rugged pathway. Over his shoulder was slung a scrip of kidskin, probably like that which was in use in the Apostles' day; but our new friend's scrip was more full of meal than money; and Mr. Floyd who, besides being my interpreter, was also a complete dictionary of manners and customs, informed me that when the man became hungry he would stop at the roadside, light a fire among the stones and in a few moments, with a handful of meal from his scrip and a little water, have a thin, hot loaf of bread such as the Orientals delight to eat fresh for every meal. He was one who led an outdoor life and was always at home. When we had first asked him his name he had replied: "Your slave, *Saieed*," and then went on to tell us how the meagre crops had been damaged by the recent heavy rains. We were now passing through the *Wady Suleiman*, a ravine whose bottom was the channel of a swiftly rushing stream, and up which it is supposed on good grounds that the timber for the temple was taken from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Modest flowers nestled in delicately colored patches on the turf

and along the craggy slopes grew groves of olives, rooted in the scantiest possible soil and almost literally "bringing their oil out of the flinty rock." We noticed also an occasional *kharub* tree with its thick, apple-like branches and depending from them the long brown pods familiarly known as "S. John's bread." The tree is a sort of locust and derives the name of its fruit from the idea of some that it was these vegetable locusts which supported John Baptist in the wilderness. However this may be, these are undoubtedly "the husks which the swine did eat" and with which the Prodigal would fain have filled his own belly. The scenery now grew wilder. We rode through the wretched little town of *Yalo* which gives to the Vale its name of *Ajalon*, and crossing an intervening valley, began to wind up the hill on whose side lies the lower Beth-Horon. This place, once fortified by King Solomon, we did not enter, merely skirting its edge and turning to ascend to the upper Beth-Horon near which it is supposed that Joshua stood when he bade the sun and moon stand still. Between the two cities we bade farewell to *Saieed* who now wound his way aside from our own road, through a grove of ancient olives. A little farther on, we crossed a narrow causeway which had the appearance of being in part artificial, and climbing up through the village of Beth-Horon, the Upper, found ourselves at the summit of the pass. Here, then, was where once stood the Israelitish chief himself, in the name of Jehovah commanding the powers of Heaven to obey him. Down yonder valley rushed the flying foe, the warriors of Israel in hot pursuit. The whole scene now rose before us in all its details, but the chief feature was the commanding figure of Joshua stretching forth the arm of authority from his rocky elevation. More terrible to the Amorites than the hailstones and the sword must have been the sight of the

avenger in his God-given might. The sun "standing still upon Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon" was a sign to the combatants on whose side the Lord was fighting and might well make a scene like which, says the sacred record, there "was none before it, nor after it." As we ourselves paused there, a more peaceful vista opened to the eye. Adown through the valley we looked out over the plain of Sharon to the Mediterranean. It was a lovely view of vale and plain and sea and hamlets lying low—one of those numerous visions of which memory afterwards makes so much, but the frequent mention of which might possibly serve only to weary the reader. We now left the little city which, like most other places of Scriptural interest in Palestine, is a mere collection of mud and stone hovels, and leaving the confines of Judah, rode forward into the territory of Benjamin. We had not gone far among the lonely rocks, where we saw no one except a solitary Arab or two and perchance a jackal slinking off out of sight—before we came into view of modern Gibeon, or *El Jib*, seated in the room of the ancient town upon its famous hill. The hill itself, however, as we approached it, appeared to be isolated and rising out of the centre of a picturesque and verdant little plain. Here before us was another treasury of sacred recollections, and we thought of and talked them over as we rode along. On this very plain it was that the persistent Asahel fell beneath the fatal spear of Abner. Above the town on yonder hill the sun stood still during the scene of slaughter below Beth-Horon. That was the city whose cunning folk, in old garments and with dry provisions, came to Joshua while he was yet at Gilgal and, purchasing their lives with a lie, became hewers of wood and drawers of water. Here were once the tabernacle of the Lord, and the Ark and the Altar of the burnt offering at which

ministered Zadok, the priest. Hither, too, came Solomon, with all the congregation, to offer a solemn offering to the Lord, and here, in the silent watches of the night, God appeared unto the wise king and blessed his choice of wisdom which he had preferred to riches and wealth and honor. Near here, too, the treacherous sword of Joab left Amasa wallowing in his blood in the midst of the highway; and even as he clung to the horns of the altar, here Joab himself met his well-deserved death at the hand of Benaiah. These and other memories of mingled character rose to our recollection as we climbed the hill and entered a place no better than its neighbours for beauty and cleanliness. *El-Jib* is utterly unworthy of its higher associations—foul, odorous and repulsive. We rode toward the miserable building which serves for a mosque and by the favour of the magnates of the city who, with an inquisitive crowd of men and boys stood around and curiously watched the proceeding, we were permitted to eat our luncheon in its half flooded courtyard. To enter this roofless enclosure we passed through a low, narrow door in a wall of loose stones, the staring rabble following and planting itself in various upright, or recumbent positions between us and the pool of stagnant water. But there was nothing embarrassing in our public meal. We were quite at home among our Oriental friends, all we asked being plenty of elbow room and that they should bring us water to drink—both which they supplied in the prospect of a consideration. Here, then, on the highest point of Gibeon we rested and enjoyed the warm sunny air of that January day. When we chose, we could rise to our feet and look over the wall upon a landscape which was completely dotted with sundry Scripture texts and a prominent feature of which was *Mizpeh*, towering above us, a little way off, the highest point in Judæa and

the great gathering place of Israel. Presently we withdrew from our feast and its companions and, leaving our horses still in charge of the Arabs, were led down an adjacent slope to where a spring issues from the rock and spreads its moisture over the pathway. Near by is the outline of a large and ancient pool within whose basin grows a single lone olive tree. This was the pool of Gibeon where occurred that curious skirmish between the men of Abner and the men of Joab which is recounted in the second chapter of the Second Book of Samuel.

We returned, mounted, distributed our *backsheesh*, and rode slowly out of the village and down the hill. Picking our way across the intervening hollow, we began the rather arduous ascent of *Nebi Samuil*, the ancient Mizpeh. After much patient climbing, we reached the little cluster of houses which surrounds the so-called burial-place of the Prophet at the top. To the roof of this dilapidated building, once an old crusader's church and now a sort of mosque as well as shrine, we now mounted for the sake of the superb and extensive view which it affords. Fortunately the day was clear and we were magnificently repaid for our labor, for three-quarters of the Holy Land lay like a map at our feet. Toward the south stretched the great wilderness of Judæa with Hebron and the wells of Beer-Sheba somewhere behind its barren hills. To the south-east lay Jerusalem, now only three hours away, Bethlehem, the round topped mountain of the Franks where Herod's castle stood and where his body lies buried, the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab among whose riven slopes we thought we could descry the gorge where ran the warm waters of Callirhoë, as well as the situation of the fortress of Machaerus where John Baptist met his fate. North of these and much nearer our own position, lay the true site of ancient *Nob*

which was smitten by Saul with the edge of the sword because its priests had shown favor unto David. There also was *Gibeah* of Benjamin, King Saul's birthplace and where, to satisfy the vengeance of the Gibeonites, his seven sons were hanged and Rizpah, the faithful watcher, protected their bodies from the birds of the air by day and the beasts of the field by night. This, too, was the scene of that fearful crime committed by the Benjamites upon the companion of the Levite, one of the bloodiest episodes of the time of the Judges. There, too, was *Ramah* in whose vicinity the prophetess Deborah once made her home under the palm-tree, and where some have thought, though it be far from Bethlehem, was once heard the voice of "bitter weeping;" and away over beyond the Jordan we could even discover the neighbourhood of *Ramoth Gilead* where the fair daughter of Jephthah came tripping out to meet her warrior father all unconscious of her fate. As the eye swept farther northward it rested on the country around Bethel and Rock-Rimmon to which six hundred of the guilty Benjamites fled in order to escape just punishment at the hands of their brethren. Even nearer lay *Beeroth*, once allied with Gibeon and rendered interesting by the tradition that this was the point at which, on that memorable return from Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary first missed the Holy Child and turned back, to find Him conversing with the doctors in the temple; while far away to the west, lay hills and plain and sea in varied tints and shadows. What a world of interest and associations were scattered throughout this wide picture! Here, too, one could see, as no where else, the smallness of the Holy Land. North and south our view was so intercepted by the hills that I refrain from venturing an opinion as to its extent. But from east to west we could easily see from one side of Palestine to the other and

neither side seemed far away. Starting in the morning from the mountain where we stood it would be easy to reach the Mediterranean and still easier to reach the Jordan's banks before night. But small as the country is, it was truer of the landscape beneath us than of any other in the wide world that you cannot set your foot, except you tread upon some spot of ancient history. How rich it was in the memories of patriarchs and prophets and apostles—nay, even of the great Son of Man Himself! With the cities and localities lying within our range of vision more than half the Bible narrative is connected and a large part of it was inspired and written on this very soil.

But the ground directly beneath us has a history of its own upon which we have as yet scarcely touched. Here was where once rose in the midst of Israel the ancient watchtower of Mizpeh, the great rendezvous of all the Hebrew tribes. Here it was that the newly chosen Saul, rising head and shoulders above the rest of the assembled people was greeted with acclamations and the hills and valleys beneath us echoed and re-echoed the joyful shout, "God save the King!" I have said that the Moslems, the credibility of whose traditions is seldom convincing, call this height *Nebi Samuil* because of his reputed tomb on its top. But the Scripture tells us that Samuel was buried not here, but at Ramah, his birthplace, which lies over yonder towards the river. Still this place was one much frequented by the great judge and prophet and is closely bound up with the history of his life. Here, too, knelt Coeur-de-Lion whither he ascended to get his first view of the Holy City and confessed that he had seen it to little purpose, if God did not permit him to wrest it from the hand of the infidel.

We descended, resisting all importunities to waste extra *backsheesh* upon the fictitious tomb of Samuel, and

resuming our saddles, started off down the mountain. But we had hardly got out of the village before we came upon a deep snow drift, completely blocking our narrow way and past which there was no dodging between the enclosing walls of loose stones. So Mr. Floyd dismounted and struggling through it, drew his horse after him by a series of frantic leaps which half buried the animal in the snow at every jump. For my own part, being of much lighter weight, I remained in the saddle and was successfully carried through by my mare Nellie, who took advantage of the course thus opened for her by her powerful companion. This was the only impediment of the kind we met with during this winter journey and was a peculiarity of the elevated point on which it lay. Our way now descended rapidly past several ancient pools and winding around among the hills gave us a near view of what has perhaps the most authentic claims to be the ancient *Emmaus*, to which our Lord accompanied the two disciples. A Roman road, the remnants of which we crossed soon afterwards at the bottom of a *wady*, once connected it with Jerusalem. In this neighbourhood we saw, at a distance, a group of dancing women making merry as they went and enlivening, with their picturesque attire, the austerity of the landscape. It is not unlikely that they were returning from a wedding somewhere among the hills. It was now growing dark, but our day's journey was nearly over. We climbed another slope and saw before us the familiar entrance to the Tombs of the Judges. To these we devoted a few moments more of hurried inspection, in order to clarify the ideas derived from my previous visit, and then pursued our way as fast as possible to the Hotel Feil, now become, for the third time, my temporary tabernacle beneath the walls of the Holy City.



THROUGH DREARY REGIONS.

THE next morning we were astir long before dawn. By the light of a lantern we saw our way into the saddle. Dimitri was on hand, as twice before, to see us safely off, and with mud under foot and a moisture that was almost solid in the air, we cautiously picked our way between stone walls and Mohammedan sepulchres until we got out at last upon the road to Bethlehem and Solomon's pools. As we crossed the Valley of Rephaim I was reminded of my previous Christmas visit to Bethlehem. The road became a mere puddle of water and mud. It was still too dark to see many rods ahead and it now began to drizzle harder. We rode along, comfortable and dry, but silently and solemnly waiting for the dawn. By the time we reached Rachel's tomb the day had broken and the weather was improving. Our spirits rose in proportion and my own eyes were opened wider for we were now leaving the route to Bethlehem and entering upon one which was new to me and which led to the pools of Solomon and Hebron. Across the valley we saw, through the still, misty air, *Beit Jala*—the house of the Greek and Latin patriarchs, lying on its lovely slope. Presently the road became one of the worst for rockiness and dreariness that I had yet seen any where in Palestine. Fortunately, however, the vision of an ugly ride was soon momentarily dispelled by our arrival at Solo-

mon's Pools. These huge tanks are three in number, so arranged on different levels down the valley that the second and third can be filled with the water always accumulating in the first. They are large enough, each of them, to float a good-sized man of war. Beside the upper pool stands an old castle whose architecture hardly goes back to Mediæval times and in front of whose gateway lounged a listless representative of the slender Turkish guard within. But a few steps away from here we found a small rude enclosure through whose low door we went down a narrow, slippery staircase at the bottom of which we could hear the loud noise of a rushing subterranean current. About half way down we stopped to light the candles we had taken the precaution to bring with us; and by their aid found ourselves standing at length in a sort of vaulted chamber over a rapid stream of pure cold water. This was "the sealed fountain" of Solomon, still here issuing from the rock, as it did when the wise man alluded to it in Ecclesiastes. Mr. Floyd told me that he could remember how it was still sealed with a huge stone which no one had been able to remove, before the present enclosure was erected. The spring is worthy of its name and history and still does its work nobly, filling the huge old pools and thence sending its waters away over the hills and valleys to Jerusalem where it still gushes forth into that large basin beside the Mosque of Omar which is probably the modern representative of the great brazen sea of the Levitical worship.

As we rode over the hill, pursuing our way to Hebron, we looked down over the pools and saw the beginning of the Valley of Etam where Solomon once had his lovely gardens, so full of precious things and in which Samson was made a captive. It looks barren and desolate enough now, but beyond where we ourselves could see,

it is said that a little band of colonists is at work in cultivating it and meeting with conspicuous success.

We now entered a region where the road was rougher and lonelier than ever. It seemed the natural haunt of robbers as, in fact, it was. At one point along the side of a deep and narrow ravine, there suddenly emerged from behind a jagged rock three powerful Arabs—two white and one black, and all thoroughly armed. They were, however, not lying in wait, but were themselves on a journey, our appearance being as unexpected to them, as theirs was sudden to us. It was well perhaps, that such was the case for they were no doubt a band of prowling thieves. As they came in sight, Mr. Floyd, to whose quick ear the Arabic was as familiar as his own tongue, heard the black exclaim in a low tone to his companions, "There's a chance," to which one of the white fellows responded "It won't do." So with a surly salutation, they passed on and we began to breathe more freely. Although they were three to two, we had a vast advantage in being mounted while they were on foot. Moreover they knew not how well we might be armed, for Mr. Floyd's revolvers, counting twelve good shots, were carried in the belt beneath his coat.

But this road to Hebron, lonely and unsafe as it now is, has been one of the most celebrated as it is perhaps the oldest highway in the world. It has been trodden by the feet of patriarch, prophet, king and warrior for generation after generation. Nay the Saviour Himself may, in His infancy, have been taken along this route on His way into Egypt. Who, then, could be so stolid as to ride over this same old road and among these now deserted hills and vales so long intertwined with the memories of holy men, without a strange thrill of interest and inspiration! To travel amid scenery the perma-

nent features of which were perfectly familiar to the eyes of Abraham and David, is not an every day experience. I lifted my eyes and saw at some distance on my right a long train of camels traversing the top of a distant ridge and every huge form stood boldly in relief against the deep blue sky beyond. This interesting feature of the Palestine landscape was not new to me, but just then it was impossible not to think how like them Eleazar's camels may have looked, three thousand years ago, when along this same old road he went to seek a wife for Isaac. On recounting every such occasion the temptation to rhapsodize becomes almost irresistible, but consideration for the patience of my readers who have not been warned to expect rhapsodies in this simple tale, leads me to suppress the impulse. We arrived at about eleven o'clock at the foot of the hill of old *Beth-Zur*, a city mentioned in the book of Joshua, the top of which was surmounted by a ruined tower. Here, a few steps from the spring where a group of Moslem women were engaged in filling their water-vessels and in bearing them off on their shoulders to the town on the neighbouring hill, we spread our rugs on the damp green-sward beneath an abrupt and sheltering ledge of rock. As we half sat and half reclined at our simple repast, I endeavored to place myself more in relation with the historic region in which we now were. But even here it was hard to separate fact from fable. One hill, in sight of which we had already ridden for an hour or two, claimed, to the exclusion of several rival claimants, to have on its top the true tomb of the prophet Jonah. But it was easier to believe that the ruins plentifully sprinkled around the *mazar* are those of the old Scripture town of *Halhul* than to put any faith in the shrine itself. Again, we had just passed the remains of that old church of Constantine which is said to have been

erected as a sort of shrine to Abraham on what the Christians of that day regarded as the true plain of Mamre. But although ignorant as to how the balance of evidence lies, we were fain to consider Mamre as lying around the traditional old oak almost beneath whose venerable branches we were to sleep that night below the Valley of Eshcol. Another tradition of the neighbourhood was that somewhere near this fountain whose water we were drinking, S. Philip, the deacon, baptized the eunuch of Candace, queen of Ethiopia. Turning from these idle surmisings to facts of personal testimony, Mr. Floyd related how he had once traversed this road with Miss B. and Miss N. of Jaffa and stopped at this same well to water the horses. Then, as now, there was a bevy of Arab women thronging the spot. The ladies dismounted from their horses and Mr. Floyd appealed to several of the fair Mohammedans to hold their animals for a moment while he watered his own. But what retort did he receive? The opinions of Moslem womanhood—even in its subjection—are strictly conservative. “Let the riders hold them. They’re no better than you are!” It was a burning shame that any man, with women in his party, should himself stoop to water the horses!

While we were eating, it began to rain, and hastening to despatch the remainder of our luncheon, we leaped into our saddles and rode off. Now and then we would meet an Arab who, in order to keep them dry, had taken off his shoes, and was carrying them under his cloak—his other hand holding the ordinary weapon of defence—a long thick club. The showers grew heavier as we approached the Valley of Eshcol, passing on our way the reputed birthplace of Gad, the seer and a spot made memorable by the recent massacre by the Moslems of a small colony of Christian families. As we entered the famous

vale, the rain began to abate and pulling off our rubber head-pieces we looked around upon the celebrated vines which still bear the luscious grapes of Eshcol. They lie along the ground and cover the slopes in great profusion, but I am not aware that mortal eyes ever now see such huge clusters, even here, as the spies saw and appropriated so long ago. Still the fruit of Eshcol, in its season, is said to be a noteworthy sight, and the grape-lover who can be here in autumn will find himself in a temporary Paradise. At the bottom of the valley, near the oak of Mamre, stands the Greek convent to which we rapidly made our way. It was partially filled with a new detachment of Russian pilgrims who were engaged in making the round of the Holy Places, and had now come to pray at Machpelah and Mamre. But we received a warm and hospitable welcome from those in charge to whom Mr. Floyd was an old friend, and the ample and comfortable rooms which were assigned to us up stairs were better and cleaner than those I had occupied in any of the Syrian hotels. From the deep embrasure of one of the windows I could see the venerable city lying two miles down the valley, its clouds of thin blue smoke slowly ascending into the still air.





HOARY OLD HEBRON.

AFTER making some changes, we ascended to the flat convent roof in order to get a general idea of the landscape and then rode off to visit Hebron, and arrange for an armed escort to accompany us to *Beit-Jibrin* early the following morning. On our way down to the gate of the convent enclosure we paused to examine the old Sindian oak, or terebinth over which the establishment really stands guard. This is said to be the same tree under which Abraham received and entertained the angels, who here found him sitting in his tent door in the heat of the day. This is a tradition credited of course by no rational mind. But the tree is a fine old specimen of its kind with four huge symmetrical branches shooting out from the top of its trunk; and was, no doubt, a flourishing scion at the time of Christ. It may even be the last survivor of the ancient grove of Mamre. But whether genuine or not, it has the same atmosphere of interest and even reverence thrown around it as the Holy Sepulchre itself by the universal devotion of the pilgrims. This oak is still encircled by a large ring of protecting stones, over whose round platform its boughs drooped gracefully. From these I ventured to pluck one or two leafy mementoes. The girth of the trunk is more than thirty feet.

After slowly traversing a narrow and muddy lane over whose walls ran everywhere the luxuriant, gadding vines,

we came at last upon the outskirts of Hebron. At a little distance across a field Mr. Floyd pointed out to me the traditional tomb of Abner who was slain in the city gate, but the lateness of the hour prevented us from approaching it nearer. We rode straight onward, therefore, mindful of the necessity of interviewing the governor as soon as possible concerning our escort. As we saw the city more clearly, more and more of its long and chequered history rose to mind. It is one of the very oldest cities of the world, built seven years before Zoan, the capital of Egypt, although no one knows when the latter city was founded. Hebron was, as we are told, the city of Arba, the father of Anak and was given by Joshua to Caleb, the son of Jephunneh for an inheritance. Of old it was one of the six cities of refuge and is now one of the four "holy" cities of the Jews, sharing that honor with Jerusalem, Tiberias and Safed. Here David reigned for seven years and six months as King of Judah. Here Absalom was born and hither under the pretence of fulfilling a vow, he came to raise a conspiracy against his father. But the fact of crowning interest at Hebron is that in it once dwelt that "grand old sheikh," the "Friend of God" who has given to the city its present Arabic name of *El-Khalîl*, or "The Friend," and that here, in the cave of Machpelah, he found his tomb. How far back the thought carries us, even to the opening chapters of the Bible! What deep interest centers around this burial cave of an old shepherd! whose fame rests simply on the fact that he was a "friend of God!" The sons of Isaac and Ishmael still guard his sepulchre together and delight, albeit at sword's point with each other, to pay their tributes at the tomb of their common father; while to the devotion of the Arab and the Jew is added also the reverence of Christian pilgrims from all the ends of the earth. It is

one of the most sacredly interesting spots, as it is one of the most authentic, in all Palestine. Nobody doubts the genuineness of Machpelah. The separate and sometimes widely divergent streams of Moslem, Jewish and Christian tradition flow straight to its door in front of which, if nowhere else, their respective adorations intertwine. We entered the town with its old domed houses of stone and dark archways bridging the narrow streets, and soon became the targets of Moslem fanaticism for the display of which Hebron has ever been noted. The very boys, squatting beside their elders in the cage-like little shops of the bazars, hurled at us their juvenile curses. "There go the old devils," cried one. "I wish I was a man to cut their throats!" "Better put candles in their mouths!" exclaimed another, the Arabic euphemism for burning to death. Of course, we were not imprudent enough to take any notice of these insults, or make any retort which might provoke Mohammedan hostility. Leaving our horses at the *khan*, we now started on foot to the rude structure dignified with the name of a "castle" and the official residence of the governor of Hebron. Our self imposed guides thither were the old *Sheikh Hamzi*, familiar to the readers of Canon Tristram's "Land of Israel," and his two sons. The old man was to us exactly as Canon Tristram describes him, "oppressive in his attentions"—even painfully so. His dignity as *Sheikh* and his reputation among the occidentals were wholly crowded out of sight in the prospect of *backsheesh*. What were fame and position to him, in comparison with a possible quarter of a *mejeedi*? We tried more than once to shake off his company, but he would not leave us till we ourselves had left the town. Arrived at the castle, we were conducted through various courts and passages to the governor's reception room. Passing the portiere, at which our

native attendants removed their shoes, we found the magnate dressed in European clothes, but with the red fez on his head; and sitting at the farther end of a rickety table strewn with papers. He was a Turk of rather small stature and according to the fashion of his country, was diligently engaged in smoking. On each side of the table sat one or two subordinates in Arab costume, likewise smoking and examining certain documents. Our lengthy salutations having been accomplished, we were asked to seat ourselves and were offered coffee and *nargilehs*, which we respectfully declined. This was followed by an offer of cigarettes which we also declined, apparently to the governor's surprise. An Oriental cannot understand a man who does not smoke. He is a sort of enigma, like the "teetotaller" to a German, or Italian peasant who drinks his wine as he does his coffee. At length, however, we succeeded in convincing the court that we had come on business which must be quickly despatched, if we were to see much of Hebron that night. We wanted one armed soldier, as the representative of the government, to accompany us over a certain road to *Beit-Jibrin*. The reply of the governor and his suite was that the Bedouins were unusually troublesome along the border and that, under no circumstances, could we go by that road at all. There was another road along which he would send us with an escort of not less than ten soldiers. We smiled at the proposal. There was too much *backsheesh* implied in it, by far. We said one would do. They asked us if we were not afraid. We answered no, and finally after some deliberation, not in Arabic, but Turkish—which neither of us understood—a reluctant consent was given to our departure. The military secretary, therefore, took a half sheet of paper and holding it in the palm of his hand, wrote upon it, as neatly as if it had been stiff cardboard

the necessary order to the commandant of the garrison.

Armed with this, we took leave of the governor and departed, Hamzi and his sons still acting as our escorts. Proceeding at once to the mosque which now covers the cave of Machpelah, we advanced a few steps into the passage way, the limit beyond which no Jewish, or Christian foot, without the protection of the Sultan himself, is allowed to tread. Here there is a long deep aperture in the wall through which it is said your fingers may touch the living rock of Sarah's tomb. We thrust in our arms, but what we felt inside could be left only to the imagination. Into this opening, as into the chinks of the temple wall at Jerusalem the forlorn Jews of Hebron come and insert their well known written prayers. These petitions are inscribed upon little pieces of paper and sometimes enclosed in small rude envelopes and are then deposited in some appropriate holy place. The younger son of *Hamzi* now thrust his irreverent hand into the aperture and brought forth from its innermost depths two specimens of these prayers. I trust the authors will forgive me for having accepted and borne them off as curiosities. I carried them to Jaffa, and, with the aid of an educated Jew, succeeded in putting the modern Hebrew text into passable English. I venture to transcribe the results in these pages for the sake of those whom they may interest. Some of the petitions are unique. The first prayer is quite short.

“Here it (the prayer,) is buried for the sake of the children of the Merciful Ones, through the merit of our forefathers, the Holy Ones, the Foundation of the World, who inhabit this cave of Machpelah, to awaken their pity in behalf of Shiba, the son of Hannah Bayley and his spouse, Hannah Ganachy, the daughter of Figail and Zipporah, that we may have the

merit to have sons and daughters. We beseech you that this year we may have a son, or daughter. We pray that we may have long to live and that the Lord may send us health both to soul and body. We pray that the Holy One may remember us together with the said child and that it may live and not die, as he remembered our foremother, Sarah. And through the merit of His universal righteousness which He spreads over all, and also on account of our own benevolent hearts, since we are helping the poor of the Holy Land, we pray that the merit of our alms may redound unto us in things both temporal and spiritual. We pray that we may have living children and the necessities of life given to us and to all the children of Israel and that we may have the merit to see the re-building of His temple and the coming of His Salvation. Amen!"

The second is from a school-master and is considerably longer. It is enclosed in a little rude envelope with the superscription :

"To our holy forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. May their merits be with us always and may the aliens be expelled from the cave of Machpelah! May it be returned to us in our time. Amen!"

"Great peace to our forefathers, the Holy Ones, our father Abraham, the holy, hoary headed; to our father Isaac who was bound upon the altar and to our forefather Jacob whose image was engraved on the throne of glory! Peace to the fathers! I come to you, the poor, the despised, the rejected man of David, that you may bestow your favor upon me and upon my seed. I beseech you to pray for me and for my sons, although I know of myself that I am not worthy to come to you. Who am I, to come near those whom the King of Kings delighted with his honor and through whose merits all the world exists! And were it not for your merits and your prayers, it is impossible for us to live in this distressing captivity even a single hour; and every day and every hour and every instant you are standing to plead for us from your good hearts and we know that you pray for your children from your love of them and that you are desirous that the branch should be equal to the root—as it is written. 'For I know that Abraham

will command his children to keep the testimony of God.' And it is written (Talmud) 'whosoever will come to be purified, shall be helped from heaven.' Therefore I came to write several lines of supplication to besiege your presence with ten petitions. To pray for me to our God, blessed be His Name! to keep His favor upon me and upon my seed and upon my seed's seed until the end of the world. And that we may learn and keep and do and fulfill every word of the testimony of our law in love and that we may be endowed with great grace to do the will of God—blessed be His Name! as He wishes us to do all the days of our life till the end of the world. And that there may not be found in us any fault or anything unworthy, either in me or in my seed, but that we may be attached to God all the days of our life, and that we may be of them of whom it is said 'Israel, in whom I will be glorified.' So shall it be that we may not be ashamed, either in this world or in the world to come, that we may not be put to shame of you, nor you through us. And that there may not be in me, nor in my seed, either bereavement or barrenness but that God may fulfill our heart's desires, that I may not see the death of my sons and daughters, but their marriage and their prosperity. That I may rejoice in them and they may rejoice in me, and that we may not be cut off, either in years or days. That we may live eighty years, in order that we may be able to rectify the things wherein we have done amiss, and that we may not be disturbed through any creature. And that the evil one may not triumph over us, but on the contrary, that we may have desire of the law and of the precepts and of good doings for God's sake and without any other object. And that we may remember always what we learn and that we may not be dependent upon the gifts of man, but, through the rich, full and wide open hand of the Blessed One, may have grace and mercy in the sight of everyone who looks upon us. And that we may be pleasing to God and to His creatures and that we may be honored among the holy congregation. And that I may not be derelict in the profession which I have, of teaching the children. May God enable me to do it for His sake! And among my pupils may not one be found whose "bread is burning;" but may they be submissive to Heaven and listen to my words, and not be vexing me, but that I may rejoice in them

and they may rejoice in me. And may there be fulfilled in me the verse which saith, 'And David was prospered in all his ways and God was with him.' And also of Noah of whom it was said, 'And Noah found grace in the sight of God.' And that the Lord may prosper me in the learning of the profession of slaying animals and that I may be clever in preparing my knife. I beseech you, my forefathers! I know that I am not worthy to come to you. Therefore, I wrote you this letter, although it is not worthy. Therefore, forgive me and pray for me, through the merit of my forefathers, and for my children Jacob, Eleazar, Judah, Solomon and for my daughters, Sarah, Shimha, Sahalah and Malchah, my wife, that we may be deserving to live in the Holy Land, we and our seed forever!"

Since admission into the mosque was out of the question, even gold itself being powerless for once, all we could do was to climb the hill at the back of the building, from which we could step upon the roof of the mosque and look through a small window upon a section of the floor. That was all—that and a glimpse into the upper portion of the narrow court. We knew for a certainty that we were directly over the famous cave—that the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their wives were beneath our feet, but neither the one nor the other could we see. The ragged and dirty little urchins in the court could venture where our own infidel feet never could be planted. For "the field and the cave and all that is therein" are now the property of the faithful children of the Prophet, who unmercifully beat and stone every Jew or Christian who aspires to a share in their own privileges. Still the day may come when the mosque at Hebron, like the long-closed Mosque of Omar, will yield to the joint persuasion of European arms and European gold.

We now descended into the bazars, where I purchased several of the anklets and bracelets of colored glass

which are manufactured here for the wives and daughters of the Arab peasants. Pursuing our way at random through the dark and narrow streets, we came upon a place where a potter was working at his wheel. This was a familiar image of Scripture, but one which now rose for the first time to my own notice. We stopped and watched him as he went on with his work, skillfully moulding the clay on his rapidly spinning wheel. Suddenly the pot which he was fashioning presented a flaw. It was quickly patched up again, but not before one of the lounging bystanders had exclaimed of us: "They've spoiled it with the evil eye!" Of this "evil eye," whatever it may mean, the Arabs are exceedingly afraid. In order to avoid its noxious influences, they hang amulets and charms upon themselves and their cattle, and mark their houses and trees with cabalistic signs. Sometimes these charms are simple little sacks enclosing a text from the Koran; oftener they are made of beads and shells. The Bible itself speaks of these ornaments upon the camels' necks. One of these charms was even then hanging upon the neck of "Nellie," placed there by our servant, *Aishee*, at Jaffa, with whom the animal was a great favorite. It consisted simply of a bright colored, twisted cord, with a large blue glass bead and tassel; and having been permitted to replace it by a new one, I now preserve it as a memento of my interesting journey through the South country. A Moslem mother will snatch her child away from a gaze too intent, and you must not admire it without exclaiming "*Mashallah!*" a word of praise to God and one supposed to be preventive of harm. These superstitions sometimes present curious phases. For example, the Syrian Arabs have, as a rule, a great respect for a European physician, and it is said that they will take a medical prescription and

have the patient simply lick the ink off the paper on which it is written. On the strength of this action he is sure to get well.

Leaving the potter at his wheel we returned to the *khan*, refusing on the way the importunities of certain long-ringleted Jews who, darting out of their dark shops, besought us to turn aside and taste their Hebron wine. Here we resumed our horses, and rode out of the town by way of that ancient pool over which David ordered to be suspended the heads and feet of the murderers of Ish-bosheth. Close beside it stood a Mohammedan school house whose hum of study proceeded in the shape of a monotonous yell from a multitude of juvenile voices. It was no doubt the usual concerted recitation of the Koran. In the rain, which was now again falling slowly, we said farewell to Hebron, and turned our faces toward the convent. The rain ceased, however, before our ride was over, and as we reached the gate one foot of a huge, resplendent rainbow rested on the head of the Vale of Eshcol. As I went up into my chamber, I once more looked wistfully toward Hebron, veiled as before in its hovering cloud of thin blue smoke.

We sat down to a dinner whose digestion was assisted by some of the same excellent wine for which we had no inclination to stop at Hebron. Our repast being over, I went down stairs to watch the vesper service of the Russians, which was now in progress according to the Greek ritual, in the rooms below. It was a tedious and monotonous service, and Mr. Floyd now joining me, we fell into a random conversation, through the medium of my friend's Arabic, with a sturdy black Bedouin guard. He was a Nubian, and so black that "charcoal would have made a white mark on him." He was there in attendance upon a convoy of the pilgrims, over whom he had been

deputed by the Russian Consul to act as protector from Jerusalem to Hebron and back. We spent a part of the evening rather ghoulishly in listening to his tales of blood. He let us examine his sword which was slung over his shoulders by a thong of rawhide. It was one of the usual broad, slightly curved sabres, which I had so often seen at the side of many an Arab, as we came through the country, and had evidently been used in much active service. An idea crossed my mind, but I made no expression of it until I had gotten up stairs, when I sent Mr. Floyd down to purchase the sword from the shoulders of the Bedouin as a genuine and authentic curiosity. He soon returned with the weapon, but, as we heard next morning, its former owner had mourned all night long because he had consented to part with it. It was "his trusty friend and brother," which he and his father had together carried for over twenty-five years, and no new one could be like it. "Did you ever really kill any one with that sword?" Mr. Floyd heard a Russian ask. "By the prayer of Mohammed," a most sacred oath, "I once cut down four men with it in one day," was the sturdy rascal's response.





AS FAR AS BEIT-JIBRIN.

RAIN, as usual, the next morning. We stood after breakfast looking out of the convent windows upon the wet and dreary landscape, dismal and despondent. Our soldier had not come, though he had promised to be on hand betimes. As we found out after we had sent for him, he thought we "would not want to start in the rain." But he did not know us. The moisture might bedew our persons and dampen our pleasure, but all the same we proposed to sleep that night at *Beit-Jibrin*, twenty-five miles into the land of the Philistines. By nine o'clock we were winding our way once more among the vineyards, our escort in cloak and *capote* and with gun slung across his back, riding on before. Leaving Eshcol, we turned into a deep and rocky gorge in whose wider parts we ever and anon came upon neatly tilled and fertile patches of soil. But vegetation was by no means rank in this region and the partridge covey which occasionally rose in alarm before our horses was, no doubt, seldom disturbed by invaders of its feeding ground. There was little, however, worth recounting in this section of our journey. Bye and bye, we came out into a green and lovely vale, where, looking back, we saw afar upon a hill behind us, another of the reputed tombs of Noah and a rival of the equally fictitious one we had seen at *Zahleh*. The valley now grew broader, and from the

sides of its low bordering hills we heard the distant curses of the Moslem shepherds descending on our unbelieving heads. We left the retorts, however, to our escort, who, though himself a Mohammedan, could not brook quietly any insult even to a Christian while under his protection and likely to reward substantially every display of zeal and devotion. And so riding on we came, in the middle of the afternoon, to *Beit-Jibrin*, the "House of Giants" and the ancient *Eleutheropolis*. It is now a miserable Arab village, but, like every other spot in Palestine, has its own halo of interesting traditions. It is by some regarded as the site of Libnah, the city besieged, first by Joshua, and then by Sennacherib, at the time when *Rabshakeh*, his cup bearer was insulting Hezekiah and his God before the walls of Jerusalem. Here, too, it is said that a fountain sprang from the jaw bone with which Samson slew the Philistines. There is a story besides, which connects it in some way with Ananias, who is said to have performed great wonders here. But doubtless such researches, as much for the reader as for the writer, are uninteresting to pursue.

We rode straight to the house of the chief man of the village, and claimed his hospitality for ourselves and our horses. His residence we found to be very like a stable, standing among a collection of insignificant hovels, but it was a good theatre for vicissitudes, the things that spice and point all journeys of adventure. The lower part of the house was really devoted to horses and cattle although a circular group of Arabs occupied the centre of the floor, engaged in coffee-drinking and smoking. In the rooms overhead, reached by a rude stone staircase, lived the family of the *Sheikh*. Our luncheon was soon taken from our saddle bags and arranged for us on a sort of raised platform at the further end, where we ate reclining upon

our rugs, and occasionally accepting the courtesy of a cup of coffee from the steaming little pot of our lounging neighbours. Meanwhile, two Arabs were amusing themselves in the dark corner opposite us over a simple sort of game which they were playing with acorns. These full-grown men, sitting on the floor opposite each other like a couple of boys, while the rest were squatting lazily around and looking as if they never meant to get up again, were simple specimens of village life among the Arabs. Most of the men loaf and sleep and gossip all day long, what little work is done at all being done by the women. Necessarily their daily expenses are trifling, their food and raiment being of the simplest kind.

While we were eating, all the while under the scrutiny of a score of curious pairs of eyes, one of the men, more pious than the rest, arose from his place and spreading a mat aside upon the floor, began his devotions toward Mecca. His companions took the whole thing as a matter of course, not even looking at him as he knelt and fervidly petitioned *Allah*, but went on talking with each other precisely as before. Fancy the difference in degree of attention which would be excited by a man suddenly falling on his knees to pray in the crowded sitting-room of an American hotel. But, in apparent abstraction, he went on with his ascriptions and prayers and prostrations until Mr. Floyd, in the course of our talk, asked a question which no one else seemed able to answer. Then the devotee ceased his prayer, abruptly turned his face toward us, politely responded to our inquiry and immediately went on with his devotions.

They are a curious people, these Arabs. They make no secret among themselves of their religion, such as it is. The name of *Allah* is forever on their lips. We, I suppose, should call it "swearing," though no doubt it is

intended by them for something less than profanity. Some of the asseverations are curious. I once asked a merchant in Jaffa if he would give me a piece of paper in which to wrap an article which I had just purchased. His reply was, "By my eyes I will!" Their favorite asseveration in common talk is, however, "*W'Allah*," "by Allah." As Dr. Thomson suggests, the cursing and swearing of Peter in his denial of Christ was doubtless a sin to which he had not been unaccustomed, and as for the command of Christ to "swear not at all," it was, however necessary, one of the very hardest for an Oriental to obey. As concerns his piety the average Moham-medan may say his prayers in public more from habit, than for the purpose of being seen of men, but he is too often none the less a hypocrite. The pious talk in which he glibly indulges is mere smoothness of tongue. Sometimes it becomes endurable and even pretty in its child-likeness. I found, one day on the beach at Jaffa, a curious old tobacco box inlaid with silver. "God sends it," said our Arab servant, turning to me in triumph, after routing the last of two or three Arabs who, having seen me pick it up, followed me home, each swearing by *Allah* that the box was his. You ask a man what the weather is to be on the morrow. His reply, both sensible and pretty, is, "Such as *Allah* sends." If his child be sick, he will, in many cases, reject the suggestion of medical aid with the response, less pretty and sensible: "If *Allah* wills, the child will recover; if not, he dies. Leave it with *Allah*!" But this simplicity becomes less attractive when we learn that a gang of thieves overpowered in the act of robbery, will just as naturally and piously throw up their hands and cry on *Allah* for protection.

But we at length finished both our meal and our reflections. It was now time to visit the famous caves of

Beit-Jibrin, and, under the escort of at least two guides more than were necessary, we set out. We walked back of the village into a strange romantic sort of vale, where we were again treated to terms of opprobrium suited to shame and humble "Christian dogs" and issuing from the lips of a bevy of Moslem urchins. A feint made at them, however, scattered them right and left and turned hostility into good-natured fun. In this valley we found admission into several of the huge bell-like caves which are hewn out of the soft grey chalk of the hillside. The highest points of the ceiling in the different apartments were over sixty feet from the floor, and were furnished with open apertures through which the sunlight streamed broadly. These caves, it is thought, were once used as the dwellings of Idmumæans and the Horim, but are now employed partly for the manufacture of gunpowder on an infinitesimal scale and largely as pens for goats and horned cattle. Here and there, we descried a legend running along the wall just beneath the vaulted, crumbling roof; and near by, perhaps, a cross sculptured in the chalk, pretty sure tokens that sometime in the past God's worship has arisen within these rude, but wonderful retreats.

Going thence upon one of the overhanging hills, we sat down to rest in company with our Arab escorts, one of whom was a nephew of Sheikh Hamzi of Hebron, whose family genealogy must be of ample size. From this we had an extensive view over the great plain of Philistia over which we were to ride the following day. But first we glanced behind us at *Mar-Hanna's* ruined church standing near the site of ancient *Mareshah* in whose valley King Asa fought and dispersed the Ethiopians and which also felt the hammer-hand of Judas Maccabaeus. Turning again toward the Mediterranean, we looked out

upon the same scene which once met David's eye as he gazed forth from these self-same hills. It was a perfect sea of verdure in sharp contrast with the barren ravines through which we had lately come, and out of the middle of it rose the *tell* where once lay ancient Gath, a city of the Philistine Pentapolis and the birthplace of Goliath, the foe of David. To Gath also was sent the troublesome Ark of God which its captors knew not what to do with and there David, the refugee from Saul, played the mad-man as a ruse to save his life before Achish, the King. But there were better and closer views of this region yet to come and I shall leave out, for the present, the details of the picture. One of our Moslem friends who had gone off to pray, albeit in fear that we would leave him, now returned from the spot where he had spread his mat so that he could watch and pray at the same time, and we all descended together. As we re-entered the town I caught sight of several native women at the doors of their hovels combing their hair—an occasional process only—with those rough wooden combs whose exhibition as curiosities so excites the merriment of their Western sisters.





THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES.

AFTER purchasing some old coins and antiquities for a fraction of the original prices asked by the natives, we retired again to our lodging-place and threw ourselves down on our rugs to rest. Our former friends were all there, awaiting our return. They had no where else to go, nothing else to do. It seemed that we were not altogether welcome in the village, however. The protection of the government, in the person of our escort and the knowledge that there was an American consul at Jerusalem, had considerable to do with our safety. We were in a region the more fanatical toward Christians, because tourists are so seldom seen there. Still our annoyances were fraught with more amusement, than alarm. They had stolen the barley from our horses and no woman in the village was willing, even for the coveted *backsheesh* to bring water for the animals of Christians. Here the soldier came to our aid. He ordered several women to bring the water forthwith, under pain of corporal punishment and then positively refused to allow them to accept the money which we still insisted upon offering for the tardy service. Presently in came half a dozen of those black Bedouins of sinister aspect, whom the Palestine traveler always prays to be delivered from meeting on the road, either by day or night. They wore long soiled quilted cloaks of some thick white material, from

which shone their ebony faces and glaring eyes, and were armed with long heavy clubs. One of the group whose face haunts me still and whose uneasy eye Mr. Floyd and I both agreed to be that of a murderer, if we ever saw one, squatted down in a dark corner against the wall. One of his more loquacious brethren now informed the company that they had come up from Egypt and had that day walked over from *Mejdel*, near the coast. He then proceeded, although aware that Mr. Floyd understood Arabic perfectly, to discuss with much vehemence the interference of the English in Egypt. We listened calmly enough to this blunt expression of his hatred for us and all of our blood and tongue, but I confess to some slight trepidation when the rascal rose from his seat and, going over to the circle of village Moslems, squatted down at the back of one who appeared to have some slight pre-eminence among his fellows. Then, whispering in his ear as I suppose the serpent sounded the frail woman in Eden, Mr. Floyd overheard him say, "What do you allow these Christians to come among you for?" adding significantly, "No Christians ever come among *us*." For a moment I thought he might nourish disaffection and foment disturbance. But putting on a bold face outwardly breeds inward courage, and we tried to act as if we had fifty soldiers instead of one at our backs. Still the knowledge that these desperadoes were to sleep that night under the same roof with ourselves—for there was no other whose free hospitality could be claimed by them—and in close proximity to our horses, abridged considerably our satisfaction and our slumber. Our only hope was that the villagers themselves would not lose their senses and commit any depredations upon us for which the entire village would have to be held responsible.

At length we left both Arabs and Bedouins below, the

latter to their beds of straw among the cattle, and climbed the old slippery steps to the room which was to be our chamber for the night. We found it to be closed by a heavy, unglazed wooden door, which could be fastened only by being braced inside. The sole window was likewise a thick, wooden shutter, entirely guiltless of glass. There was no furniture whatever in the room, save an old hand-mill of stone in one corner. On the floor, however, a couple of Arabs soon began, rather surlily, to spread carpets and rugs for our bedding, inwardly cursing themselves, no doubt, for condescending to such a service for the Christians. It was now dark and our lamp was brought—a little, rough, tin thing, whose flame ended in a thick corkscrew column of black smoke. This was placed upon a projection from the wall just large enough to hold it, and with once refilling, managed to burn all night. The beds, such as they were, being made, we now threw ourselves into a reclining position on the unseemly heap; and, although not hungry and with plenty of food yet remaining in our saddle-bags, awaited with some curiosity to see what the Arabs would send us up to eat. Presently it came, a most meagre meal. First, a dish of *leben*, or curds of milk was placed before us on the floor. This *leben*, by the way, is the “butter” of Scripture, the same which Jael brought forth to Sisera in her “lordly dish.” Beside it were then thrown some half-dozen of the usual thin, round loaves of bread. This was a chance for “an experience” while our appetites were under good control. So, for the sake of the thing, we formed part of a little circle, sitting on the floor and all dipping our sops of bread into the common dish in the centre; the attitudes and action being the same as when the Lord Himself dipped His sop with Judas and the other Apostles. Af-

ter the curious meal was over, of which we were careful not to partake too freely, we found ourselves confronted with a group of half a dozen Arabs who had brought up their *narghilehs* from below in order to have a visit with us before bedtime. Their conversation being slow and solemn, and we being thoroughly tired out, we were glad to see their courtesy in retiring immediately upon the suggestion of our guard that we might like to go to sleep. One of them, however, besides our escort, was to occupy the room with us. So we all four lay down in our clothes and silence within soon reigned supreme.

But our slumber was by no means unbroken. Without, it seemed as if every dog in the village was wide awake and doing his best to swell the dismal chorus of his multitudinous neighbours. Within, there was the anxiety over our doubtful fellow-guests below who might possibly get themselves into mischief and us into trouble. We awoke from our fitful sleep just before dawn, and found it raining heavily. With the first streaks of daylight our Moslem friend arose, re-trimmed the little oil-lamp and performed his ablutions. Then, spreading his mat on the floor and turning his face toward Mecca, he began his morning devotions. It was Friday, the sacred day of the Mohammedans, and his orisons being therefore of unusual length, the effort to rise and pray betimes put rather a severe strain upon his resolution. At frequent intervals he yawned and stretched sleepily, but so soon as his mouth had closed upon the gape, the words of the Koran came forth again as mechanically as ever. Certainly he was testifying unmistakably to his religious fervor, and as I lay and watched him I could not but give him credit for more sincerity than sometimes characterizes the disciple of the cross. Half an hour before he had risen, I heard him make an audible exclama-

tion in Arabic, grunt and fall again to sleep. I asked Mr. Floyd the significance of his cry. He said, "the man calls God to witness that he is 'a faithful servant.'" And here he was, showing it in his own manner, not only with his lips, but in his life. When he had finished, it now being daylight, we ourselves arose from our restless couches and going to the door, had water poured from an ewer by an Arab over our hands to wash them, even as Elisha, the son of Shaphat once poured water upon the hands of Elijah. Finally we partook of a slight breakfast, got out our horses and were in the saddle soon after it was light enough to see to ride, and glad to bid adieu to our uncanny friends at *Beit-Jibrin*. We now pricked rapidly away over the broad, green plain of Philistia, our soldier leading and all keeping a sharp outlook for roving Bedouins. In various places, far and near, we saw their black tents dotting the hillsides, but were lucky enough not to fall in with any band of marauders. Often did we turn in our saddles as we rode further and further toward the sea-coast and look longingly backward at the empurpled hills, the deep blue sky above and the brown, reddish earth below, from which peeped huge masses of old grey rocks. Far to the south the eye swept over that vast country, now so desolate and under control of the wandering Arabs, where once Abraham and Isaac fed their flocks. Away down yonder lay *Beer-Sheba* with its seven wells, while farther over toward the sea and below Gaza once lay Gerar, the temporary home of Isaac. The history of the land began rapidly to unfold itself as we advanced. A short distance from the roadside we looked upon the scanty remains of Eglon, and further on, lay Lachish in a heap, both towns taken by Joshua in his wars, and the last the place where King Amaziah died at the hands of the conspirators of Jerusalem. Before

Lachish also lay the great camp of Sennacherib before it was removed to Libnah which may not have been far off and somewhere on this plain it therefore was that the death-angel went forth to slay a hundred and eighty five thousand men. We rode on over the gentle swells apparently so fertile yet almost without inhabitant, save a handful of sore-eyed and ragged Arabs who burrowed here and there amid the wretched hovels of a native village. "O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee that there shall be no inhabitant." It is a prophecy whose fulfillment lies written in plain words all over these broad, green acres. And when we came to traverse, as we did the following day, the portions lying nearest the sea, the sites of mighty cities of the Philistines, the words of the context came even more vividly to mind. "For Gaza shall be forsaken and Ascalon a desolation, they shall drive out Ashdod at the noonday and Ekron shall be rooted up. And the sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks." And the land of the Philistines lies, to this day, under the exact curse of the great Prophet.

At the hour of noon we halted for luncheon by a brooklet side, not far from the little village of *Burer*, whose lowly huts nestle rather picturesquely in a grove of palms. The palm, indeed, stately and magnificent as it is, goes a long way toward redeeming the unattractiveness even of a few mud huts. We were now not far from Gaza, which we desired to reach in time to visit some of its objects of interest before the approach of night. So we were soon again in the saddle, completing the last stages of a rather weary journey, beguiled however by the company of several Bedouins. These knights of the desert, mounted on their full-blooded mares, were themselves on their way to Gaza; but, under other

circumstances, might have been exceedingly unwelcome companions. "These polite fellows," said Mr. Floyd, "are the very men who will rob you when they get a chance." At length we passed a venerable old oak which no traveler toward Gaza ever passed without an admiring glance, and entered an almost interminable grove of olives. Long before we had gotten through it, there arose at the end of the broad, leafy vista, the minarets and palms of Gaza, the once proud city of Philistia—to Palestine, the key of Egypt—to Egypt, the key of Syria. A blinding sun, the same that in midsummer drives the half-dozen European residents out of Gaza, and smites with various degrees of darkness the eyes of nine-tenths of the Arabs who remain, now came streaming into our eyes, and intensifying, even at the close of this January day, the disorder of vision which became the temporary penalty of my own residence in Palestine. We were glad at last to reach the shadow of even the low city walls, hemming in narrow streets, where our horses' hoofs splashed, right and left, the liquid mire. Gaza, externally one of the most picturesque, is internally one of the uncleanliest cities of the East. It is unnecessary to say there are no sidewalks. Such things are unknown everywhere in the Orient. But in Gaza when we were there, there was not even a dry spot for the foot to rest upon. A fly might crawl in comfort along the sun-smitten walls, but the pedestrian must abide in his house or else wade through narrow, crooked lanes, swimming with mud and water and offal, whose odors were the loudest—admirable exponents of the sanitary ideas of the Porte.

But we found our way at length to the house of the Rev. Mr. Schapira, the missionary who so deservedly fills an entire chapter in Dr. Henry M. Field's work, *On*

the Desert. I had met Mr. Schapira before at Jaffa, and as he was an old friend of Mr. Floyd, we were made warmly welcome in his hospitable home. Here is the centre of the mission work in Gaza, where the missionary and his worthy wife have many evangelizing irons in the fire, and manage to keep them all going. Some of the light needle work, wrought by Moslem girls in the mission-school, and of which I brought away some specimens, would not discredit the reputation of Occidental fingers. Besides the chapel with its services, now under the auspices of the English Church, there is a chemical room and dispensary whence go forth, as they should always do on missionary ground, the Bible and the art of healing, hand in hand. There is also a society for the elevation and instruction of Moslem women, one of the most necessary features of all successful mission work in the East. Soon after our arrival here Mr. Floyd came near having a fatal mishap. He had taken the horses to the khan, and was engaged in stooping down to adjust something about one of them, when an unruly beast in the adjoining stall launched out in such a manner as to make sparks and mortar fly from the opposite wall. His hoof, in passing, left a small cut on Mr. Floyd's face just over the cheek bone. The miss was nearly as good as a mile, but it was a narrow escape from being brained, for which we were all devoutly thankful.

It being some little time yet before dinner, we now took a walk or rather a plunge through the city streets, under the courteous guidance of Mr. Schapira. After a short journey we arrived, on the nearest edge of the town, at a place where a recumbent pillar is said to mark the spot whence Samson took the gates of Gaza. At some little distance outside rose the hill of *Muntar* which had already been pointed out to me as "the hill toward Hebron"

on whose top the gates were left by the Israelitish Hercules. We ascended a low neighbouring elevation which however was sufficiently high to admit of surveying at leisure the ancient city, amid its lovely gardens and cactus hedges and encircled by its enormous hills of barren sand. It was once the home of giants and the Anakims of whom, so far as I could see, no worthy scions now remain. It was noted for its beautiful wells of clear water—precious treasures they must have been in that parched and thirsty country, with the great salt sea on one side and the interminable Egyptian desert stretching away on the other. To it came Alexander the Great three hundred years before the Christian era—and encompassed its walls—a siege which came near being made memorable by the death of the great conqueror himself. But now the proud old city has quite fallen from its ancient fame. It has been forsaken by God and by men of energy and genius. It is a cipher in the world—a mere aggregation of slaves to dirt and disease, the down-trodden minions of a government whose head centre is the disgrace of modern Europe.

Before going in I visited, under the care of a juvenile guide, the exterior courts of that beautiful mosque in which lie the remains of *Hashîm*, the grandfather of Mohammed. Several hours afterward, as I stood in the courtyard of the mission-house watching the rosy after-glow in the southern sky whose richness I have never seen paralleled even in Switzerland, there came floating upon the quiet evening air among the waving palm-crests the weird, solemn cry of the *muezzin*. It was nine o'clock ; but by the combined light of the brilliant stars of the East, and the reflection which still hung over the desert and the sea, I could clearly discern him as he paced the high balcony around the minarets of the mosque of *Has-*

hîm. There was nothing new in that call to prayer. I had often heard it before. But never had there been a quiet evening hour like this, amid all the glow and splendor of tropical air and scenery, to send its half mournful intonations straight to my heart. May I be pardoned for the confession that, although well aware what Moslemism means when it is laid bare to the investigations of rational and enlightened minds, I yet could not help feeling a profound respect for a people whose ministers thus publicly call an entire city to bow and humble itself before the one true God.





CITIES OF THE PAST.

THE contrast between our night's rest in Gaza and that of the previous night in *Beit-Jibrin* was extravagant. Our beds were clean and not preoccupied; our sense of security sweet and undisturbed. We rose refreshed and went up stairs to breakfast with thankful hearts and keen appetites. Our obligations were great to Mr. and Mrs. Schapira for their kindhearted hospitality, the more so as they would receive no compensation for themselves. Under the circumstances I was therefore doubly glad to avail myself of the opportunity of making a contribution to one department of their work, in which every Oriental traveler I think soon learns to take a special interest, namely that for the improvement of the condition of woman.

Breakfast over, we mounted our horses and rode over to the hill of *Muntar* whither the gates were borne by Samson. All along the streets, at that morning hour, our ears were greeted with the sound of the same rude mills such as I had seen before the Bedouin's tent on the plain of Huleh. Leaving the dubious windings of the city streets, we climbed gradually the steep ascent of Muntar from whose top we had a magnificent, though partly barren prospect with Gaza itself at our feet. We looked towards Egypt and traced the old historic route across the dreary waste by which armies and caravans and solitary travelers have passed for ages immemorial

between Africa and Asia. There, were the sands pressed by the feet of many a Pharaoh's hosts. There, was the desert over which Isaac often looked out, while he dwelt yonder in the vale of Gerar. There, ran the road back to Beer-Sheba, but considerably southward of our own recent line of march from Beit-Jibrin. There, was the broad, green, tenantless plain of Philistia with its wide fringe of sand-belts and the blue sparkling waters of the great sea beyond. And just below, amid its little oasis of palms, the greatest of those maritime cities of the past which once strewed the Philistine coast, but whose prestige has long since mouldered to nothing in the dust of centuries.

From this elevation we may, as fitly as anywhere, pay a well-deserved tribute to the beautiful palms of Gaza, yet more numerous and beautiful than those of Jaffa. They stand around the foot of *Muntar*, not singly as we had often seen them in the court of a convent or a mosque, but in stately groves, throwing together their green fronds and thus springing leafy arches from the tops of their straight, grey pillars. Some of the finest similes of Scripture spring at once to the memory of him who looks upon them and he cannot but admire. Worthy were their leaves to strew the Saviour's way. Worthy are they now to arch the victor's grave. And where can the righteous find a more comforting and inspiring vision than that in which it is promised him that he shall "flourish as the palm?"

We rode down by another route into the town and left our horses for a stroll through the bazars, which expedition could only be managed on foot. But there was nothing worthy of particular note. Gaza is nearly as large as Jerusalem itself and its bazars are of corresponding size. But their character does not differ materially from

those of other cities in the East. It was a sort of market day, however, and the ways were crowded with the usual array of bright and fanciful costumes. At one point in our journey Mr. Schapira took me to the doorway of the principal mosque whose interior, to my surprise, was that of a large, handsome Gothic church, unsurpassed by few of its size in any of the cities of Europe. It is a sight like this which kindles the indignation of the Christian traveler as he journeys through the East. Some day, surely, the Western powers will compel the Mohammedan to restore, if not the Holy Land itself, these sacred shrines which they have so profanely wrested from the hands of the Christians who built them for so different a purpose. This venerable church was erected so long ago that men are no longer certain whether to ascribe it to the Empress Helena, or the Empress Eudoxia. But there it still stands, a fine monument of Christian faith and architectural skill, though sadly exemplifying a perversion of uses. We also visited one of Mr. Schapira's mission schools where we found a courteous native teacher and an interesting group of children. As we passed homeward, the missionary pointed out a valuable piece of ground which he had secured in an eligible quarter of the city and whereon he proposes, so soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming, to erect a fine new church.

At about ten o'clock, we bade farewell to our kind friends and rode out of the mission yard, taking our way through the town and across the sandhills toward the beach. We had been told that some old pottery was being unearthed in a spot not far from the shore and probably once covered by the ancient Gaza. On arriving thither, we found that the treasures consisted mainly of huge earthen jars which, no doubt, were of very great age. Some were broken, but others were quite perfect.

We looked at them reverently for a moment or two—venerable relics as they were of a bygone time and race—and then rode pensively along the sandy, shell-paved beach toward Ascalon. Our only diversions during the ride were the watching of the sea-crab running sidewise over the shingle, the venturesome gull sporting along the water's edge and now and then settling so near as to be immediately scared away by a shot from our revolvers, or admiring the snowy surf churning and foaming among the jagged, sea-worn blocks of lava. At length, after a ride of two or three hours, we saw before us the ruins of Ascalon, lying along their low historic ridge. As we drew nearer and mounted the sandbanks we looked down into that vast amphitheatre, fertile and yet deserted, but once covered with the grand streets and buildings of a mighty city. Fragments of marble and of massive walls and bastions were tumbled rudely about. It was all a wreck and ruin—the ashes of that great city which with others likewise unfaithful was compelled to drink the wine-cup of the Lord's fury. Among the rank vegetation which now effectually buries the débris I saw some pretty almond trees bearing their silver blossoms even now in the beginning of February and while sitting at luncheon beneath the battered walls, an Arab brought me some green nuts from the same trees. Here was another Scripture illustration. When Jeremiah saw the rod of an almond tree—symbolical of hasty growth—the Lord said unto him, "thou hast well seen, for I will hasten my word to perform it." When the rods of the heads of Israel were laid up in the tabernacle that of Aaron brought forth, as these trees around us even now were doing, buds and blossoms and almonds all together. As we sat there we gazed up at the crumbling walls above our heads, with their hard, rough masses of mortar and sea-shells

and stone all mingled together and then, at the mean little village which now presides over the spot, amid numerous orchards and gardens whose beauty shames its own squalor, and thought of the proud city of the past with its edifices of shining marble flashing far out to the sea. What a history has Ascalon! But the Syrian Venus has long since ceased to inhabit her ruined temple, although her sacred doves still coo among the ruins. Here the goddess *Derketo* had her fish in tanks, but now they swim no nearer the desolate site than the blue margin of yonder sea. Within these walls, now almost buried in the drifting sand, did Richard the Lion-hearted hold his court. These sloping acres, destitute of a single modern house, given over to the culture of the apple and the onion, strewn with fallen columns which glisten beneath the hedges once was the prize of battles in which the onslaught was led by men like Richard and Saladin and Bibars, in many a fearful siege by land and sea. But these are the latest vicissitudes of its history suggested first, only because of the wrecks which lie around. There are stories which connect it closely with the history of the stolen ark and with Samson who came hither to slay thirty men and despoil them of their garments in behalf of those who had solved his riddle. It was here, too, that Herod the Great was born. For well nigh thirteen centuries it has lain desolate, notwithstanding its great natural advantages. And should the time come when this sacred land shall be finally freed from Turkish misrule, Ascalon may again lift her head and become in future ages, as she has been in the past, a queen of the sea.

We finished our after-luncheon *siesta* and rode off toward *Mejdel* bidding adieu to the sea-shore and striking a little way inland. The stork was stalking lazily along the edge of the neighbouring pond. The hot rays of the

noon-tide sun beat fiercely down upon our heads. But luckily the journey was not long and the scenery through which we rode reminded me somewhat—a great deal to say—of the scenery of an English park. About the middle of the afternoon we entered *Mejdel* and rode through its muddy streets straight to the khan. We put up our horses and then set out in search of a lodging place for the night, which we were fortunate enough to find in the house of one of the principal men of *Mejdel*. Here we deposited our saddle-bags and accoutrements and then, it being several hours yet before dark, walked out to view the place. But there was little to see except the usual pools of mire and hard-looking houses. We stepped once into a weaver's room, of which establishments we found several on our route, and recalled Scripture as we watched the mechanism of the beam and shuttle. Again, we glanced over the wall to see a Persian water-wheel irrigating some small garden, or through an open doorway at some motley crowd of villagers assembled for a little merry-making, but with much solemnity withal. The bazars were closed at that hour of the day, not much to our regret, for they were unextensive. *Mejdel* is mentioned in the Book of Joshua under the name of *Migdal-Gad* and it was here that Pharaoh-Necho had a battle with the Syrians.

At dusk we retired to our sleeping-room under the convoy of our courteous, but rather unwholesome looking old host. The apartment was evidently the best in the house. It had a rude sprinkling of color on the walls, which were fairly lined in some places with rows of flat dishes, silver and brass, pewter and glass—his dining service on state occasions. But this was all the furniture, save the rugs and bedding on the raised portion of the floor. The old man treated us right royally,

when consideration is had to his surroundings and habits of life, bringing us roasted eggs and pickled olives and whatever else his own larder afforded and our saddle-bags did not. And when we were done with our meal, he brought in one of his numerous family—a bright, unwashed, little boy, his favorite, and placing him between his knees sat on the floor and chatted with us socially. One of the bolsters he had given us for pillows was worked with very fine embroidery. Prefacing his remarks with “May you not be reckoned among them!” he proceeded to inform us that this was the needle work of his own women. Thus Eastern politeness forbade his mentioning his guests and his wives in the same breath without apology. This deprecatory style is common with the Arabs. You ask a man how long his son has been dead, and his response is: “May it, (that is, death) be far from you!—about three years.” This old gentleman had, so he informed us, been the husband of three wives one of whom he had lately divorced because she had become the unfortunate mother of seven successive girls. At present he was the father of eight living children, three of whom, he “thanked *Allah*,” were boys. The birth of a boy is at this day considered as much a subject of rejoicing as it was in Hebrew times; while the birth of a girl is considered a sort of calamity. It is a reproach to the mother and a disappointment to all. It is said that even now, as of old, vows are undertaken and prayers made in order to secure male children. And the first-born, when he comes into the world, immediately gives new names to every other member of the family in this wise. An old *sheikh* near Jerusalem had a first-born son Hassan and has ever since been called among his friends and neighbours, *Abu-Hassan*, “father of Hassan.” His wife is *Em-Hassan*, “mother of Hassan,”

while the younger children are "brothers and sisters of Hassan." Thus, too, Mr. Floyd, until the death of his only child, was known among the natives as "Abu-Alexander." The honor of primogeniture is supreme.

When our host had retired, we turned down our lamp, said our prayers and composed ourselves to rest. We had told our entertainer of our warm reception at *Beit-Jibrin*, a story which he had been quick to meet with the assurance that we need expect no similar disturbance under his own roof. But, even as he spoke, I glanced sceptically downward and saw at once that he was wofully mistaken. When I arose in the morning, my arms and my feet, for I had not dared to undress, had become vivid reminders of my former experience at *Mejdel-es-Shems*. It was yet hardly daylight, but we cared to sleep no longer with such restless bed-fellows. Even at that early hour, as indeed all through the night, we could hear the sound of the grinding preparatory to the baking of the following day, and we were not long astir before our host with his lantern made his appearance at our door. We breakfasted, picnic fashion, on the floor, gathered our things together and, lighted by the lantern, picked our way toward the khan where we had left our horses, the solemn morning call to prayer coming to our ears through the glimmer of starlight from the neighbouring minaret. While Mr. Floyd attended to the saddling, I sat in the little hostelry watching one or two early risers drinking their tiny cups of hot coffee, or indulging in long drawn, gurgling pulls at the *chibouque*. All being ready, the lantern was again called into requisition for it was too dark yet to discern the mudholes in the narrow streets. By cautious navigation and with the light to steer by, we safely reached the outskirts of the town, dismissed our attendant with a *backsheesh* and rode off toward Ashdod in the grey dawn

which was just now breaking. Our way still lay over the lovely green plain which we had traversed ever since turning our backs upon the hill-country, and bye and bye we saw the sunrise gilding those same hills now at some distance on our right. Presently it began to illumine the greensward all around us, over which, here and there, a solitary camel was slowly striding along. Between nine and ten o'clock we came within sight of the hill on which stood Ashdod of the Philistines now covered with palms and roofs of mud and sticks, green with the grass which carpeted every one of them even to its eaves. Below the hill is an old khan toward which we rode, where Mr. Floyd wished to point out to me an ancient sarcophagus. Thence we struck over the hill and through the wretched town whose site was once so famous. There is absolutely nothing left to see. Every trace, alike of the Acropolis and the fish-god's shrine has departed. The mound itself is nothing but the tomb of that mighty town which it took Psammetichus twenty-nine years to subdue. Here then, among the wastes of drifting sands, was once found Philip the deacon, preaching the gospel of Christ. But we had no inclination to stay. We did not even dismount. Of all the Philistine cities which now have even a shadow of existence, Ashdod is certainly the most forlorn and unattractive.

We now began a weary, monotonous journey beneath the pouring rays of the sun. Our way lay across a broad stretch of level ground beyond which rose our objective point, the island-like hill of Yebna. We got there finally with no adventure save the occasional passing of a mounted Arab or two, and halted at the foot of the hill for rest and luncheon. Meanwhile a group of lounging villagers gathered round, some of whom began to make some insulting remarks in our presence. Somewhat to their sur-

prise they were readily repaid in their own coin by Mr. Floyd, who had understood every word, and never afterwards during our stay, dared to open their mouths. We afterward rode up through the village to the highest point of the hill whence we had a wide prospect over the plain.

From here we had our best view of the city of Ekron associated with the holy Ark of God and the place whither the King Ahaziah sent to inquire of Baal-Zebub, the God of Ekron. Over toward the sea lay the harbor of Yebna, or Jamnia whose burning haven once threw its light abroad over the troubled waters. For here was another battle-ground between Judas Maccabaeus and Gorgias. Yebna, little worthy, as it looks, of its fame, was once also a famous seat of learning, the session-place of the Jewish Sanhedrim and as tradition says, the burial-place of Gamaliel.

We descended, crossed the old Roman bridge over the neighbouring stream, pricked over the rolling acres until at last Philistia once more softened into Sharon's plain, and, in a few moments more, were again beneath the familiar roof at Jaffa, I myself flushed with the satisfaction of having completed a journey full of instruction, if not entirely devoid of hazard, through the historic country of the South.





FAREWELL TO JAFFA.

OUR time in Jaffa was now indeed growing short. A steamer for Egypt was daily expected. We hastened again to make our preparations for sailing, and gathered up the odds and ends of experience. We hired a camel in the khan and took a ride up and down the orange lanes so that we might know from experience what it was to mount the ungainly creature. We went by permission into the orange-groves of the German vice-consul and helped ourselves to the luscious fruit, afterwards bearing away as many of the bright, golden globes as our pockets would hold and hands could carry. Several oranges which I thus plucked were fifteen and sixteen inches, while one of the lemons was nineteen inches in circumference. This particular grove is thought to cover part of the remains of Solomon's harbor. It is a half mile from the present coast-line, has a basin-like shape, and some old anchors are said to have been dug up there. There are also several memorials of Napoleon, left there by his retiring host, in the shape of one or two old cannon. We went to visit the jail at Jaffa where prisoners, innocent and guilty, are alike confined under the discriminating eye of Turkish law, and left to starve, save as their friends bring them food, or as they share it with each other. We visited Mrs. Hay's mission-school for the

last time, attended our final service in the little English chapel where I had had the privilege of preaching, and inspected Miss Mangan's medical hospital, one of the best institutions of missionary work in all Syria. The morning we were there, Miss Mangan assembled her little group of applicants for medicine in the little room which serves for a chapel, and read and expounded the Scriptures in Arabic, which she has mastered perfectly. After this, the medicines were given out in the dispensary, and operations were attended to in the surgical room. We adjourned to the latter where we found a sturdy, black Bedouin, who had already attracted our notice during the service by his blood-stained 'aba and smothered groans. He had been in a fight with four men who, he asserted, had stolen his goods, and he had come out of the scrimmage with his right hand half hacked off at the wrist by one of their blunt and murderous swords. During the process of dressing the wound, even his stolid Bedouin endurance proved unequal to the pain, and having a natural horror of such operations, I was soon fain to desert the room and seek the open air. We pitied the poor fellow, but it was impossible to rid ourselves of the suspicion that he had himself laid low many a man in his lifetime, and that the rest of his career, should he recover, would be spent in thirsting for the blood of his assailants.

At night we walked upon the balcony looking out, for the last time, upon the same clear and starry sky which David saw from his house-top at Jerusalem. For several evenings, we could discern the broad nucleus of a comet which was at that time visible in the East. But we could see comets at home and so we turned lovingly towards Judæa's hills bathed in the soft moonlight and

watched the waving branches of the palms which, even in the brilliancy of night,

"Raised their stately heads on high
And spread their feathery plumes along the sky,"

for upon these things we should probably never look again.

The Jaffa colony is not without its band of musicians and on frequent evenings in the week the soft music, so suggestive of home, would come floating upward along with the aromas of the orange groves and the deep, sweet murmur of the sea. To all these influences, natural and artificial, we were soon to bid adieu, and it was not without a deep feeling of regret that the reflection crossed our minds. We should miss the chirp of the little sparrows, sitting and flitting about our own house-top; and even the piercing screams of the jackals on Sharon's plain, which startled the wakeful among us during the solemn night-watches, or the early brayings of the patient little Syrian donkeys—sounding like a rip-saw among splintered boards—would soon cease to be remembered as nuisances.

We took our last walk on the sea-shore whose image now rises to my mind and even sends a nostalgic tremor along my pen. It was the margin of waters which were laden with associations of Scripture and history. These were waves that had tossed alike the ships of Solomon, of Xerxes, of Pompey, of Augustus, nay, greater than all the rest, that humble corn-ship of Alexandria whose precious burden was the saintly Paul. But it was not for these things and things like these that we loved it. We were attached to it for its own sake. We had traveled many a mile upon it and were to travel many more. We had loitered upon its sea-walls, sipping coffee in the bland warm air of January, and watching the snow-white gulls rocking on its billows. We had ridden at noon on its gentle swells watching the snow of the distant hills of

Judæa and Samaria—the green vines upon Simon's house and the half hidden, moss-covered rocks of the dangerous harbor. We had seen it in calm, we had seen it in storm. Nowhere else should we behold such snowy surf hiding the cunning shark beneath its foam, beating in never-dying music high up the smooth and shelly strand, and sending perpetual clouds of soft mist aloft into the quiet, balmy atmosphere of an Oriental winter. Nowhere else could we again expect to see the sun sink to his rest amid such royal tints of cloud and sky, hues which, if successfully transferred to the canvas of the painter, would condemn him for unnaturalness and artistic hyperbole.

Again we strolled down into the market-place where were arrayed for sale, the round piles of dark coarse bread, pungent cheeses, malodorous fish, colored sweets and fruits, lemons, oranges, huge yellow citrons and sugar canes; where Bedouins and villagers crowd together and coal-black Nubians, sit and gossip over their coffee, *chibouques* and cigarettes; where you hear all possible variations of the harsh unnatural tones of which the Arabian gamut is composed; where poverty and dirt and fell disease mingle with flowers and fountains, fruits and songs; where all artisans and merchants sit and never stand at work. How different an appearance did it present by daylight from what it wore by night! We crossed it one evening only a little after ten. There was no light to be seen, save that of a lantern in the hand of our attendant. The whole square and its neighbouring avenues were as dark as a pocket. Not a stranger did we meet. Not a footfall could be heard.

In and around this market-place and the bazars which lie immediately adjacent, we had repeated chances to observe many little points of interest and instruction.

The scribe with his inkhorn of brass and his paper resting on his palm; the "possessed" man in his jacket of sheepskin with the wool turned inside; the prisoner with a rope around his neck, marching in front of the officer's horse on his way to jail; the shrewd merchant, squatting on the floor of his little box of a shop; the veiled woman of the higher class, daintily picking her way on the *kubkobs*, through the muddy streets—these were some of the characters which greeted us from day to day. As we traded in the bazars it was curious to see how loose and uncertain are the methods of business. Long and tedious bargaining has to be made with the Oriental merchant, even when buying a mere trifle. We were one day purchasing each a silk *keffîyeh*, as a part of the Arab costume which we proposed to send home among our curiosities. The keen-eyed old Moslem with whom we were negotiating put his prices up to suit the supposed plethoric purse of a Frank, and we of course tried, as every one must do who does not care to pay twice the value of an article, to beat him down. At last the impatient old shop-keeper, with an assumed look of disgust, said: "take it for nothing!" which meant as much to us as the "I give it thee" of Hamor to Abraham when the patriarch sought to purchase the field of Machpelah. All the goods in the shop you pause before are "yours." You may take them freely, even as "presents." But woe be to you, if you consider this courtesy literally without planking down a good round equivalent in gold. We took our *keffîyehs*, not "for nothing," but for a sum probably at least a third larger than would have been paid by any of those swarthy sons of the desert who wear these things upon their own heads.

The prisoner who is sometimes seen walking in the streets, bound and leading the horse on which his

captor sits, calls up sundry reflections on the majesty and discretion of Turkish law. A criminal, even though he be a murderer, cannot and must not be slain in the effort to capture him. He must be taken alive, or not at all. While in Jaffa I was told that, several years ago, a Bedouin happened to meet, in the market-place of that city, a man with whom he had long been in deadly feud. He resolved to wipe out the score once and forever with blood. He therefore unslung his long rifle and ordered his unarmed enemy to pace slowly before his own horse until they reached the outskirts of the city, where he shot him dead in his tracks. Meanwhile the scores of people who had witnessed the scene suspected the *denouement*, but dared not interfere. A detachment of four soldiers was sent out to capture the offender. They found him by the roadside, coolly taking his dinner. As they approached, he threw down his bread and laid his hand upon his gun, bidding them remember that "Allah was between himself and them." They were forbidden to fire upon him. To advance, at least for one of them, was certain death. They turned back dismayed, and the culprit was soon riding off, never to be heard of more.

This regime, by its own policy, teaching robbery and murder; through its rapacious tax-gatherers setting an example to thieves; blighting everything good which it touches; and to the minds of whose supporters the science of good government is a "continent of mud," connives at certain other acts of lawlessness on the part of its subjects which it is hard to believe. Open licentiousness it crushes out with an iron hand, and such a thing is hardly known throughout Palestine. The present pacha of Jerusalem was partially educated in Paris and other cities of Europe, and he is said to have

remarked, in the hearing of those who recounted his observation to me, that he deprecated the introduction of European civilization into Jerusalem, on the ground that it would make the people so immoral. Such an objection from a nation of polygamists must strike a Western with surprise: but it still remains a fact that London and Paris and Vienna nourish institutions which would not be tolerated for an hour in any city under Moslem rule. So much for the credit of the East; but, if some of the stories which were related to me in Jaffa be true, their ideas of chastity are supported and enforced by most inhuman acts. With these incidents I shall not sully my pages. But it is said to be a fact, scarcely credible, that guilty women have been visited with the fate described in the sixteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Prophecies of Hosea; and father and brother thus striking them down, have washed their hands in the victim's blood in order to wipe out the family stain in the eyes of the onlooking populace. A father gave his guilty daughter the choice of dying by his hand or drowning herself, and the next day her lifeless body was found in one of the streams of Lebanon. Adultery is punished by murder and the rod; a broken chastity is but the precursor of death, and in such cases it is said the law will not interfere.

At Jaffa one day, I saw the only Moslem wedding procession that it fell to my lot to witness while in Palestine. Its approach along a neighbouring street was heralded by a loud series of monotonous chants and laughs and hoarsely sounding drums. As it drew nearer to the corner where I paused to see it pass, I beheld a long and motley concourse of men, women and children all advancing with slow and measured steps partly walking, partly dancing. Their various costumes were bright-hued

and fantastic. In the van walked the bride and her attendants, she clad in white with a veil of pink over her face. Immediately in front of her, two young men bore a couple of swords completely sheathed in flowers and with their points touching each other in such a manner as to form an arch. Behind, came several muscular Arabs, each with some large article of furniture upon his back, and supported by the usual thick strap brought over and across the forehead. These pieces of furniture, betokening a wedding of the higher class, were also richly bedecked with flowers. In the rear followed the joyous rabble, shouting and singing and clapping hands. The whole proceeding looked very much like the sport of children, yet it would have made, with its surroundings, a quaint subject for an artist's pencil.

At Jaffa, too, I saw more than elsewhere of the Moslem funeral. It is a mournful affair and yet it is a sort of pageant in its way. The corpse is placed on a rude bier, draped sometimes with some colored cloth and is carried high on the shoulders of the bearers. If the deceased be a male his fez is also borne aloft upon the coffin-pole. Before the corpse go the hired mourners raising their doleful and monotonous chant, as I had heard it in Nablous, "*La Allah, illa Allah ! W' Muhammedhu r'issul Allah !*" "There is no God but God ; and Mohammed is the prophet of God." This is sung over and over again, until the grave is reached, the words meanwhile being accompanied with a confused clatter of drums and tambourines. On arrival at the cemetery, a sheep or ox is sometimes sacrificed, and a feast made ; but, if it be a funeral of the humbler class, the body is taken from its wooden coffin and lowered without ceremony into the sepulchre which is afterward heavily weighted with stones—no unnecessary precaution in this land of jackals and hyenas.

There is much fanatical exclusiveness among the Moslems in regard to tombs, as the European residents in Jerusalem can feelingly attest. A Mohammedan does not believe that death levels him with a Jew, or Christian, and he will not sleep his last sleep anywhere in their neighbourhood, if he can help it. But this exclusiveness is not peculiarly Arabian, nor is it a matter of either time or space. We have heard of it in the other hemisphere; and, as for antiquity, it was no new feeling in Abram's own day, as witness his earnest desire to secure, and make sure Machpelah with all its appurtenances. A Mohammedan cemetery, like the extensive one along the sea-shore at Jaffa, presents a curious scene on Thursday evenings and Friday mornings. These are the times when the spirits of the dead are thought to revisit their earthly tenements and hither come the Arab women, all clothed in white, to converse familiarly with the imaginary forms and perchance to recite a few verses from the Koran. There is nothing more striking, until one has seen it often enough to make it no longer a novelty, than a crowd of these veiled figures in white, flitting hither and thither among the high stone sepulchres.

At last, one morning, a crier went about the city streets announcing to every one concerned the joyful news that the French steamer, due the next day from Beyrout, would proceed with passengers and cargo to Port Said. The quarantine had now been on seven months. Not a steamer had proceeded toward, or come from the south. They came down the coast as far as Jaffa and then turned and went back to Haifa, or Beyrout. Consequently this was an event. We waited anxiously. The weather changed and the white-caps began to cover the sea. All night it blew and in the morning the waves were dashing high up the beach. Sure enough the steamer came, but

all to no purpose. She plowed heavily through the waves towards the customary anchorage about a mile out from the rock-bound harbor which is one of the worst in the world and too dangerous to approach save in smooth water. Just as she rode over it, the gusts seemed to increase. No boat dared venture out to her and there was no immediate prospect of the storm abating. The flag at the stern ran up and down again. It was "good-by" to Jaffa. Her head was turned toward Egypt and in a couple of hours she became a mere speck on the southern horizon.

It was a great disappointment, but it could not be helped. The very first chance of departure was a sacrifice to wind and weather, but at least we knew now for certain that we could go to Egypt, instead of going home by the back track. The next steamer was the Russian. She came two days afterward and the sea was smooth. We got ready for the last time, said a long good-bye to our many kind acquaintances in Jaffa whose memory we shall ever hold dear, and, enriched with the experiences of just one hundred and nine days' residence in Syria, jumped into a boat with our bags and baggage and, threading the narrow passage through the reefs, were rowed swiftly to the steamer.





THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

It was nightfall before we weighed anchor and began to bear away for Egypt. When the hour of departure came, I took my stand at the rear end of the spar-deck and watched the shore as it gently faded from sight. A few minutes later, an uncouth Russian pilgrim in his heavy great coat stood beside me in the moonlight engaged in his parting devotions. His face was set toward Jerusalem and the sacred shores so fast receding. As he prayed, he bowed low with his forehead to the deck and seemed visibly affected. It was his last sight of the Holy Land, no doubt, even as it was my own; and the spell rested on us both. I sympathized with him in his tearful reverence and affection. There was a treasure there behind those dark and distant hills which I hated to forsake. Dear, degraded, old Jerusalem, trailing her rich robes in the dust of ages, had taken a strong deep hold upon my heart, and it was with moistened eyes that, saying a final good-night, I went below and sought my stateroom.

The wind rose during the night, lightning danced along the horizon, murky vapors flitted hither and thither across the sky, and, as the breeze freshened, the steamer rocked most unmercifully. The morning found every cabin passenger, except myself, absent from breakfast, and the mere sight of such a number of empty covers, suggesting that I had no right to be there at the table alone, soon

diminished my own courage and compelled me to beat a hasty retreat. By mid-day Gifford and the rest were around again, but little the worse, and we all went on deck to get our first glimpses of the land of the Pharaohs. We found ourselves lying just outside the harbor of Port Said, close to the entrance of the famous Suez Canal. We had made several pleasant acquaintances on the steamer, among them Mr. and Mrs. Robertson of the Transvaal in South Africa, who afterwards became again my traveling companions, and now, uniting our fortunes, we all ran together the gauntlet of another Eastern custom-house and took up our quarters at the hotel.

Port Said is a busy little place and probably, in proportion to its size, one of the wickedest in the world. Gambling houses and groggeries and bagnios seem to rule the day. An English lady with whom I fell into a few minutes' conversation at the hotel had devoted herself to the effort of starting a mission chapel in the place and I know of no field where the leaven of the Gospel is more needed. The shipping lying at the mouth of the canal, hailing as it does from both hemispheres, is a study in itself. The flag of England was, as usual, in the ascendant at the mast-head, and several of the pennants drooped over the decks of men-of-war. The "Monarch," one of the splendors of the modern British fleet, rode at anchor, but a short distance from the quay, making a pretty picture with its middies and marines thronging the deck and the commander in his well-manned boat just returning to it from the shore. The presence of these ships of war as well as the numerous troops which we afterwards saw in the streets of Cairo were significant reminders of the *Mahdi* and of Egypt's evil day which seems to have no ending.

But we ourselves tarried but a few hours in Port Said.

Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Robertson to follow us the next day, Gifford and I set out again at midnight on the day of our arrival. The moonlight sail along the canal from Port Said to Ismailia, which we reached at six in the morning, was one of the experiences which I shall never forget. The steamer was small and crowded and as there were no accommodations for sleeping, I preferred to sit out on the narrow deck until between one and two o'clock, when the intense cold of the night air drove me below. It was a bright, clear night and every object along the banks was clearly visible as we sped along, having a continent on either hand. The shores of the canal are, however, void of interest, being for the most part mere heaps of earth and sand sufficiently high to prevent you from seeing what is beyond them as you go. Every now and then we would glide below the hulk of some huge, dark steamer, motionless in the moonlight and waiting only for break of day to pursue her course southward to India and China, or northward to London or Marseilles. Frequently the channel of the canal broadens out into a large, flat lake or marsh. But of much of the scenery, such as it is, between Port Said and Ismailia I cannot speak on personal testimony, the bulk of the night having been passed, with indifferent success, in attempts to sleep on the narrow sofa in the cabin.

An hour after day break we stepped ashore at Ismailia and went to breakfast at the hotel. Here we had to wait until eleven o'clock for the train to Cairo. As there is nothing of importance to see in Ismailia, we spent the interval of delay in a random stroll or two, and in sending short messages to friends at home. When we came at last to board the train for which we had purchased second-class tickets, we found that we were in a carriage far

inferior to those of the third class on European railways. As for the third class on these Egyptian trains, the carriages are, in fact, mere cattle pens, while the first class, high-priced as it is, is itself barely decent enough for the occupation of ladies. However Gifford and I, having no one else to consider, made the journey with tolerable comfort in spite of the heat, narrow windows and uncleanly crowd of fellow-passengers gathered from every corner of the universe. Greek, and French, and English, and Arabic, and German, and what other tongues I know not, rattled back and forth from end to end of the open car. Everybody smoked who chose to do so. Nearly everyone had some kind of a luncheon, a curiosity in itself, to eat, and scrupled not to strew the floor beneath his feet with the remnants, while all used, when possible, their apparently undoubted privilege of turning the cushions into footrests, and the aisle into a decidedly slippery and uncertain promenade. Things like these indeed may possibly indicate the sort of accommodation necessary for such a country and such a people. We rolled on, or rather jolted along, over fields of sand with here and there a canal or ditch, and past the typical Egyptian village, which is so much worse than that of Syria and Palestine, that the depictive power of language wanes and dies in the effort to describe its squalidness, and finally sped across the edge of the vast green delta of the Nile. As we went over the battlefield of *Tel-el-Kebir* my eyes rested upon more than one bleached skeleton of slaughtered war-steeds, while in the little cemetery the upright head-stones kept their mournful watch over scores of English graves. And now we began to see the wonders worked by that grand river which has made Egypt what it is, the ancient nursery of learning and culture, the teacher to the world of Art and Science,

the land which first gave definite shape to human thought. For, but for the Nile, all Egypt would be desert still; those plains, clothed in the deepest hue of emerald, mere wastes of brown and burning sand.

It was curious to watch the peculiar figures and features of the landscape as we rode along. The *fellah* was working his *shadoof* on the banks of the dykes and ditches, busily engaged in irrigating his crops. The great shaggy buffaloes, with their ram-like horns bent downward and backward, were here and there slowly drawing the rude plough behind them, as they did long ago in Pharaoh's own time. The weary kine were laving their heated sides in whatever pool, left by the retiring Nile, afforded them the opportunity. Swarthy men and women strode to and fro in sable robes and with solemn mien, among the narrow alleys of their mud villages, or beneath some neighbouring grove of stately palms. We found much to attract our interest, alternately looking out of the window and musing over the aged country through which we were traveling. Even the petty swindle of the restaurant keeper at *Zag-a-zig* who charged us an English sixpence for a single bun, for which even the conscienceless "Restaurant de la Madeleine" in Paris would have blushed to ask more than four *sous*, did not much disturb our equanimity. But we were glad, nevertheless, when the numberless domes and minarets of magnificent old Cairo came in sight—and when, descending from the train, we caught our first glimpse, as we rolled off to our hotel, of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, looming afar on the plain through the dreamy and misty air.



CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

A LARGE Oriental city is a difficult thing to describe in detail, and Cairo is no exception to the rule. The multiplicity of novel features which characterize its streets and bazars, its numberless mosques, its curious old suburbs, its broad, historic river, its proud monuments of antiquity lying within a day's march on every side of it, all paralyze the pen which thinks to put them together in a single chapter and compel me, albeit unwillingly to deal in generalities. Cairo is greater, grander and more impressive even than Damascus. I had rather, a thousand times, look down upon it from the parapets of the citadel, than scan the city which Mahomet so extravagantly praised, from "the dome of the camel-driver." This point of view on the citadel became my favorite resort, during my week in Cairo, and I never tired of gazing upon a scene where the handmaids, not of nature only, but of hoary history also, came trooping forth to beautify and enhance the interest of the scene. Reflect for a moment upon what you look—the largest city of Islam, with the domes, towers and minarets of four hundred mosques, heaving themselves aloft from a thickly-crowded mass of habitation whose wealth of color embraces every Oriental hue and shade—the entire city itself, within its circle of verdure, the chief pearl upon the handle of the immense emerald fan formed by the delta of the Nile—

the vast, green plain itself stretching away between two immense deserts, the Arabian on the right and the Libyan on the left—the mighty river of Egypt slowly rolling its broad, sweet current to the sea—the gigantic outlines of the pyramids, those of Ghizeh terminating the long avenue of *lebbeks* which leads thither, and those of Sak-hara ranging like mighty sentinels along the misty horizon—behind, the hills of *Mokattem*, with their uncouth sand ridges and the picturesque tombs of the caliphs and the Mamelukes at their feet. These are the leading features of a view which you may spend hours in studying and in your attachment to which no other city outside of Europe will be likely to make you waver.

In Cairo the curious and the quaint in architecture closely intermingle with the magnificent and the rich. Its chief edifices are undoubtedly its mosques with which those of Damascus will not bear comparison. One of the most superb is the Alabaster Mosque of Mahomet Ali whose magnificent yellow pile sits in queenly grace above the citadel and sends its two needle-like minarets high into the air. In some respects this is even a more impressive building than the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. But it is new and has no history. For venerableness we must go to the mosques of Sultan Hassan, of Tayloon, of Amrou, to which we shall presently descend.

The citadel of Cairo is a strong fortress, and at the time of my visit, was garrisoned by the troops of England. The trouble with the *Mahdi* had indeed filled both streets and fortress of the city with foreign troops and made the sound of the English tongue more familiar to me in Cairo than any where else abroad, outside of the British dominions. As we moved about in our examination of the citadel and its curiosities, the Scotch bagpipes were to be heard constantly among the barracks. We

visited that deep square shaft in the rock called "Jacob's Well," at the bottom of which two patient mules toiled at raising water. We stood upon the rampart over which *Emim Bey* made his frightful leap in the massacre of the Mamelukes, but none of these things could move us as did the matchless prospect itself—the one thing which it is worth while going to the citadel again and again to see.

The "Superb Mosque," as it is called, of Sultan Hassan is but a few steps from the citadel, and, in its age and faded splendor, contrasts sharply with its more elegant neighbour of alabaster on the opposite height. It is built of brown stone and in massive proportions. It is famed for its own peculiar style of beauty and it was this mosque whose architect lost his hand by order of the Sultan lest he should sometime construct another like it. We entered its court one Friday morning through the great unrivalled gateway and found ourselves in an immense stone-paved enclosure, with the sky for a ceiling and a large fountain in the centre, around which pigeons and various smaller birds were merrily disporting. Through this court we obtained admission into the mosque itself. Its massive walls are dark and sombre, even gloomy, and time has written histories upon them. The old texts from the Koran, made of the branches and twigs of trees, running high overhead, were cracked and broken in their hoary age; while on the floor in front of us still lingered the dark stains of a Sultan's blood, one who had been slain by a mob within these sacred precincts and buried but a few steps from where he fell. The open space in front of this mosque has always been a favorite rallying point in the insurrections of the Cairenes, and many a Moslem rabble has surged to and fro around its vast portals.

The mosque of Amrou at old Cairo is one of the most ancient in Islam. Within its magnificent court, stand some three hundred columns or more, one of which has a history of its own. The story goes that this pillar once belonged in Mecca. When the Mosque of Amrou was built, the faithful of Cairo naturally desired some token from the chief city of their faith. The Caliph Omar determined to give them this column and accordingly bade it betake itself at once to Cairo. Twice it refused, but the third time, bidding it depart in the name of the Prophet and striking it smartly with his whip, the refractory pillar rose into the air and reappeared in the court of Amrou. There we saw it ourselves with our unbelieving eyes, and the plain mark of the lash still visible in the quivering stone. It is said that when the mosque of Amrou falls, the spell of Mohammedanism will be forever broken. But there is small comfort in the tradition, unless, indeed, an earthquake, or some other devastation should travel that way, for otherwise the Christian faith may have many long and weary years to wait for the decay of its powerful rival. But the religion of Christ has already five centuries the start of that of Mahomet—and not far away from this mosque itself there is even a much older edifice—the little Coptic Church of S. Mary, the architectural model of all other Coptic churches. This had an existence even before Mahomet was born, and although it has no such lively pillar as that of Amrou beneath its roof, it has a wonder of its own in the identical apartment in which Mary and her holy Child spent some of their weary days of banishment in Egypt.

I had seen the dancing dervishes at Smyrna, and having now the opportunity of hearing the howling dervishes at Cairo, I went to their mosque one Friday afternoon for that purpose. There were an unusual number of

strangers present on that day, among them several clergymen of the English Church. The place of worship was small and its walls were hung with various skins and weapons. As at Smyrna, the dervishes began their *zikr* by taking their places in a circle around their leader, and commencing the same monotonous chant in low and guttural tones. Presently they removed their turbans and *tarbushes* and from the head of each man fell a long luxuriant mass of hair which had, until then, been confined in coils beneath the fez. Taking their seats on the floor, cross-legged, they began to chant in louder accents, swaying their bodies back and forth with frantic zeal. Leaping to their feet, the leader began again with outstretched arms to whirl within the ring, until I myself grew fairly dizzy even at the sight. Each of his fanatical followers was now throwing his head backward and forward, his long dishevelled hair flying to and fro with each motion, in an exhausting frenzy, and with ejaculations so hoarse as to be indistinct. The tambourines and drums were now brought into play and the melancholy scene approached its climax. Suddenly one, more frantic than the rest, with wild and bloodshot eyes, and flushed face, broke from the circle and lowering his head like a mad bull, dashed headlong against the wall. The recoil made him stagger, but he kept his feet. Retiring a few paces he again rushed forward as before and his head struck the wall with a dull heavy thump which almost brought him to the ground senseless. But he was already reeling backward for a third charge, when his companions a little less frenzied than himself, interfered and put an end for the time being, to these sickening attempts at self murder, for such, as I was assured, was the desire induced by this temporary religious craze. For my own part

I had, at last, had enough of the dervishes and their worship, and immediately took my departure.

But we had not yet made the excursion to the pyramids—the daily sight of which from any elevated position in Cairo is a constant reproach to the traveler until he has visited them. So, one morning, we took our donkeys and our drivers and started out across the great bridge ere the sun yet shone upon the bosom of the mighty river. The mist lay thick upon plain and marsh, but there, as elsewhere, it was but the harbinger of a fine day. We alternately trotted and galloped along beneath the *lebbeks*—upon our lively little animals—and in the course of a couple of hours reached the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. Here we found an ample array of Arabs drawn up to receive us with open mouths and open hands. We paid ten francs each to the *sheikh* for the privilege of both ascending and entering the pyramid, with the expectation beside, of an unlimited amount of gratuities to each of the half dozen men detailed to assist us in the undertaking. To this party of guides several more insisted on joining themselves, among them, “the doctor,” who was to rub our legs when we reached the top; and thus attended, we set off in good style. The climb, worse even than that of Vesuvius, is a thing which may be imagined, but which I at least cannot describe. Suffice it to say, that we each had all the literal experience of Mr. Clemens over again. With an Arab holding each hand and another assisting behind, we went up ledge after ledge—each step a yard high—springing wearily over broken boulders and jagged corners of stone. Let him who climbs the great pyramid for the first time, learn how little he has realized its magnitude before! At every five minutes of the ascent, we were obliged to sit down and rest, but not in peace.

We had read that our lives might be in peril at such stopping places, unless we "satisfied" our importunate escorts; but although the descent as we looked down upon it seemed little less sheer than that of a precipice, and was enough of itself to intimidate the nervous, our Arabs did not threaten to throw us headlong—a thing to be noted for the comfort of the apprehensive. That they spent every moment of our breathing spells in loudly clamouring for *backsheesh* and attempting to palm off upon us spurious curiosities at a dozen times their value, goes without saying. That we each lost our temper and administered a rebuke more forcible than elegant, is a thing of equal certainty. But it purchased for us only a moment's respite. A man might as well expect to enjoy a bath among leeches as to appreciate the pyramids in the company of its insatiable guides. After a hard struggle we at last gained the rocky platform at the top and, indignantly spurning away the medical humbug who was now ready to bestow his friction, we sat down beneath the flagstaff where the name of Jenny Lind lay deeply carved in a huge block at our feet. We were now in possession, though not undisputed of course, of a view on all sides which was as beautiful as it was unique, and as we looked we tried, albeit in vain, to think.

Around us spread, in sharp contrast, fertility and verdure, riches and poverty, life and death. Looking up the majestic river meandering along through its emerald valley, we had on our right the vast wavy sea of Libyan sand; on our left, as well as behind and in front of us, was the fairest and most fertile reach of country I have ever seen—a land in which there is no lack of anything at the hands of nature, where a balmy air ever fills the soft sky, and wintry days are like a pleasant dream. Here man, the only blemish in the picture, sits lazily and

lounches and trusts for food to *Allah* and his own fertile sod. Around him he has in full view the temples and pyramids at which he never looks, the proud memorials of an infinitely nobler race than that which has now entered into its ancient inheritance. On one of the mightiest of these we ourselves were sitting; one of those gigantic structures in whose history time itself becomes a span. "All else fears time, but time fears the pyramids," says the Arab thinker, and truly, spite of the despoiler's hand, no grander victor over the decay of ages rises from the surface of the earth. This pyramid of Cheops was begun when its builder himself began his reign, five thousand years ago, and was finished in time to become his place of burial. But, as if to mock human pride, the gorgeous sepulchre, long since stripped of its shining marble casing, is now an immense mountain of grey, unsightly blocks to which distance only lends enchantment; while the royal mummy itself now lies in the museum at Boulak, a black, dry, shrivelled thing, at whose command a hundred thousand slaves once leaped into action.

But all this time we have been distracted by the repeated pesterings of our loquacious guides, who have been telling us in English, French, German and Arabic of how Mark Twain, besides giving twenty-five sovereigns for *backsheesh*, had richly paid one of our lithe attendants for going down the great pyramid and up the pyramid of Chephren, whose sides all the rest of the Arabs with one consent, confessed that they themselves dare not scale. This man, conspicuous for daring, was bound to bring us each, for a generous consideration, a piece of marble from the top of Chephren, but we were too much annoyed by his impertinence to listen to his offer. Yet I am not sure but that we should have done

so, had we at that time been familiar, as we neither of us were, with "The New Pilgrim's Progress." I have since read the description of the author's visit to the pyramids and in it I have recognized all my old friends of Cheops, general and particular, and I commend the chapter to those who wish a picture of a tourist's experiences, whose vividness and truth cannot be excelled.

Getting down more rapidly, but with hardly fewer aches and pains than attended our ascent, we addressed ourselves to the task of entering the pyramid. Already exhausted and fatigued as we were, this seemed hardly less formidable than the other. But our retainers, scenting the *piastres*, were not willing to give us a moment's rest, which we nevertheless took, in defiance of their importunities. After a meagre interval the candles were lighted and down we went, one after another, into the darkness, alternately sliding and walking over the smooth inclined plain of stone which forms the floor of the square vaulted passage. After a descent of some yards in this direction, the passage began to rise, calling into action the reverse set of our weary muscles. At last, after passing the mouth of a deep, dark well into which one of our Arabs was ready to descend if he could be guaranteed a proper fee, but an achievement which nothing could have hired us to stop to witness in that foul air, we entered a horizontal passage through which we gained admission into the Chamber of the King. This is an apartment in the heart of the pyramid, seventeen by thirty-four feet, and with a ceiling nineteen feet high, which could be seen only by means of fragments of lighted paper. A glance or two was enough, however, and retracing our steps as fast as we could, passing remorselessly by the Chamber of the Queen, we were glad to stand again, panting and dripping with perspiration, in the open air.

We settled our dues and paid a reasonable amount of *bonnemain*, and then, closely followed by an insatiable and voracious crowd which we tried in vain to appease, walked slowly around the base of the pyramid toward the Sphinx, still keeping its mute strange watch over the half buried remnants of its ancient temple. It is the sole, sad inhabitant of its lonely sands. The altar which once stood beneath its breast no longer sends up the sweet savour into those gigantic nostrils. But the Sphinx itself remains, looking out, as ever of old, with tranquil, stony eyes, upon the aged past of History and the human race. That strange brown form of granite has seen what no other image, shaped by human hands, has witnessed; but there is no opinion on that earnest face. You cannot say whether, in the light of all it knows, it considers human life worth living. There is no sarcasm, no triumph, no plaudit, no sneer. These chiseled features are non-committal. The Sphinx has watched and waited for scores upon scores of generations. It seems content to do so, in the mildness of its patience, even to the end.

One day, as a pendant to our trip to the pyramids, we made the excursion to Heliopolis the *On* of Scripture. There is nothing now left of the "city of the sun," except the famous obelisk of which every one has heard, and this stands at a distance of about six miles from Cairo, in the borders of the land of Goshen. In spite of the difficulties thrown in the way by our *American Guide*, we made the journey very pleasantly on donkey-back in a single short afternoon and yet had a full half hour at the obelisk. There it still stands, on the lonely and deserted site of the ancient city, the fields of grain around it growing over the graves of two great battle-fields, for here are bloody memories alike of Selim and of Kleber. That aged pillar—what a tale might it not utter, had it but a tongue, a

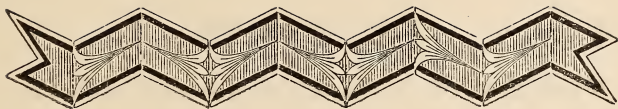
tale uninscribed in annals, and unsung in verse, of mighty dead and of the frailty of human fortunes! The sun daily gilded its reverend head, even when Plato was a student almost beneath its shadow. Doubtless, it looked down benignly and pronounced its silent benediction upon the nuptials of Joseph and the daughter of the chief priest. It was already brown with age when Moses slowly led the hosts of emancipated Israelites toward the waters of the Red Sea. Once it was the monarch of a great group of like monuments, long since disappeared, and over whose former sites it has long had a solitary reign. The other emblems of the great light have been consigned to darkness and oblivion, but here is one yet left to show us how conspicuous was the grandeur of Sun-worship in the cradle of human religions.

We lingered for a while in the vicinity of the obelisk and then visited the aged tree, not far away, within whose hollow trunk the Virgin and her child sought refuge from their foes. While here secreted, as the legend affirms, a spider artfully spun his web across the mouth of the cavity and thus effectually concealed from their enemies the mother and her Divine Child.

We spent another day or two in Cairo, threading the bazars, or riding on the patient and reliable Egyptian donkeys, "Ginger" and "Mark Twain," along the fashionable Shoobra road. Here, beneath the shade of rich and luxuriant *lebbeks*, the Turkish ladies of high rank roll along a drive which is always kept smooth and clean by ever busy brooms. But the more interesting streets were the more ancient ones, winding like a complete network in and through and out of Mohammedan Cairo. A native fair with its sea of swarthy faces, and white turbans, the tall stalwart Nubians with scarred and sooty cheeks, and jewels in their ears, a Moslem funeral with its forlorn

chant and coffin borne aloft on unsteady shoulders, the cross-legged scribe, glancing anxiously sidewise and waiting for employment for his pen and books, the donkey drivers vociferating their characteristic shouts of "*Shumâlak!*" "*Riglak!*" "*Yeminak!*" in the ears of gaping and incautious pedestrians, the picturesque runners in their light, Attic dress preceding the carriages of the opulent, the women of the middle class mounted on donkeys of remarkable docility and entirely enveloped in an ample vesture of silk, with the edges brought over the head and held close under the chin, its folds meanwhile inflated by the passing wind to the proportions of a small balloon—these were some of the lively and now familiar features of Oriental streets whose atmosphere and characteristics are nowhere more unmingled than in the older parts of Cairo.

And now for me the time of departure had come. Gifford was to remain a day or two longer and then go directly to Venice. The steamer for Naples was to leave on the approaching Saturday. The remaining sights of the city were too hastily "done" to make it worth while to try to describe them. The list embraced the tombs of the Mamelukes, and of the Caliphs with their Cufic legends, rising, parched and brown, from fields of sun-scorched sand. It included the island of Rhoda with its famous Nilometer, and the place where Thermusis, the daughter of Pharaoh, found young Moses. Neither did we forget old *Bab-en-Nasr*, that venerable gate, with its massive doors from whose top once roared the cannon of Napoleon. At last our work of sight-seeing was something like complete. Gifford settled down to a day or two of sober employment with his brush and I to the necessary preparations for departure.



ROMEWARD BOUND.

IT was a Friday morning on which I said a final good-bye to my friend Gifford and seated myself in the train for Alexandria. I am not fond of Egyptian railways. They are among the worst in the world, beyond all dispute. But at any rate, the day was fair and the land lovely. We jolted along at no very rapid rate through fertile fields and soil so rich that it seemed almost able to produce a spontaneous harvest. Every now and then we ran, as before, past miserable villages some of them grouped together on islets little larger than themselves, and apparently without any means of issue save by boat or wading. Beneath their low walls the idle *fellahin* sat and lounged and smoked in the sunshine, looking as grim and solemn as troglodytes. At last, toward the close of the afternoon, we came upon a landscape whose conformation signified the nearness of the sea. The green meadows began to recede before sand-bars and lagoons. Farther on appeared a villa or two, suggestive not of Egypt, but western Europe. And, in the course of some fifteen or twenty minutes, we ran into the station of the ancient half-Europeanized city itself where the Pharos threw its rays across the sea and Alexander's ashes found a sepulchre.

I leaped into the omnibus of the *Hotel Abbat* and was soon ushered into the quiet seclusion of a cosy chamber.

After removing the stains of travel I went below into the garden where I found my friend, Mr. Robertson, eagerly devouring the latest newspaper. I was delighted to learn that I was to be a fellow passenger of himself and wife on the "Arabia" of the *Rubattino* line which was to sail for Naples early on the following morning. My time in Alexandria was therefore short and its meagre sights must be quickly seen. Enquiring the general direction of the interesting monument called "Pompey's pillar," I set out in random mood, caring less to reach it in a hurry than to gather up as I went, whatever might be worth the taking in the streets of the city. But Alexandria is not intensely interesting. It has no character. The Oriental and the European have divided it between them, half and half. The battered houses in sundry streets spoke eloquently of the ravages of recent wars, as did also the dismantled forts and scattered guns that fringe the edges of its harbor. The armed tread of the Highlander and the clatter of English cavalry, were heard even then in the city squares, while, between the pauses of martial music, men questioned one another concerning *El Mahdi*.

"Pompey's pillar," it is said, never had any thing to do with Pompey. It was raised to the honor of Diocletian who once appeared in arms under the city walls. The column is a magnificent shaft of solid stone, soaring broadly into the air from among the masses of broken sculptures which loosely lie around. It is the only thing in Alexandria, so far as my own observations went, that can claim the traveler's notice on the united grounds of antiquity and inherent grandeur.

The next morning was dull and lowering. Visions of rough seas and distressing ailments flitted before us, but, triumphant over all, was the prospect of soon setting

foot once more on European soil. We got off immediately after breakfast, were driven to the wharf, bribed, unnecessarily, through the custom house, rowed to the waiting steamer and noted down by the purser as we passed through the gangway as "*tre per Napoli.*" Meanwhile the weather steadily deteriorated and when, two hours afterward, we were clear of the harbor, as stormy-looking an horizon as ever I saw greeted our anxious vision. But the bark of the elements was worse than the bite. The open sea was not so smooth as we might have wished, but still the vessel was steady enough to admit of our going down to dinner with keen appetites, and staying there till our hunger was fully appeased.

In all, there were but seven cabin passengers—a merry little group—I had almost said a family—every one of whom spoke English fluently. Besides the Robertsons and myself there were Mr. and Mrs. Decker and daughter of San Francisco, and Fraulein Schrader of Dresden. The most enjoyable thing about our voyage, as is the case I think with all trans-marine trips, was our companionship. At the end of the passage there was the almost certain prospect of quarantine, and it was cheering to think that our detention would not be without its social solaces.

The voyage was tedious, however, and uneventful, and the boat itself was no beauty, either without or within. The wind and rain and gurgling waves sang their dismal refrain day and night. On the third day we passed, like Paul, close to the island of Crete, and feasted our eyes for an hour or two on delightful contrasts of color—blue, grey and white. Out of the sea spray sprang the rough rock-walls, above which shone the snow-clad hills of the famous isle. Dazzling was the lustre that leaped from their white mantles beneath the morning sun. The mem-

ories of Midas and the Minotaur, of Theseus and the lovely Ariadne rose to mind and stimulated conversation. On the fifth day we saw the shores of Sicily, with the huge, bold outline of Ætna, the "forge of Vulcan," and the "giant's prison," dim and undefined in the morning mist. The volcano, shrouded with snow half way down from the summit, was said to be unusually active, a fact of which we saw signs as the day advanced, but for an hour only, as we soon passed out of view into the straits of Messina. No pause was made, for quarantine forbade. We kept steadily on our way through the azure water, the small sails dancing around us and the gulls flocking in our rear. With our perspective glasses we carefully examined the shores as we proceeded up the straits, descrying grim water-gorges, alternating with green and fertile patches, and picturesque little towns which the grand hills either held in their bosoms, or made room for at their feet. Yonder was *Rhegium*, or Reggio, quite as old as Rome—the little city which once saw a modest vessel bearing in S. Paul upon the curling wave. And then Messina, a lovely town on the Sicilian shore, and favored with the especial protection of the Virgin. Presently we rose and went eagerly forward, for there, just in front of us, were the famous Scylla and Charybdis, the silent rock and harmless rapid, between which we slowly steamed and were none the worse. We were now once more in the open sea, and it was already nightfall when we found ourselves leaping from crest to crest of the long rolling swells abreast of superb Stromboli. This magnificent island volcano rises abruptly from the sea, like a genuine monarch of the wave, with head in the clouds and feet upon the tides, always belching forth alternate wind and fire. It is no wonder that the ancients made it the throne of Aeolus

and the men of the middle age the door of Purgatory. There was hardly apparent room along its semi-perpendicular edges for a highway, but there, as everywhere, were the adventurous homes and hamlets of men who were not afraid to trust their fortunes between the flame and the wave.

The next morning we were up early but not before Capri was in sight. Our long absence was nearly at an end. There was but one cloud over the prospect and that was the quarantine. Yet even this could not abate, though it might overshadow, our joy. We were anxious, however, to know the worst. So when we had passed through, between Capri and Sorrento, and in the noontide of a golden day dropped anchor in the beautiful bay, almost within the shadow of Vesuvius, we anxiously awaited the message which was to be sent us from the shore. At last it came, quarantine for five days! Bad enough, but it might have been worse. We might have been banished to the ugly and dismal *lazzaretto*. But luckily the captain decided to take out his own quarantine at Naples, instead of Genoa and for fifteen francs a day, we had the privilege of remaining on board the vessel. Our company might have been uncomfortably numerous and cosmopolitan. As it was, it was very enjoyable in every sense. We sent ashore for our letters and papers, of which we each received a generous accumulation, albeit they were left timidly on the lower steps of the gangway and the receipts for them had to be thrown into the water. We settled down to endure it, as best we could. But time, like all else has an end, and so had our captivity. The fifth day came and with it, a glad release. Early on the morning of the fourth of March, we were landed at Naples and on the same evening I lay down to refreshing slumber, of which there had been none in the

narrow berths of the *Arabia*, within the hospitable walls of the *Hotel d' Allemagne* at Rome.

"Heaven's best boon to the traveler," says Dr. Peabody, "is the presentific power of memory." Were it not for this, all travel would lose its charm. The pleasure is too evanescent, if you eliminate the power of retrospection. The true delight comes long after the actual experience, and it comes free from all the myriad annoyances and mishaps which no traveler yet, however shrewd and experienced, is skillful enough wholly to avoid. Fancy, free to choose the fair and leave the foul, draws her pictures in colors unalloyed, as you throw yourself after dinner into your easy chair and pick up the novel, magazine, or newspaper of whose scenes and allusions you can say in secret: "How much more vivid these things become in the light of my own recollections!"

Foreign travel is an investment which will pay sure and life-long returns, if one only puts brains into it along with his time and money. The more you carry out in the way of information and power to observe, the more you are certain to bring home again and it will stay with you ever afterwards. It is a powerful adjunct to a liberal academic education. It has its own advantages of actual sight and experience. And these are most keenly appreciated just after you have again settled down quietly at home and the flush of the afterglow still suffuses your mental vision.

But there are sacrifices to be made. A journey abroad sobers, and sometimes revolutionizes, thought. It applies rough reconstruction to our wrong ideas. It darkens our most delightful visions and scatters to the winds many a cherished conception. It takes away imagination and gives us reality. The sleepy little village seems utterly unworthy of the great favor which Nature has conferred

upon it in making it the birthplace of some world-hero. The king's house and even the king's person, when we come to see them, are not so far above the houses and persons of ordinary mortals as to call forth the unlimited admiration and deference which we, who knew not kings and palaces, would have thought ourselves willing to bestow. The famous battle-field with its prosy hedges and ill-cultivated patches proves to be the most unimpressive portion of the landscape. The lovely city, after seeing which it has been told us that a man may cheerfully make up his mind to die, is found to be beautiful, but by no means so charming as to abridge within us the desire of life lest we should sometime look upon a tamer scene. We come home disappointed, but feeling that after all it is better to have seen the real and the true and to have gotten rid of the ideal and uncertain.

These reflections apply with emphasis to that portion of the Orient with which our little volume is chiefly concerned—the land of the Bible. The afterglow of our Eastern journey shows many a precious treasure by which, as by a new light, we shall read God's word more clearly and easily than ever before; but it also shows, lying around us, the wreck of many a fancy picture ruthlessly destroyed. We knew that the country which cradled the Christian religion was small, but we scarcely expected to see so much of it from a single hill-top three thousand feet high. We knew that the land was almost hopelessly under Mohammedan, and therefore semi-barbarous, control, but we hardly expected to see the dear old cities and towns of Scripture mere congregations of huts and hovels, reeking with noisomeness and inhabited largely by the leprous, the sore-eyed and the lame. We knew that the land no longer flowed with milk and honey, but we were not prepared to find it, as a whole, so bare and des-

olate that we look in vain throughout the entire range of our travels on four continents for a parallel that is not absolutely a desert. We knew that there were Jews and Christians who loved to dwell upon ground consecrated by the bodily presence of the world's Redeemer, but it was a painful revelation to behold the descendants of venerable and learned Rabbis in the deformed and sickly looking idlers of Jerusalem and Tiberias and to see the quarreling members of the Church Catholic bound over to keep the peace among themselves by the constant presence of the Turkish sword. Suspecting such things as these, there are those who have preferred to tarry at home, though not because they wanted either time or money. They chose rather to maintain unbroken, the spell under which their own love and reverence still enables them to dwell upon Scripture scenes.

Nevertheless, it is better to have known and seen it all. The things which at first sight disturb are those which afterward only strengthen our faith. If we have formed wrong impressions, it can surely do us no good to retain them. The very unattractiveness of the Holy Land enhances the value of its sublime associations. It proves how independent of the places, even of its birth and nourishment, is the heart religion of our God. Nature may be made ancillary to the systems of men; the teachings of the Master needs no extraneous aids. As I stood among the loose and broken stones which now litter the mouth of Jacob's well, with Gerizim before me, toward which Christ and the woman once looked, she saying "our fathers worshiped in this mountain" and He giving that answer which made Gerizim of as little importance, for purposes of worship, as some random peak of the Alps or Andes—I saw, as I never saw before, that our religion is not for Palestine, but for the world; not

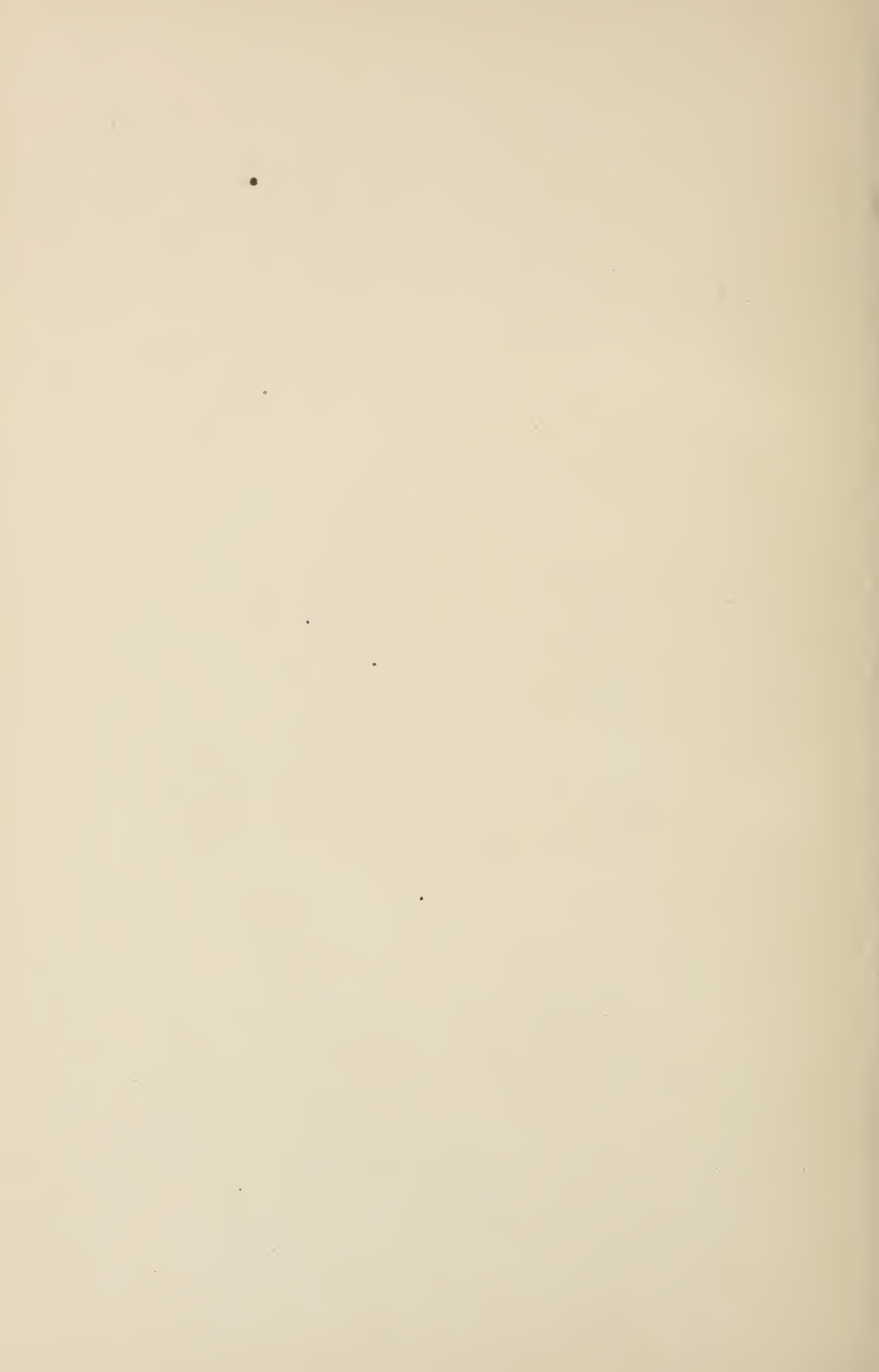
for a single bosom, but for the world's great heart. It is for all time and every place, and it therefore matters not in what corners of the world it had its birth. This reflection consoles amid uncertainty and degradation. This even alleviates the shame with which the Christian pilgrim sees, with his own eyes, the truth of the poet's lines :

"On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray."

and beholds the ragged red flag, with its star and crescent, floating over the tower of David.

So we conclude that it is a good thing to have been among the realities. We can never read the Bible quite as we did before. We have thrown away our fancies. We shall not want to think of modern Bethlehem as we read the story of the Birth. We shall thrust far out of sight the Bethany of to-day when we ponder over the history of Lazarus and his sisters. But it is something with which we would not part to have stood upon many a spot once pressed by the Saviour's sacred feet, to have climbed the slopes of grey old Olivet, and to have stood in the morning twilight on the shores of Galilee. We shall try to banish from memory, the land itself, as we have, too vividly, perhaps, described it, and yet love its associations all the more because we have seen it in its length and breadth. And never, at any rate, shall we regret that from Greece all the way around to Egypt, we were permitted to muse, even among wrecks and remnants, over the great things of human history, or cease to enjoy the precious memories which now hallow every one of our delightful DAYS IN THE EAST.











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